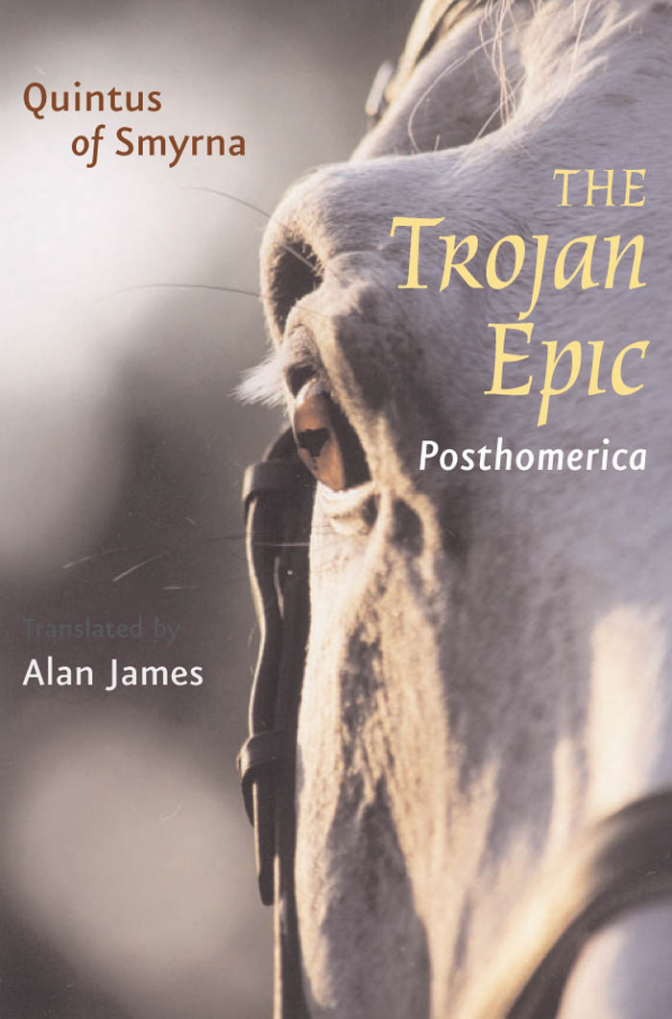
Quintus of Smyrna
THE Trojan Epic
Posthomerica
Translated by
Alan James

VISIT…

The TROJAN EPIC

Johns Hopkins
New Translations
from Antiquity

Quintus of Smyrna

The TROJAN EPIC
Posthomerica

Translated and edited by Alan James

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Preface

The romantic legend of the Trojan War has exercised the imagination of poets and artists and held a prominent place in the collective consciousness of the Western world for more than three thousand years. Such prominence is warranted because the war is the subject of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* attributed to Homer, two of the world's greatest epic poems and works that mark the beginning of ancient Greek literature. Yet, despite the opportunity to celebrate a whole war, these poems achieve their greatness by focusing on small parts of the story. As a result, they refer only incidentally to many of its main events. The consequent need to provide a full narrative of these was met by several epics, part of the so-called Epic Cycle, which influenced the classical period of Greek literature. Later neglect of these Trojan epics led to their loss, probably in the third century A.D. They were replaced in the second half of that century by the work of a learned Greek poet named Quintus, who lived in the city of Smyrna on the west coast of Asia Minor, one of the places that claimed Homer as its son. A thousand years after the composition of the Homeric epics their meter and archaic language were still in use and appealed to a cultivated readership. This extraordinarily conservative tradition produced the *Trojan Epic* that is presented here, and the tradition was revived often enough during the next thousand years for Quintus' work to survive to the fall of Constantinople and the age of printing.

Printed editions of the Greek text and of translations have so far generated only very limited interest in Quintus' epic, despite the intrinsic attractiveness of its subject matter not only to supplement the Homeric epics but also for comparison with later versions of the legend. The work has tended to be dismissed as a late imitation of Homer without any serious attempt to assess its qualities. The following claim—"The anaemic pastiche served up by Quintus is utterly devoid of life"*—offers an extreme example of the prevailing prejudice against it. How far the main thrust of this critique is justifiable can now be left for unprejudiced readers to judge for themselves. Suffice it at this point to consider the applicability of the term *pastiche*. As a synonym of *cento*—a patchwork of elements borrowed from other authors—it is manifestly the wrong word. Only the alternative meaning—a work

*H. Lloyd-Jones, review of Combellack's English prose translation, *Classical Review* 19 (1969): 101.

that imitates the style of another author or period—applies to Quintus' *Trojan Epic,* and that is true, in varying degrees, of many works of Greco-Roman literature that are taken very seriously indeed. In fact the *Trojan Epic* exhibits one of the most extensive and complex intertextual relationships first and foremost with the *Iliad,* secondly with the *Odyssey* and the *Argonautika* of Apollonios of Rhodes, and then occasionally with other works of poetry, Latin as well as Greek. In this respect it is comparable with Virgil's *Aeneid,* the two epics being on a similar scale.

The commentary that accompanies this translation, in addition to its function as a record of textual problems, is designed to present these intertextual relationships to nonspecialist readers, providing fairly full references to ancient sources but none to modern scholarly literature, unlike the general introduction with its notes and bibliography. Consequently it needs to be stated here that the commentary's greatest indebtedness, by far, is to the one that accompanies Vian's edition of the Greek text and French translation. It has been possible to improve on it at many points, but its wealth of material has provided an indispensable foundation.

Renewed interest in Quintus' epic has been reflected in three recent publications, which are included in the select bibliography: the influence on it of Apollonios' *Argonautika* has been succinctly detailed by F. Vian; G. Pompella's critical edition of the Greek text has been reissued in one volume with very few changes, minus his Italian translation and textual notes; M. Papathomopoulos' concordance should facilitate linguistic and stylistic research. Everything of relevance in the first two of these has been incorporated into my text.

The subject briefly outlined in the first part of my introduction has received a thorough, scholarly review in Jonathan Burgess' book *The Tradition of the Trojan War in Homer and the Epic Cycle,* which, by happy coincidence, was published in 2001 by the Johns Hopkins University Press and became available to me immediately after completion of my manuscript. I have only one important disagreement with his conclusions about the early Greek epics, Homeric and Cyclic: I do not see how they can be identified with the works known to us if their transmission was not controlled from the start by written texts.

Quintus' epic first impinged on my awareness in my final year as an undergraduate at King's College, Cambridge, and the Loeb edition of it accompanied my travels round Italy in the summer of 1960. The advice of others diverted me from my intention to make it the object of serious research, and for many years I made no more than occasional reference to it in published work. The idea of translating it came to me by a circuitous route.

In the southern winter of 1980 I conceived the ambition of improving on the host of English verse translations of the *Iliad,* first using a strict form of blank verse and later the freer meter of the present translation. That occupied much of my spare time for more than a decade and was taken as far as the end of book 13. Although it is unlikely to see the light of day, it was a salutary exercise, indeed a necessary training.

My serious interest in Quintus was revived in 1993 by Kevin Lee, my friend and colleague in the Classics Department at the University of Sydney. He suggested our joint undertaking of a full-scale commentary on one or two books of the epic, preferably ones in which use of sources would give us scope for drawing on Kevin's expertise in Greek tragedy. At first we agreed to tackle books 5 and 14, but then we narrowed it down to book 5 alone, which resulted in the commentary listed in my bibliography. Quite early in the period of our collaboration I became aware of the lack of an adequate English translation, and my idea of applying to Quintus' *Trojan Epic* the fruits of my experience in translating the *Iliad* was warmly supported by Kevin. As soon as most of the work on our commentary was finished and I was free from teaching, I embarked, in January 1999, on my new task. The translation had just been completed when Kevin's sudden and unexpected death on 28 May 2001 removed the one who would have been my ideal reviewer. Consequently it is to his memory that I dedicate whatever of this may be worthy of him.

Conversion of my rough manuscript into word-processed typescript has been largely the work of my son Conrad, who acquired the necessary skills while bravely bearing the loss of so much through illness. Other technical support has been given by my wife Theresa, whose support in less direct ways cannot be adequately acknowledged.

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Introduction

Homer and the Epic Cycle

The Greek epic poem by Quintus of Smyrna is the only large-scale poetic narrative of much of the traditional story of the Trojan War surviving from antiquity. Written in the third century A.D. in close imitation of the language and style of the Homeric epics, it is rather more than half the length of the *Iliad,* 8,800 lines in fourteen books. It includes all the episodes of the war between the end of the *Iliad* (the death of Hektor) and the beginning of the *Odyssey* (the wanderings of Odysseus), and so it has usually been known by the Latin title *Posthomerica, Sequel to Homer.* Henceforward, however, it will be referred to by the more informative title the *Trojan Epic*. Its contents are the same as those of four of the six Trojan constituents of the early Greek Epic Cycle, a term that seems to have been first used by Alexandrian scholars of the third century B.C. to denote a group of early epics containing traditional heroic legends.[1] It was possibly the loss of those Cyclic epics not long before the time of Quintus that was the main motive and justification of his work, and also the reason for its preservation through the Byzantine Middle Ages. Accordingly any attempt to understand it must begin with its literary background, early Greek epic poetry and the distinctive character of the Homeric epics, especially that of the *Iliad,* which was the overwhelmingly dominant influence on Quintus.

The historical and literary indications are that the Homeric epics were composed not earlier than the eighth century B.C. and not later than the early seventh century, the *Odyssey* being later and almost certainly composed with knowledge of the *Iliad* by either the same or a different poet. Their primary historical background was the destruction of the city of Troy, in the northwest corner of Asia Minor, around 1200 B.C., and they preserve substantial memories of the material culture of the Mycenaean Bronze Age. Mixed with these, however, are many anachronistic elements reflecting at least four centuries of later history, for most of which there is no evidence of the use of writing in the Aegean region. Thus the memory of a siege of Troy conducted by a Greek leader from Mykenai must have been preserved by a long tradition of oral poetry. That the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are in some sense the products of such a tradition is also indicated by their language and style. Theirs is a peculiarly poetic form of Greek combining features of different regional dialects, mostly Ionic and Aeolic, preserved

and modified to suit the traditional meter of Greek epic, the dactylic hexameter. Theirs, too, is a mode of expression that depends to an extraordinary degree on the use of repeated combinations of words, or formulas, a matter to which we shall return when considering the character of Quintus' epic. Both these characteristics, particularly the formulaic expression, arise from the demands of narrative poetry that is composed orally by bards who have mastered traditional material and technique, as has been demonstrated by study of living traditions of comparable heroic poetry.[2]

Any doubt as to whether the legends of the Trojan War were actually preserved by a tradition of oral poetry down to the time of the Homeric epics is removed by the descriptions of its practice in the *Odyssey*. The more elaborate of these is the famous description in book 8 (43–5, 62–92, 471–531) of Demodokos, the blind bard of Phaiakia, which obviously contributed to the legend of Homer himself. Demodokos tells first an otherwise unknown story of a quarrel between Achilles and Odysseus and later that of the wooden horse and the sack of Troy. Ironically both recitals move the listening Odysseus to tears. In book 1 (325–55) Phemios, the bard of Ithaka, recounts the disastrous return of the Greeks from Troy, which Penelope finds too painful, while Telemachos defends the right of bards to tell the latest and most popular stories.

Of the six lost Cyclic epics dealing with the Trojan War only a few short quotations survive, but we know their titles and contents from summaries preserved in the great Venetian manuscript of the *Iliad*.[3] The longest of these, the *Kypria* in eleven books, began with the first cause of the war, the dispute between the goddesses Hera, Athena, and Aphrodite and the judgment of Paris in favor of Aphrodite, which led to his abduction of Helen from Sparta and the gathering of a Greek army. A long delay is caused by misdirection of the army to Teuthrania before it reassembles at Aulis, from where, after further delay caused by the anger of Artemis, it sails to Troy; however, on route it has to abandon the wounded Philoktetes on Lemnos. The subsequent military action at and near Troy was included in the *Kypria,* down to the point where the *Iliad* begins.

The *Aithiopis* (five books) took up the narrative from the death of Hektor at the end of the *Iliad* and recounted the killing by Achilles of first the Amazon queen Penthesileia and then Memnon, the son of the dawn goddess, after Memnon had killed Antilochos. That was followed by the death of Achilles through the joint action of Paris and Apollo, his mourning by the Greeks, and the outbreak of a dispute between Telamonian Ajax and Odysseus over his armor.

The *Little Iliad* (four books) began with the adjudging of Achilles' armor to Odysseus and the consequent madness and suicide of Ajax. Philoktetes is brought from Lemnos and shoots Paris dead, after which Helen is mar-

ried to the Trojan Deiphobos. Achilles' son Neoptolemos is brought from Skyros and kills Eurypylos, the last of the Trojans' powerful allies. During the construction of the wooden horse Odysseus spies on Troy and, with Diomedes, steals the sacred statue of Athena. The *Little Iliad* ended with the misguided celebration of the Trojans after they had brought the wooden horse through their walls.

In the *Sack of Ilion* (two books) after the admittance of the wooden horse Laokoon and a son are killed by two snakes, and Aineias departs from Troy. During the following night the Greeks from the wooden horse and those who have returned by ship slaughter the Trojans, but they condemn the violation of the prophetess Kassandra by Lokrian Ajax. The city is destroyed, Polyxena is sacrificed at the tomb of Achilles, Hektor's infant son Astyanax is killed by Odysseus, and the spoil is divided, before the Greeks sail away under threat of destruction by Athena.

The *Returns* (five books) included, most importantly, the safe returns of Diomedes and Nestor, the voyage of Menelaos to Egypt, the warning of Agamemnon at his departure by the ghost of Achilles, the wreck and death of Lokrian Ajax, the overland return of Neoptolemos, the murder and subsequent avenging of Agamemnon, and finally the return of Menelaos. Just as the *Aithiopis* took up the narrative from the end of the *Iliad,* the last of these Trojan epics, the *Telegony* (two books), did the same with the *Odyssey,* beginning with the burial of the slain suitors of Penelope. The journey of Odysseus to Thesprotis, prophesied in book 11 of the *Odyssey,* takes place and leads to his marrying the local queen Kallidike and his involvement in warfare before his return to Ithaka. There his son by Kirke, Telegonos, lands and unknowingly kills him in a skirmish. After learning his mistake, he takes Odysseus' body with Penelope and Telemachos to the island of Kirke, who makes them all immortal.

The partial correspondence of subject matter between these Trojan constituents of the Epic Cycle and the bardic recitals described in the *Odyssey* might encourage the conclusion that the former were composed earlier than the two Homeric epics, or about the same time. In late antiquity that was indeed believed to be true of some of them, notably of the *Kypria,* which was attributed either to Homer himself or to his son-in-law Stasinos of Kypros. Such attributions, however, are notoriously unreliable, indeed partly contradictory. Also the linguistic evidence provided by quotations from the Cyclic epics, although only small in quantity, points decisively to substantially later composition than that of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey.* Consequently the fact that the summaries detailed here reveal narratives carefully tailored to fit round those of the Homeric epics is most plausibly explained as reflecting their authors' respect for the status already achieved by Ho-

mer. Alternatively at least some of the Cyclic epics may have been altered to achieve this result after their original composition. The likelihood that the Cyclic epics did not achieve their final written forms until considerably later than the Homeric epics, in some cases more than a century later, is fully compatible with their classification, at least by the time of Aristotle in the mid-fourth century B.C., in a common category of archaic epic. The question of whether writing is likely to have played an essential role in their composition is linked to the same question concerning the composition of the Homeric epics, which will be considered later. One respect in which the Cyclic epics can be regarded as actually more archaic, or primitive, than the Homeric is their simple, episodic narration of events in chronological order. Aristotle in his *Poetics* (1459b1 ff.) makes the perceptive observation that the *Kypria* and the *Little Iliad* completely lacked the dramatic concentration, or unity, of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey,* which brings us to a consideration of the extraordinarily sophisticated and atypical character of the latter.

The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey,* consisting respectively of about 15,600 and 12,000 lines,[4] are monumental by any standards, and they seem to have been considerably longer than any other early Greek epics. That in itself, however, would not necessarily have led to their being put into a class of their own, for even some modern examples of orally composed epics far exceed their length. What determined their unique status as unchallenged classics, at least by the fifth century B.C., must have been a qualitative assessment, part of which concerned the dramatic concentration recognized by Aristotle. He saw that as something closely analogous to the coherent plot of a successful stage drama, so that it must be essentially a matter of the main story focusing on the action of a few characters, or heroes, in a relatively short time span. That is something to which the story of a protracted war does not lend itself, its narration being naturally episodic. That, however, is achieved to an astonishing degree by the subject announced in the opening lines of the *Iliad,* the anger of Achilles and its disastrous effect on the Greek army.

The whole story of the *Iliad* has a span of fifty-two days, but the action recounted in books 2–22 occupies no more than four. The story is the following brief episode in the tenth year of the war. The Greek commander in chief Agamemnon refuses to accept a ransom for his captive concubine from her father, the priest of Apollo, and thereby incurs the god's punishment, a plague that ravages the army. Finally forced to release his concubine, Agamemnon insults the army's greatest warrior Achilles by commandeering his concubine as recompense. Achilles is so angry that he publicly withdraws his support from the army and persuades his divine mother, Thetis, to use her influence with the supreme god Zeus to inflict

such a defeat on the Greek army that Agamemnon will bitterly regret his folly. Zeus gives Agamemnon the false belief that he can take Troy without Achilles, but Agamemnon's initial testing of the army's spirit almost causes disaster. The first military setback induces Agamemnon to offer Achilles massive compensation, but it is scornfully rejected. In the resumed battle several Greek champions are wounded, and when Achilles sends his companion Patroklos to inquire about one of them, Nestor urges Patroklos to obtain permission to lead Achilles' forces into battle. Only after the Trojan commander Hektor has stormed the Greek defenses and attempted to burn their ships does Achilles accede to Patroklos' request and lend him his own armor to wear. Patroklos disregards Achilles' counsel of restraint and is killed by Hektor; his body is recovered, but the armor is lost. After obtaining divine armor from his mother and being reconciled with Agamemnon, Achilles enters battle and avenges Patroklos by killing Hektor. While Patroklos is given funeral honors, Achilles outrages the body of Hektor, but eventually accepts ransom for it from Hektor's father, Priam.

This story is certainly recounted on a grand scale, but even so it only accounts for somewhat less than two-thirds of the *Iliad*. For the curious fact is that a total of about nine books is occupied with material not strictly relevant to the story, and only made to appear so by poetic sleight of hand. The second half of book 2 contains a long catalog of Greek forces originally composed for the gathering of the ships at the beginning of the war, with little adjustment to its present context. Book 3 also belongs logically to an early stage, with a duel between the protagonists Paris and Menelaos designed to avoid a general engagement. In books 4, 5, and 6 a review of the Greek forces leads into a battle narrative dominated by the heroic deeds of Diomedes, during which the required worsting of the Greek army is lost from sight. Likewise in book 7 the inconclusive duel between Hektor and Ajax favors the Greek champion. The promised intervention of Zeus in favor of Achilles only comes at the beginning of book 8. Books 13, 14, and the first part of 15 also constitute a retardation of the main story, with the intervention of Poseidon in support of the Greeks, the heroic deeds of the Kretan leader Idomeneus, and diversion of Zeus by Hera. The one other extraneous matter is book 10, a night adventure known as the Doloneia, which was believed by some in antiquity to have been added to the epic in the sixth century B.C. The author of the *Iliad* seems to have had two distinct aims that were not strictly compatible. One was to construct an epic round a gripping personal drama, and that was a stroke of pure genius. The other was to incorporate as much traditional material as possible to create a wider panorama of the Trojan War, even at the cost of some loss of overall cohesion. That, however, is the justification for the title *Iliad,* from Ilion the alternative name of Troy, rather than *Achilleid*.

The story of the *Odyssey,* the return of Odysseus from Troy to his native Ithaka and his punishment of the suitors of his wife Penelope, also presented a problem of dramatic cohesion. Like the Trojan War the wanderings and adventures of Odysseus, according to tradition, lasted ten years. The narrative of the *Odyssey,* however, occupies a time span of just forty days, and this is achieved by a simple and completely successful device. The situation of Odysseus at the start of the narrative is that he is just about to be released by divine intervention from his long confinement on the island of the nymph Kalypso and to undergo one more brief adventure before reaching Ithaka. But before this happens, Athena visits his son Telemachos in Ithaka and helps him to seek news of Odysseus in Pylos and Sparta, a six-day episode occupying books 1–4. Odysseus' escape from Kalypso, his shipwreck, and his arrival in Phaiakia account for twenty-five of the forty days but occupy only book 5. In books 6–24, about three-quarters of the epic, only nine days elapse, a dramatic concentration comparable with that of the four-day time span of *Iliad* 2–22. But whereas the *Iliad* is filled out with much extraneous matter, the *Odyssey* includes a full-scale narrative of Odysseus' previous ten-year absence, occupying books 9–12, given as a flashback in the first person by Odysseus himself to his hosts at the end of his adventure in Phaiakia, which is recounted in books 6–8. Nearly all the second half of the *Odyssey* is occupied with a single line of action in Ithaka lasting six days. The one substantial break from that is the account of Telemachos' return from Sparta to Ithaka, which occupies the greater part of book 15. That involves the only noteworthy structural weakness in the epic, the fact that Telemachos' one-month stay in Sparta is unexpected and unexplained.

While the *Iliad* is focused very largely on the principal concern of traditional epic poetry, heroic battle narrative, the *Odyssey* presents a wide spectrum of peaceful activities. It is particularly among such activities that we may expect to find unconscious anachronism, parts of the poet's contemporary world featuring in the narrative, such as the description of a commercial port (6.262–72) and the activities of Phoenician traders (15.415–83). Commercial contacts between Greeks and Phoenicians in the eighth century B.C. had one result of the greatest importance for Greek civilization in general and for Greek epic poetry in particular, the adaptation of a West Semitic syllabary to form the first truly alphabetic writing, of which evidence is provided by a few contemporary Greek inscriptions. Consequently, with the availability also of papyrus rolls, likewise through Phoenician trade, the means of recording poetry with writing existed for the first time precisely when the Homeric epics were composed.[5]

The one mention of writing by Homer, at *Iliad* 6.168–9, "many baneful

signs written in a folded tablet," is either an anachronistic reflection of the poet's acquaintance with contemporary practice or else a distant historical memory of the long-lost literacy of the Mycenaean world. Few would now deny that poems of the size and complexity of the Homeric epics could have been preserved for long in recognizably the same form only with the control of a written text. More debatable is the question whether their original composition is more plausible with or without the aid of writing. Dictation to a scribe by an illiterate poet is one possibility, but the crudity of early Greek script greatly reduces its likelihood. It has been argued, on the analogy of modern examples, that a literate poet could not have employed the formulaic technique characteristic of oral composition as it is found in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The best test of this is actually provided by Quintus' late imitation of the Homeric style, and we shall return to the matter when considering the character of his *Trojan Epic*.

The Epic Cycle and Quintus

Uncertainty over the date and authorship of the Homeric epics arose in the first place because the conventional practice of early Greek heroic epic required poets to exclude autobiographical material from their creations. No doubt, also, poetic anonymity explains the similar uncertainty concerning the lost works of the Epic Cycle. The first poet to break with this convention—and, consequently, to emerge as the first solidly historical person in Greek literary history—was Hesiod. He employed the traditional language and meter of epic for more purely informative and practical subject matter and so began the tradition of didactic poetry. The autobiographical information included in his two surviving works, *Theogony* (22–34) and *Works and Days* (633–40, 650–60), identifies his home as Askra in Boiotia and his date around 700 B.C. It is therefore curious that Quintus, writing as he was in the Homeric and Cyclic tradition of heroic epic, included the following ostensibly autobiographical passage at 12.306–13:

> Muses, I ask you to tell me precisely, one by one,
> The names of all who went inside the capacious horse.
> You were the ones who filled my mind with poetry,
> Even before the down was spread across my cheeks,
> When I was tending my noble sheep in the land of Smyrna,
> Three times as far as shouting distance from the Hermos,
> Near Artemis' temple, in the Garden of Liberty,
> On a hill that is not particularly high or low.

Part of the passage's point is a gesture of indebtedness to both Hesiod and Homer. The primary model is the proem of Hesiod's *Theogony*, 1–34, in

which the poet invokes the Muses and records his inspiration by them while tending sheep at the foot of Mount Helikon. This had long been the prototype of such claims, and Quintus' allusion to it echoes that made by the Hellenistic poet Kallimachos (*Aitia* 2.1–2). Also relevant is the invocation of the Muses at *Iliad* 2.484–92, because, like Quintus' invocation, it introduces a catalog, the so-called Catalog of Ships.

Quintus' location at Smyrna does not have the appearance of a purely literary element, even though Smyrna was famous for its claim to be the birthplace of Homer. The insistent particularity of the topographic details would seem to lack point other than as a factual record. They cannot be verified, but they are at least compatible with the territory of Smyrna between the river Hermos and Mount Sipylos. Recently a purely symbolic interpretation has been propounded for "a hill that is not particularly high or low," namely that Quintus claims to have written in a middle style, neither sublime nor pedestrian,[6] although the point of such a claim with reference to his epic is not at all obvious. Heroic poetry that seeks to be morally edifying belongs to the upper end of the poetic spectrum. Quintus' self-presentation as a shepherd, on the other hand, not only belongs to the Hesiodic reference but is intrinsically implausible at a literal level. His poetry was certainly the product of a thorough literary education, and that suggests rather different social circumstances. One plausible interpretation is that Quintus was a schoolmaster using a conventional symbol for his pupils. A further consideration is that the authenticity of Quintus' Smyrnaean background receives general support from the quite numerous passages in his epic that show detailed knowledge of western Asia Minor.

The manuscripts of the *Trojan Epic* simply give its author's name as "Quintus," without further information. The earliest datable references to the work are made by two scholars of Constantinople in the twelfth century, Eustathios in his commentaries on the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey,* and John Tzetzes in various works, notably his own *Posthomerica,* a prosaic coverage of Quintus' subject matter in 780 faulty hexameters. In some of these references "Quintus" is qualified by either "the poet" or "of Smyrna." The total lack, until very recently, of any earlier mention of Quintus or his work in surviving literature has made their date a matter of speculation. One certain deduction, however, can be made from the circumstance of an educated Greek of Smyrna having a Latin personal name, namely that he lived within the long period of Roman rule in Asia Minor.

If we examine Quintus' work for indications of its period, we find that there are hardly any, such was the success with which he reproduced the archaic character of the Homeric epics and avoided anachronisms. Two passages, however, locate it unmistakably in the Roman imperial period.

One is a simile at 6.532–6, which describes the use of wild beasts for public executions in an amphitheater. The other is a prophecy concerning Aineias made by Kalchas at 13.336–41:

> It is destined by the glorious will of the gods
> That he shall go from the Xanthos to the broad-flowing Tiber,
> To found a sacred city, an object of awe to future
> Generations, and be the king of widely-scattered
> People. The rule of the line descended from him shall later
> Extend to the rising sun and its eternal setting.

This unqualified linking of the city of Rome with universal rule possibly provides a terminus ante quem in that it is less likely to have been made after the inauguration of Constantinople as a new seat of government in 330. At least consistent with this dating is a consideration from literary history: Quintus' work very probably influenced a short Greek epic by Triphiodoros, *The Capture of Ilion,* which because of a papyrus fragment[7] is known to have been written not later than the mid-fourth century A.D. In 691 lines it narrates the events from the making of the wooden horse to the departure of the Greeks, to which Quintus devotes about 1,500 lines in books 12, 13, and 14. Its stylistic links with the later epic of Nonnos suggest a later date than Quintus. Another literary link provides a firm terminus post quem, Quintus' indebtedness to a didactic epic on fishing by Oppian, the *Halieutika*. Twice in similes (7.569–75, 9.172–7) and once in a digression on fishermen killed in battle (11.62–5) Quintus adapts material that is germane to Oppian's subject but purely incidental in the *Trojan Epic*. The *Halieutika* can be precisely dated to the period 176–80 A.D. by its dedication to Marcus Aurelius and his son Commodus as joint rulers. The considerations adduced so far suggest that Quintus wrote within a period just a little longer than the third century A.D.

As stated at the beginning of this introduction, the main motive and justification of Quintus' work is likely to have been replacement of the recently lost Trojan constituents of the Epic Cycle. Accordingly the question of Quintus' date must be considered in relation to the evidence for the period at which the Cyclic epics were lost. The only clear evidence is found in a commentary on Aristotle's *Posterior Analytics* by John Philoponos, written in the early sixth century A.D.[8] There it is stated that the epic of a certain Peisandros fulfilled much the same function as the Epic Cycle in providing an extensive chronological record of the events of Greek mythology, and that consequently the earlier epics had been neglected and lost. The work in question was the *Heroikai Theogamiai* in sixty books, said to have been the longest poem of antiquity, by Peisandros of Laranda, who

wrote in the reign of Alexander Severus, A.D. 222–35. Clearly it was believed to have been written before the loss of the Cyclic epics, and the same could be true of Quintus' *Trojan Epic*. But a strong argument against that possibility is the fact that his narrative differs substantially from those of the *Little Iliad* and the *Sack of Ilion* as known to us from their summaries. Unlike the *Little Iliad* Quintus places the arrivals of Eurypylos and Neoptolemos before the return of Philoktetes and the death of Paris; unlike the *Sack of Ilion* he places the intervention of Laokoon before the entry of the wooden horse into Troy, and the departure of Aineias not immediately after these but later, during the night of Troy's destruction. It is arguably less likely that Quintus would have departed so far from the epics he sought to replace if they had been available to him. Relative chronology cannot be firmly established on the basis of such considerations, but there is at least a prima facie case for dating Quintus' work no earlier than the second half of the third century A.D. It is therefore tempting to see relevance in an event that probably fell within his lifetime, the destruction of the great library and the Mouseion at Alexandria in 272, which occurred during some civil disorder seemingly sparked off by the resistance of Zenobia to the emperor Aurelian.[9] The event's catastrophic implication for the survival of works of literature that were no longer obtainable elsewhere would have been obvious to the whole educated Greek world, and that could have influenced Quintus in his undertaking.

New evidence for the date of Quintus came to light in a papyrus codex that was first published in 1984.[10] It contains a Greek poem of about 360 hexameters, titled *The Vision of Dorotheos* and purporting to be an autobiographical record of a Christian's vision in "the house of God." Its story of punishment for desertion and restoration to honor may reflect the subject's experience at a time of persecution. Its language is basically that of Greek epic, many words and phrases being taken from Homer, but with an admixture of nonpoetic words, and it is marred by frequent linguistic and metrical errors. At line 300 the author names himself as "Dorotheos Kuntiades," a slight corruption of "Quintiades," which is a distinctively epic patronymic meaning "son of Quintus." Then at the end of the text there is the following colophon: "the end of the vision of Dorotheos son of the poet Quintus." In the absence of any rival candidates and of any historical difficulty it is reasonable to conclude that the father in question is none other than our poet. The editors of the text have noted some similarities between its poetic diction and that of the *Trojan Epic,* though not such as to establish the latter as anything more than one of a number of models. The most telling similarity, perhaps amounting to a conscious echo, is the one between Dorotheos' statement at 340–1 of his poetic inspiration, "he filled my breast

with poetry," and that of Quintus in his autobiographical passage at 12.308. The case for a father-son relationship is certainly not weakened by the great difference of literary accomplishment, any more than it is by that between the pagan subject matter of the one and the Christian of the other. The son's career can be dated precisely by his wholly convincing identification with a Dorotheos mentioned several times in Eusebios' *Ecclesiastical History* (7.32.2–4, 8.1.4, 8.6.1–5), with whom Eusebios was personally acquainted. He was made priest at Antioch about 290, was learned in Greek and Hebrew, and enjoyed imperial favor until the persecution of Diocletian (303–11), during which he was tortured to death. Accordingly the activity of Quintus can be securely dated in the second half of the third century A.D.

Quintus' epic was given to the modern world by the discovery of its manuscript text in the Greek monastery of San Niccolò di Casoli near Otranto in the Heel of Italy, some time between the fall of Constantinople in 1453 and 1462. The discovery was made by Cardinal Bessarion, a Greek émigré patron of learning, who presented his large collection of Greek manuscripts to the senate of Venice in 1468. A record of the discovery was made by another émigré scholar, Konstantine Laskaris, in the introduction of a manuscript copy of the *Trojan Epic* made by himself and dated 13 June 1496 at Messina in Sicily.[11] This had the curious consequence that in all the printed editions of the *Trojan Epic* down to the eighteenth century its author is misnamed "Quintus of Calabria," because in antiquity Calabria denoted the Heel of Italy. Bessarion's manuscript is lost, but numerous copies, direct and indirect, survive. Only one complete manuscript of the *Trojan Epic* is not derived from it; it once belonged to the scholar Giano Parrasio and is preserved at Naples.[12] The first printed edition was the Aldine of 1505, and the first serious attempt at a critical text was made by L. Rhodomann in his edition of 1604. Substantial textual improvements were made in the editions of T. C. Tychsen (1807), F. S. Lehrs (1840), H. Koechly (1850), and A. Zimmermann (1891), but too often at the cost of unnecessary emendation. The first text securely based on thorough recension of the manuscripts was that of F. Vian's edition, to which some improvements were made by the latest edition, that of G. Pompella.[13]

The Character of the Trojan Epic

In considering the character of Quintus' epic, we begin with the more mechanical and technical aspects and proceed afterward to what may be termed the imaginative and finally to the intellectual. Quintus' use of sources, which has been the object of more scholarly attention than any other aspect of his work,[14] is left to the commentary.

The technical term for the traditional meter of Greek epic poetry, employed by Quintus, is the dactylic hexameter, which is misleading inasmuch as a line never actually consists of six dactyls. A dactyl is a foot, or measure, consisting of a long, or heavy, syllable followed by two short, or light, syllables. Ancient Greek meters always depend on the relative length of syllables, never on word accents, which were originally a matter of relative pitch, not of stress, or emphasis. The dactyl was regarded as the dominant, characteristic component of the hexameter, but all feet except the sixth can be either a dactyl or a spondee, two long syllables, although a dactyl is strongly favored in the fifth foot, so that great variety of rhythm is obtainable. The sixth and last foot of the line is differentiated by being either a spondee or a trochee, a long syllable followed by a short one, never a dactyl. Quintus broadly follows the metrical practice of the Homeric epics, ignoring some metrical refinements introduced in the third century B.C. by Kallimachos. The most noticeable difference between his hexameters and the Homeric is that his have a much greater preponderance of dactylic over spondaic feet, which produces an unparalleled frequency of wholly dactylic lines. Quintus' practice largely follows the Homeric as regards the occurrence of sense breaks, or pauses, at the end of a line, so-called end stopping. Monotony is avoided by frequent running over of sense units from one line to the next, enjambment, often with a single emphatic word at the beginning of a line before a break.

The language of the Homeric epics is the product of a long oral tradition of poetry and combines features of different regional dialects. Because it retained many words and forms that had disappeared from the vernacular, it required special familiarization on the part of performers as well as of listeners, and later of readers. Its peculiarities were the product of the combined demands of tradition—the expected ways of saying things, and of a meter that was unusually complex for such poetry. Throughout the centuries of literate culture down to the time of Quintus, ability to read the texts of Homer was the staple of a basic literary education. Those who aspired to produce original poetry in the required traditional language were necessarily learned poets, intimately familiar not only with the Homeric epics but also with the more notable later works in the epic genre. New epic poetry had to be correct in terms of appropriate literary precedent, and at the same time it was expected to display some linguistic originality, particularly in the coining of new compound words on the analogy of preexisting ones. Such was the demanding literary culture to which Quintus belonged, and the first point that must be made about his achievement is that no other extant poem on a comparable scale reproduces the language of its models as closely as the *Trojan Epic* does that of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

The closeness of Quintus' epic to Homer's in language and style is such that it presents no serious difficulty to any competent student of Homer, unlike most earlier epic of the Hellenistic period or the later epic of Nonnos and his followers. One way of measuring how far Quintus both reproduces and departs from the language of Homer is to count the Homeric and non-Homeric words used by him in a given category. This has been done for adjectives,[15] and the totals of Homeric and non-Homeric are respectively 720 and 220, in which matter one must bear in mind that the greatest scope for linguistic innovation was afforded by compound adjectives. Particularly revealing for Quintus' style is the frequency with which he uses some Homeric adjectives, as many as 149 being used ten or more times. It is a basic feature of Homer's formulaic expression to use ornamental adjectives with a frequency that seems grossly excessive to modern taste. A full comparison with Quintus' usage in this respect is made later. Suffice it to note here that Quintus may be criticized for exaggerating the Homeric manner. On the other hand he is hardly ever guilty of the learned obscurity in which poets of the Hellenistic period too often indulge, in their liking for rare or unique words of disputed meaning. Occasionally Quintus' linguistic usage differs from that of early epic poetry, showing the influence of classical Attic and later prose, but this is very much the exception that proves the rule. Quintus shares with Homer a tendency to fullness, even redundancy, of expression in general, and he is not sensitive about repetition of words within short passages, although often enough this is skillfully used for rhetorical effect. Sound effects—alliteration, assonance, and rhyme—are not a prominent feature of Quintus' style, but occasionally they seem to be used for an intended expressive purpose.

The formulaic character of Homeric expression, its use of repeated combinations of words, which can range from a name and single epithet to a whole line and even a whole paragraph, has been mentioned both as proof that early Greek epic was conditioned by the special demands of oral composition and also as prompting the question of whether such poetry could have been composed with the aid of writing. The first rigorous analysis of Homeric formulas was made by Milman Parry, whose work proved to be a watershed in Homeric studies.[16] He revealed how large a proportion of Homer's total linguistic usage consists of formulas, as well as the extraordinary efficiency with which a complex system of formulas meets the combined demands of sentence structure and meter. Parry argued that such a system could only belong to poetry composed orally by illiterate bards, and he supported this partly by demonstrating (with others) the comparable character of a living oral tradition of heroic poetry in former Yugoslavia, and partly by contrasting the negligible role of formulas in the works of later

ancient poets who were certainly literate, even of those, like Apollonios of Rhodes, who used the same language and meter as Homer. Later, one Homeric scholar called attention to the fact that Quintus' *Trojan Epic* seemed to be a case that challenged Parry's argument, a large-scale epic by a literate poet in which imitation of Homeric diction involves similar use of name-epithet formulas, but he did not take the matter further.[17] Three other studies contain some examination of Quintus' use of formulas,[18] and their findings include the following: precisely repeated formulas are mostly very short, repetition of whole lines being exceptional; of all occurrences of heroic names in Homer 55 percent are with an epithet, mostly of a fixed, or traditional, kind, while in Quintus 37 percent are with such an epithet; heroic epithets that occur frequently in Homer are hardly ever applied to the same hero by Quintus.

In order to make meaningful comparison between individual formulaic systems of heroic names combined with epithets by Homer and Quintus, it is necessary to choose names that occur with sufficient frequency in both cases. Six such names have been analyzed—Agamemnon, Achilles, Aineias, Ajax, Odysseus, and Priam, plus one frequent common noun, the usual word for "ship," *naus*.[19] In five of these seven examples Quintus' noun-epithet system is not greatly inferior to its Homeric counterpart in elaboration, that is, in the number of different combinations. The Homeric systems differ from those of Quintus most consistently in having a greater proportion of combinations used with significant frequency. Very much less marked is the superior economy, or efficiency, of the Homeric systems—that is, their freedom from doublets, equivalent expressions identical in grammatical and metrical function. A very striking observation is that, for all the general similarity of Quintus' systems to their Homeric counterparts, the proportion of combinations taken with little or no modification from Homer is consistently small, never more than a quarter. A further point to be made about these noun-epithet systems is that Quintus' epithets, no less than Homer's, are overwhelmingly ornamental and traditional, not contextually significant. Application of Parry's argument to the language of Quintus would lead to the conclusion that his poem was an oral composition. If by oral composition we mean composition without the aid of writing, oral composition of the *Trojan Epic* in the third century A.D. is completely excluded. That being the case, it is surely an inescapable conclusion that the formulaic expression of the Homeric epics is fully compatible with composition aided by writing. Many scholars have argued for this conclusion,[20] but the present comparison proves it more decisively than any others.

It is a natural progression from the mechanical to the imaginative to note that Quintus follows Homeric technique to a considerable degree not

only in precisely repeated formulas but also in the much more flexible repetition of traditional themes or motifs. This is particularly apparent in the battle narratives, which occupy a large part of the *Trojan Epic* as well as of the *Iliad*.[21] Monotony is avoided in these essentially through variation of recurrent thematic elements with a very wide range of elaboration and abbreviation. Closely akin are the more occasionally recurrent narrative elements known as typical scenes—for example, arming, sacrificial feasts, embassies, and funerals. Quintus' technique in these, though analogous to the Homeric, differs from it in his avoidance of precisely repeated lines.

The prominence of direct speech in the *Trojan Epic* should likewise be seen primarily as a reflection of the same in the Homeric epics, the remarkably dramatic character of which was recognized by Aristotle (*Poetics* 1448b35). As much as 44 percent of the *Iliad* consists of speeches, and 56 percent of the *Odyssey,* including the long first-person narrative in books 9–12. Quintus' proportion of 24 percent is relatively modest, similar to the 29 percent of Apollonios' *Argonautika* but substantially less than the 36 percent of Nonnos' later *Dionysiaka*.[22] Another significant measure is the average length of speeches: both Quintus and Apollonios have an average of just under 12 lines, a little more than the Homeric average of 10.6 lines, but much less than Nonnos' 25 lines. This last difference may be seen as a measure of the much less rhetorical character of Quintus' epic than that of most later Greek epic. It is also a measure of his success in reproducing the Homeric manner. In this matter, however, it is difficult to make a clear distinction, because the Homeric epics themselves have a strong element of unselfconscious rhetoric, and types of speech almost inevitably common to Homer and Quintus also constitute later rhetorical categories. The thematic categories of speech that belong distinctively to heroic epic are exhortation to battle, challenges to single combat, abuse of the enemy, insulting of a dead or dying enemy, and lamentation of the dead. In addition to these the *Trojan Epic* has speeches in categories that are influenced in varying degrees by the long tradition of formal rhetoric: deliberative and forensic speeches (notably those of the contest between Ajax and Odysseus in book 5), eulogy, invective, and moral exhortation.

For anyone who comes to the *Trojan Epic* from the *Iliad,* one of the most striking similarities is the abundance of more or less elaborated similes.[23] In this Quintus follows the *Iliad* rather than the *Odyssey,* which has comparatively few similes, and actually outdoes his model, as with ornamental epithets being more Homeric than Homer. With similes in every book, but an unusual concentration in book 1 (35), his average frequency of one simile every 39.5 lines is much higher than that of the *Iliad,* one every 76.2 lines. He seems to have been influenced by the recent example of Oppian, whose

didactic epic the *Halieutika* has a simile frequency of one every 36.9 lines. Particularly noteworthy is Quintus' liking for clusters, or accumulations, of similes, having seven clusters of four similes (1.147ff., 1.516ff., 1.613ff., 3.170ff., 7.455ff., 7.530ff., 13.44ff.), two of five similes (11.362ff., 14.33ff.), six of six similes (1.37ff., 3.353ff., 5.364ff., 8.28ff., 8.167ff., 8.361ff.), and one of eight similes (2.194ff.). This too is an exaggeration of simile usage in the *Iliad,* in which the two largest clusters are of five similes (2.455ff., 17.725ff.).

Sources of Quintus' similes, as also his sources in general, will be recorded in the commentary. Here we shall confine ourselves to a few general comments on his method of composition. The subject matter of his similes is drawn very largely from recurrent themes in the *Iliad*'s similes, notably wild and domestic animals and the forces of wind and water, with occasional supplement from the similes of later epics. Usually he conflates elements from two or more thematically related similes; the process tends to become more complex as his work progresses, and he produces variations on his own earlier imitations. Only about 10 percent of his 222 similes have subjects that are original as far as the evidence of extant earlier epic goes. Among these are partial recovery from blindness (1.76–82), children frightened by thunder (7.530–2), the manufacture of charcoal (9.162–6), and the moving of sows to a different sty (14.33–6). Despite this paucity of fundamental originality, many similes have touches that strongly suggest personal observation and a feel for nature, even something of what in a contemporary author would be called environmental sensitivity.

Closely akin to Quintus' similes are the scenes detailed in his long description of the shield and armor of Achilles at 5.1–120, which introduces the contest between Ajax and Odysseus. That belongs to a long literary tradition of descriptions of works of art, known as ecphrasis,[24] going back to the description of Achilles' shield at *Iliad* 18.478–608, which was Quintus' primary model. On a slightly smaller scale than the model, there are nine scenes of warfare, peaceful activities, and mythology, as opposed to Homer's ten scenes. There is close reflection of the model at several points, but much of the content is different, some of it attributable to other sources, notably the somewhat longer pseudo-Hesiodic description of the shield of Herakles. One striking touch of seeming originality is an allegorical description of personified Virtue (5.49–56). The *Trojan Epic* has two other examples of ecphrasis, one of which is a precise counterpart of the first, a description on the same scale of the shield of Eurypylos (6.198–293) with eighteen scenes of the labors of Herakles. The third is a much shorter description of the baldric and quiver of Philoktetes (10.180–205).

As regards the characters, or heroes, of the *Trojan Epic*,[25] Quintus exhibits a strong tendency to idealize them, emphasizing their virtues and

minimizing their faults. He does this more by selective use of the tradition than by innovation, and this results in some loss of liveliness and individuality, especially when compared with their Homeric counterparts, although there is some compensation in the sensitivity with which shades of feeling are sometimes expressed. Quintus adheres broadly to the Homeric practice of presenting characters through a more or less even balance of speech and narrative. Idealization of characters contributes to a pervasive sense in the work of what we may term epic dignity. Though not in itself alien to the spirit of the Homeric epics, it is perhaps taken too far, particularly in Quintus' tendency to moralize, which will be considered shortly. (Details of individual characterization are given in the critical summary of the epic.)

Quintus' undertaking to narrate the Trojan War in the Homeric manner inevitably entailed some maintenance of the Homeric divine machinery. One's first impression of how deities intervene in the action of the *Iliad* and the *Trojan Epic* is that there is little difference, and at least in quantitative terms this is certainly correct. Quintus' 91 occurrences of such intervention constitute proportionally a larger total than the 142 in the *Iliad,* although a much larger portion of those in the *Trojan Epic* can be classified as brief and perfunctory. As regards the deities involved, the following intervene a number of times in both epics—Zeus, Athena, Apollo, Poseidon, Aphrodite, Ares, and Thetis. Just one Olympian conspicuous in the *Iliad,* Hera, does not intervene in the *Trojan Epic*. Much more significant is the fact that some agents of repeated intervention in the *Trojan Epic*—personified Fate, several personifications of aspects of warfare, and unnamed deities—are relatively inconspicuous in the *Iliad* or wholly absent in this capacity.

The aspect of divine intervention most important for its function in combats is obviously the nature of its effect. In both the *Iliad* and the *Trojan Epic* the most frequent effect is human decision or initiative. Appropriately termed "double motivation," this kind of intervention is most readily explicable as an externalization of mental processes, even though the divine agent's objective reality is often undeniable. Undeniably miraculous effects, on the other hand, are physical rescue and resistance, which sometimes involve the guiding or deflecting of weapons, and these provide the best means of measuring the difference between the *Iliad* and the *Trojan Epic*. The following summary of relevant effects in combats of major importance reveals the pattern. In the *Iliad,* Aphrodite removes Paris in a mist (3.374–82); Aphrodite attempts to rescue Aineias, and Apollo removes him to Troy (5.311–453); Apollo removes Patroklos' armor (16.788–804); Poseidon blinds Achilles and removes Aineias to the edge of the battle (20.291–342); Athena deflects Hektor's spear, and Apollo removes him in a mist

(20.438–44); Apollo removes Agenor in a mist (21.596–8); and Athena disguises herself as Deiphobos (22.214–47) and returns Achilles' spear (22.276–7). These miraculous interventions at crucial points in the *Iliad* may be seen as survivals of a naive taste that otherwise had yielded to a more realistic presentation of events. In the *Trojan Epic,* Apollo fatally wounds Achilles with an arrow (3.30–138); Apollo removes Deiphobos in a mist (9.256–63); and Aphrodite removes Aineias in a mist (11.288–97). These three are the only direct interventions by deities, the other major combats involving the deaths of Penthesileia, Memnon, Eurypylos, and Paris being entirely without intervention. Accordingly it is reasonable to conclude that miraculous intervention in the action of human combatants was one feature of the Homeric epics from which Quintus chose to depart for the most part.

The personifications of warfare feature in a remarkable number of passages (thirteen), and where there is descriptive elaboration, they are capable of allegorical interpretation, as in at least one similar passage of the *Iliad* (4.439–45). There is, however, a difference between these and the fully developed moral allegory of personified Virtue that is one of the scenes on Achilles' shield (5.49–56), noted earlier. Essentially the same allegory is developed further at 14.195–200, where its unexplained introduction implies assumed knowledge of the earlier passage. Also the implied application of the first description to the character of Achilles is confirmed by the second, which is spoken by Achilles' spirit to his son in a dream.

The moral awareness of Quintus and the probable influence on it of Stoic philosophy has been the object of considerable comment,[26] some of it unnecessarily negative. The many moral commonplaces, or maxims, in the *Trojan Epic* (about ninety) have been criticized as exhibiting an uncomfortable mix of traditional epic paganism with Stoic doctrine, detracting from the Homeric character of the poem. Certainly it is the aspect of the work that amounts to some degree of modernization of Homeric epic. About two-thirds of the maxims are spoken by characters, with a heavy concentration, as one might expect, in the speeches first of Nestor and second of Odysseus, so that it is part of the general idealization of characters mentioned earlier, a way of making them morally edifying. Stoic beliefs are apparent in the omnipotence of fate, which is more or less identified with the will of Zeus, and in the manner of the survival of human souls after death. A memorable expression of the latter occurs at 7.87–9:

> There is, moreover, a saying among us
> That to an eternal home in heaven go the souls
> Of the good, but those of the bad to darkness.

This has been thought to show the influence of Christian belief, but there is nothing that is not attributable to Greek philosophy, even though it is tempting to look for some link with the Christianity of Quintus' son Dorotheos. It is put in the mouth of Nestor, part of his consolation of Podaleirios over the death of his brother Machaon (7.37–92), which contains several maxims similar to some in Seneca's Stoic treatise *To Marcia on Consolation*. The moral allegory discussed previously is closely linked to the maxim of toil as a necessary means to virtue or glory, which has its most elaborate expression at 12.292–6:

> Painful things are placed by the gods at the feet of men,
> But good things far away, with toil set in between.
> That is why the road to wretched ruin
> Is an easy one for men, while that to glory is hard,
> Where feet must tread through tedious toil at first.

The Structure of the Trojan Epic

The contents of Quintus' narrative of the Trojan War from the end of the *Iliad* to the beginning of the *Odyssey* were virtually dictated by tradition, being more or less the same as those of the *Aithiopis,* the *Little Iliad,* and the *Sack of Ilion,* which have been outlined in the first section. Because of this essential character of Quintus' undertaking, the prevailing assessment of his achievement has been little more than application to it of Aristotle's negative judgment of the Cyclic epics as lacking the dramatic unity of the Homeric. Although he is credited with considerable success in constructing individual books and episodes, his work as a whole is usually dismissed as merely episodic, and it has even been suggested that the idea of arranging the books as a large-scale epic was an imperfectly realized afterthought.[27] The following appraisal is an attempt to satisfy the first requisite of literary criticism, freedom from prejudice.

The time span of the events of the *Trojan Epic* does not in itself present an obvious problem for achieving dramatic concentration. It can be calculated because of the narrative's faithfulness to the Homeric practice of recording the passage of days and nights, with the exception of the period of mourning for Achilles, vaguely stated to have lasted "many days" (3.667–8), but that clearly refers to the account in the *Odyssey,* which specifies seventeen days (*Od.* 24.63–4). The total is forty-four days, or forty-five if the wreck of the fleet is counted as one more day at the end. In addition to the seventeen days of mourning, there is a two-day truce for burying the dead (7.151–68) and three days devoted to construction of the wooden horse (12.117–50), which reduces the total to twenty-two days as far as the narra-

tive focus is concerned.[28] The temporal concentration of the *Trojan Epic* is thus not greatly different from that of the *Iliad,* with its main focus on four days out of fifty-two, or from the focus of much of the *Odyssey* on nine days out of forty. More significant is the *Trojan Epic*'s freedom from such devices as the *Iliad*'s incorporation of material not strictly relevant to the main story and the *Odyssey*'s four books of retrospective narrative.

Accordingly the crucial question for critical comparison of these three epics is whether the *Trojan Epic* is unified by the dominance of a single hero, as the *Iliad* is by that of Achilles and the *Odyssey* by that of Odysseus. The traditional story did not make that possible. Instead it provided a father-son succession of two principal Greek heroes, Achilles and Neoptolemos, and it is clear that Quintus constructed his poem with their dominance in mind. Achilles dominates the first five books, with his last two great victories over the would-be saviors of Troy, Penthesileia (book 1) and Memnon (book 2); his death and funeral (book 3); the funeral games in his honor (book 4); and the contest between Ajax and Odysseus for the prize of his armor, which causes the death of Ajax, Achilles' nearest rival as champion of the Greeks (book 5). Books 6, 7, and 8 are a closely knit narrative unit, the story of how Achilles' son Neoptolemos comes to Troy and achieves his first and greatest victory: after their decision to send for Neoptolemos, the Greeks are defeated by Eurypylos, the last great ally to come to the rescue of Troy (book 6); they are rescued from further defeat by the arrival of Neoptolemos (book 7), who finally kills Eurypylos (book 8).

Quintus had to choose between two different versions of the Trojan legend, that followed by the *Little Iliad,* which placed Neoptolemos' arrival after that of Philoktetes and the death of Paris, and that followed by Sophokles in his tragedy *Philoktetes,* which placed it before them. His adoption of the latter version has very clear advantages for the structure of his epic. Presented as a direct consequence of his father's death, Neoptolemos' intervention invites comparison between the two and produces a large-scale narrative pattern that is dramatically effective, two sequences of heroic achievement separated by death and near defeat. This arrangement also maximizes the proportion of the epic in which Neoptolemos is the dominant hero, for although his domination of the action continues only as far as 9.323, his role is prominent up to the departure of the Greeks in book 14. Another consequence of this sequence of events is that the relative lateness of Philoktetes' intervention and the death of Paris, which occupy the second half of book 9 and all of book 10, brings these events as close as possible to Troy's destruction. This may well be deemed a dramatic advantage, but their introduction at 9.323–32 is excessively brief and lacking in explicit motivation, although it can be seen as a logical consequence of divine

interventions in books 8 and 9, the last of which, that of Apollo, comes close to causing the death of Neoptolemos. The last four books, 11–14, form another closely knit narrative, focused on the final destruction of Troy: unsuccessful in their assault on the walls of Troy (book 11), the Greeks resort to the trick of the wooden horse (book 12) and sack the city overnight (book 13), only to suffer the wreck of their fleet after their triumphal departure (book 14).

A few further comments relevant to the *Trojan Epic*'s overall structure may be helpful. The claim that individual books constitute self-contained episodes is not in itself an adverse criticism, unless it can be shown to entail lack of coherence on a larger scale, and that has been refuted by the foregoing analysis. Even the claim itself is true only of the first five books dominated by Achilles and his death; in contrast, the one more or less self-contained episode on a similar scale later in the epic, that of Philoktetes and the death of Paris, cuts across book divisions by starting in the middle of book 9. The central episode of Neoptolemos and Eurypylos and the final one of Troy's destruction and its aftermath are closely integrated narratives on the larger scales of, respectively, three books (6–8) and four books (11–14). A second point of major critical importance is that, whereas the first eight books are dominated successively by the heroes Achilles and Neoptolemos, the last part of the epic, arguably from book 9 but certainly from book 11, is unified by its focus on the event of Troy's destruction and its immediate consequences. It could be claimed that the unity of this last part is marred by an inorganic appendage, the wreck of the Greek fleet in the second half of book 14. But this is surely better seen in the positive light of an ironic coda: finally the Greeks suffer collectively for the offense of Lokrian Ajax no less than the Trojans for the offense of Paris. It was certainly no afterthought, because as early as book 4 (56–61) it is said to be one of the future events of which Zeus has foreknowledge.

As the last-named example shows, one device making for unity that the *Trojan Epic* shares with the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* is foreshadowing of later events.[29] Quintus' avoidance, for the most part, of divine agents for this purpose is a much less important departure from Homeric practice than his strong preference for vague foreshadowing rather than definite prediction. This has been deemed to lessen the device's unifying effect, which is debatable. It certainly heightens suspense at times, as in the final buildup to the sack of Troy in books 12 and 13. In places the effect of short-term foreshadowing is weakened by its frequency, but generally there is a good balance between its use for shorter and longer terms. The complementary device of recapitulation is used very sparingly, but certainly to some unifying effect. At the beginning of book 1 (8–14) the Trojans remember the

deeds of Achilles down to the death of Hektor. Shortly after Achilles' own death an updated and more detailed summary of his deeds is put in the mouth of Nestor (4.146–61). Finally, the Greeks at their victory feast are appropriately entertained with a recital of the whole war from the army's gathering at Aulis to the present celebration (14.125–41).

A final point is that the *Trojan Epic* resembles the *Iliad* in its effective use of dramatized scenes of deliberation in assembly or council at pivotal points in the narrative.[30] Three of these scenes, each with five speeches, are placed at the beginnings of books (2.9–99: Trojans on the conduct of the war; 6.7–93: Greeks on sending for Neoptolemos; 12.3–103: Greeks on building the wooden horse), while the fourth and most elaborate, with seven speeches, follows soon after the third (12.218–305: Greeks on the use of the horse).

The Translation

The text of the original Greek on which the present translation is based is approximately that of F. Vian's edition.[31] But wherever the text is uncertain or obscure, careful comparison has been made with the only subsequent edition, that of G. Pompella,[32] which is excessively conservative in its adherence to the manuscript texts, but occasionally it provides a text superior to Vian's. All textual problems that affect the translation are stated briefly in the commentary, without linguistic details. The line numbering is the same in the translation as in Vian's and Pompella's editions, and one peculiarity of it should be noted: occasionally a number is repeated once with the letter "a" added. This is because lines so numbered are missing from most of the extant manuscripts and consequently from the earlier printed editions, and later editors used this device to avoid changing all the subsequent line numbers in a given book.

The general neglect of the *Trojan Epic* is reflected in the paucity of complete published translations. Although the first Latin translation (by J. Velaraeus) was published as early as 1539, there was none in a modern language before the French of R. Tourlet in 1800, followed by the Italian of P. Tarenghi in 1809 and the German of C. F. Platz in 1857–8. Of later translations in these languages there have been just two in Latin (L. Rhodomann in 1604 and [partly the same] F. S. Lehrs in 1840), two in French (E. A. Berthault in 1884 and F. Vian in 1963–9), two in Italian (B. Baldi in 1828 and G. Pompella in 1979–93), and one in German (J. J. C. Donner in 1866–7). The first translation into English appeared as late as 1913, that of A. S. Way, one of the earliest volumes of the Loeb Classical Library,[33] which for lack of an adequate replacement has remained in print. Based on Koechly's 1850 edition with some account taken of Zimmermann's of 1891, it is in blank

verse, the traditional English meter for epic poetry, which has the disadvantage of producing many more lines than the original Greek hexameters. Although it is often far too free to be a reliable reflection of the Greek and its style is marred by indulgence in pseudo-archaism, it is not without scholarly and poetic merit. Not infrequently it conveys the right meaning in English that cannot be bettered, and for that reason no translator can afford to ignore it. The only English translation published subsequently is the prose one of F. M. Combellack,[34] which has long been out of print. It has the merit of being scholarly and reliable but suffers from two serious defects. One is that it is based on the now superseded text of Zimmermann's edition, although for the first four books only account is taken of the first volume of Vian's edition. The other defect is that, on the one hand, its literalness produces a prose that is somewhat lifeless and, on the other, in the interest of prose usage, it avoids such a prominent feature of the original as traditional compound adjectives. The French prose translation that accompanies Vian's edition is both accurate and much truer to the idiom of modern prose than Combellack's English. Because of the frequent closeness of French to English idiom, it has been of constant use in preparing the present translation. Occasional help has been obtained from the very literal line-for-line Italian translation that accompanies Pompella's edition.

The problem of translating Quintus' *Trojan Epic* is essentially the same as that of translating the Homeric epics, given its close similarity to them in style and content. Despite their number, none of the English translations of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* has achieved the status of an unrivaled classic, but the classic formulation of the challenge of translating Homer is undoubtedly that of Matthew Arnold's lectures *On Translating Homer*.[35] A fundamental question is the choice between verse and prose, and probably its best discussion is that by Walter Shewring, who opted for prose in his translation of the *Odyssey*.[36] The apparent freedom of prose is in fact illusory, because, as exemplified by Combellack's translation of the *Trojan Epic,* any attempt to be true to the style of the original is harder to reconcile with the requirements of natural prose usage. The heightening of language by its subjection to poetic rhythm, or meter, actually enables a greater range of stylistic options.

A problem regarding the choice of meter to represent the dactylic hexameter of Greek epic is exemplified by Way's translation of the *Trojan Epic,* namely that English blank verse with its five iambic feet—a sequence of single unstressed plus stressed syllables—is appreciably shorter, so that any attempt to use it and keep to the same number of lines as the original is extremely constraining and liable to cause omissions. The best alternative would naturally seem to be a meter that approximates more closely to the

Greek hexameter, with the important difference that the line's six feet would consist of an alternation not of long and short syllables, to which English does not lend itself, but of stressed and unstressed ones. Probably the closest approximation of this kind is achieved by Smith and Miller's translation of the *Iliad*,[37] in which each line consists precisely of six feet that are either dactyls, one stressed syllable followed by two unstressed, or trochees, one stressed plus one unstressed syllable. Whether or not the strictness of the meter is to blame, the general effect is decidedly stilted. The opposite extreme among verse translations of the *Iliad* that make a serious attempt to reflect the meter of the original is reached by that of Robert Fagles,[38] which abandons line-for-line correspondence and uses as its norm a loose five- or six-beat line, but allows occasional expansion to seven beats and contraction to as few as three. The result is certainly lively but rather far from the original. Close to the strict end of this metrical spectrum stands the verse translation of the *Iliad* by Andrew and Oakley,[39] the meter of which consists of five stressed syllables to the line, separated from each other by one or two unstressed syllables. The line's length and flexibility are increased by allowing the first stress to be preceded by either one or two unstressed syllables and the last stress to be followed by no more that one unstressed syllable. Unstressed syllables at the beginning of a line reverse the dactylic-trochaic rhythm, singles producing iambs and doubles anapaests, so that monotony of rhythm is avoided without loss of clarity. This is arguably the version of the *Iliad* that is the most successful of them all in conveying the general metrical effect of the original, and perhaps the only serious reason why it has not been widely recognized as a classic is a use of archaisms that is no longer acceptable to most readers.

The meter of the present translation of the *Trojan Epic* differs from that of Andrew and Oakley's *Iliad* in the one important point that the number of stressed syllables in each line is either five or six. The resulting variation of line length is not noticeably different from that between totals of syllables in Greek hexameters that are wholly dactylic at one extreme and predominantly spondaic at the other. The greater flexibility thus provided makes it easier to avoid the opposite evils of padding and compression while maintaining a line-for-line correspondence with the original, even a close reflection of the arrangement of sense units in the Greek hexameters, as far as is compatible with natural English expression. Occasionally, however, it has been found helpful to make a paragraph break near the middle of a line. The English is strictly contemporary in the sense that no use is made of any word or expression that is inconsistent with modern usage. Any elevation of style is a more or less unconscious product of meter and subject matter. Rhyme is completely excluded, in agreement with the widely held view that

it is inappropriate for English narrative poetry, to which one may add that it was absent from all the meters of ancient Greek poetry. On the other hand, assonance and alliteration are consciously cultivated wherever they arise naturally. This does not reflect anything in the original Greek, in which comparable effects are relatively rare, but is justifiable on the ground that they are far richer and more natural sources of poetry in English than is rhyme.

Proper Names

The question of how to spell Greek names in English is a vexed one, and there is no generally accepted consistent practice. However, there has long since been a prevailing preference for precisely transliterated Greek spellings over latinized or anglicized forms, except that the last two are still often preferred, at the cost of inconsistency, if they are considered to be sufficiently familiar to readers. Clearly this is a very subjective matter, about which different judgments are legitimate, because it comes down to a personal feeling for style or taste. Accordingly no apology is made for reflecting this state of affairs. But at least some explanation of the practice followed is due to the reader, with examples first of the rule of preferring Greek spellings and then of the most important exceptions.

In accordance with the general rule, Menelaos is preferred to Menelaus, Hektor to Hector, Lykia to Lycia, Patroklos to Patroclus, Aineias to Aeneas and Teukros to Teucer. One slight inconsistency is that, whereas the Greek letter kappa is represented by "k," chi, which is an aspirated kappa, is represented not by "kh" but, in deference to traditional English spelling, by "ch," pronounced as in loch, thus not Antilokhos but Antilochos, and likewise Chimaira and Kalchas. Most names, like the preceding, that have differences between their Greek and their Latin or English spellings present no difficulty of recognition, more radical differences, as between Greek Hekabe and Latin Hecuba, Greek Odysseus and Latin Ulysses, being rare exceptions. It is only for the principal Olympian deities that the Greek and Latin names are completely different: Greek Zeus = Jupiter or Jove, Hera = Juno, Athena = Minerva, Ares = Mars, Aphrodite = Venus, Poseidon = Neptune, Hephaistos = Vulcan. Naturally in all such cases the Greek name, the first of each pair, is used. For three names that are important in the *Trojan Epic* the general rule is broken because of the assumed familiarity of the Latin-English form: thus not Achilleus, the Greek form, but Achilles, not Aias but Ajax, not Alexandros but Alexander. In a few other cases radically anglicized forms have been preferred for the same reason—Greece, Troy, Helen, Priam.

One prominent feature of ancient Greek nomenclature that is repro-

duced in the translation is the custom of referring to people by the father's name, patronymic, usually without the personal name, which is assumed to be familiar. Thus Zeus is simply "the son of Kronos," Diomedes "son of Tydeus," Nestor "son of Neleus," and Meges "son of Phyleus." With the brothers Agamemnon and Menelaos ambiguity can arise, since either of them is called "son of Atreus," whereas for the two heroes with the same name Ajax it is avoided by calling one "son of Telamon," or "Telamonian," and the other "son of Oileus," or "Lokrian" from the name of his homeland. Achilles' nomenclature is unusual in that he is called either "son of Peleus" or "grandson of Aiakos," and his son Neoptolemos can even be called "son of Aiakos' grandson." A very frequent nomenclature in the *Trojan Epic* that has been taken over from the *Iliad* as a distinctively epic usage is that the Greeks are always referred to collectively as Achaians, Argives, or Danaans, which are anglicized forms of Achaioi, Argeioi, and Danaoi, the choice having no contextual significance, being determined by metrical convenience. The usage is faithfully reproduced in the translation, but not in the introduction, critical summary, and commentary, where anything other than Greeks would be unnatural. The translation is also literal as regards three pairs of alternative names that are contextually neutral—Troy and Ilion; Paris and Alexander; and Skamandros and Xanthos, a local river.

Greek nomenclature, especially in poetry, was affected by the very strong mythological tendency to personify natural phenomena. This is reflected in the translation by the use of an initial capital wherever personification is certain or probable—thus Sun, Moon, Earth, Dawn (Aurora in Latin). Capitalized Ocean is not to be confused with its modern meaning, being the river that was believed to flow round the flat disk of the earth. Prominent in the *Trojan Epic* are personifications of aspects of warfare such as Strife and Tumult, and of associated notions like Fate and Death. The translation's general practice of accurately reproducing the original Greek nomenclature is departed from in only a very few cases, the most important and frequent being "god of war" or "war god" for Ares and "goddess of war" for Enyo, which may be defended on the poetic ground that these paraphrases contribute positively to the atmosphere of the epic. Similar are "fire god" for Hephaistos, although the name itself is sometimes used, as is the case with Ares and Enyo, "goddess of love" for Kythereia, a secondary name for Aphrodite, and "spirits of vengeance" for Erinyes. In closing it should be emphasized that all information concerning proper names is provided in the index, not in the commentary, which is mostly concerned with matters of literary and textual interest.

Notes

All references in the abbreviated form of author's surname and date are cited in full in the following Select Bibliography.

1. For this and related matters, see M. Davies, *The Greek Epic Cycle,* 2nd ed. (London, 2001), whose edition of the relevant texts, *Epicorum Graecorum Fragmenta* (Göttingen, 1988) is followed for fragment numbers of the Cyclic epics cited in the commentary.

2. See C. M. Bowra, *Heroic Poetry* (London, 1952); A. B. Lord, *The Singer of Tales* (Cambridge, Mass., 1960); B. Hainsworth, introduction to *The Iliad, a Commentary,* vol. 3, *Books 9–12* (Cambridge, 1993).

3. *Venetus Marcianus 822* (formerly *454*).

4. Their division into twenty-four books each seems to have been made later than their original composition, and not all of the book divisions correspond with distinct episodes.

5. See B. Powell, "Homer and Writing," in I. Morris and B. Powell (eds.), *A New Companion to Homer, Mnemosyne Supplement* 163 (Leiden, 1997), 3–32.

6. See Hopkinson 1994, 106, and *Oxford Classical Dictionary,* 3rd ed. (1996), "Quintus Smyrnaeus," where he even queries the literal truth of Quintus' origin in Smyrna.

7. *Oxyrhynchus Papyrus 2946,* vol. 41 (1972), 9–10. For details of Triphiodoros' indebtedness to Quintus, see B. Gerlaud, *Triphiodore, La Prise d'Ilion* (Paris, 1982), 10–41.

8. *Commentaria in Aristotelem Graeca* 13.3.156–7, ed. M. Wallies (Berlin, 1909).

9. See R. Barnes, "When Was the Library Destroyed?" in R. Macleod (ed.), *The Library of Alexandria* (London and New York, 2000), 70–3.

10. *Bodmer Papyrus 29, Vision de Dorothéos,* ed. A. Hurst, O. Reverdin, and J. Rudhardt (Cologny-Geneva, 1984). An improved text, with English translation and commentary, was edited by A. H. M. Kessels and P. W. Van der Horst, "The Vision of Dorotheus," *Vigiliae Christianae* 41 (1987): 313–59.

11. The manuscript, *Matritensis Graecus 4686,* is preserved in the National Library at Madrid.

12. *Neapolitanus Graecus II F10.* For this and related matters, see Vian 1959a.

13. Vian 1963–9 and Pompella 1979–93, 2002.

14. The fullest treatment is that of Vian 1959b, 17–144. Some different conclusions are reached in the detailed survey by Keydell 1963.

15. See Vian 1959b, 182–92.

16. Originally published between 1928 and 1936, it is conveniently accessible in A. Parry (ed.), *The Making of Homeric Verse* (Oxford, 1971).

17. A. Hoekstra, *Homeric Modifications of Formulaic Prototypes* (Amsterdam, 1965), 17.

18. Mansur 1940, 73–8; Vian 1959b, 178–201; E. Visser, *Homerische Versifikationstechnik* (Frankfurt am Main, 1987), 266–89.

19. See James and Lee 2000, 27–30.

20. For a cogent presentation, see B. Knox's introduction to R. Fagles' translation of the *Iliad* (New York, 1990).

21. See B. Fenik, *Typical Battle Scenes in the Iliad* (Wiesbaden, 1968), and Vian 1959b, 175–7.

22. For these figures and related analysis, see G. W. Elderkin, *Aspects of the Speech in the Later Greek Epic* (Baltimore, 1906), and for categorization of speeches in the *Trojan Epic*, see Vian 1963–9, 1: xxxviii–xl.

23. See Vian 1954 and T. Roberts, "A Study of the Similes in Late Greek Epic Poetry" (M.A. thesis, University of Sydney, 1986).

24. See P. Friedlaender, *Johannes von Gaza und Paulus Silentiarius* (Leipzig, 1912), 1–103, and J. A. W. Heffernan, *Museum of Words, the Poetics of Ekphrasis from Homer to Ashbery* (Chicago, 1994).

25. See Mansur 1940.

26. See especially Vian 1963–9, 1: xvi–xviii, xxxv–xxxvii.

27. See Appel 1994.

28. For a chronological inconsistency, see the summary of book 7, and for the expressions used to describe dawn and nightfall see James 1978.

29. See Duckworth 1936.

30. See Schenk 1997.

31. Vian 1963–9.

32. Pompella 1979–93, 2002.

33. Way 1913.

34. Combellack 1968.

35. First published in 1861 and available in M. Arnold, *Essays Literary and Critical,* Everyman's Library (London and New York, 1906) and later reprinted.

36. W. Shewring, "Epilogue on Translation," in *Homer, the Odyssey,* World's Classics (Oxford, 1980).

37. W. B. Smith and W. Miller, *The Iliad of Homer, a Line-for-line Translation in Dactylic Hexameters* (New York, 1944).

38. R. Fagles, *Homer, the Iliad* (New York, 1990).

39. S. O. Andrew and M. J. Oakley, *Homer's Iliad,* Everyman's Library (London and New York, 1955).

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The TROJAN EPIC

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BOOK 1 Penthesileia

Hektor the equal of gods had been killed by the son of Peleus.
Consumed by the funeral pyre, his bones were under the ground.
The Trojans stayed inside the city of Priam,
Fearing the force of Aiakos' dauntless grandson.
As cattle in a wood refuse to go
And face a fearsome lion, taking fright
They huddle together among the densest thickets,
So in their city the Trojans shrank from the man of might,
Mindful of those he had robbed of breath before,
Amok by the banks of Skamandros the river of Ida,
Of those he had slaughtered in flight below their lofty walls,
Of Hektor killed by him and dragged round the city,
Of those he had slain upon the restless sea,
The time he first brought death to the people of Troy.
All these memories made them stay in the city.
Over and around them hovered pain and sorrow,
As though already Troy on fire was groaning.

Just then from the river Thermodon's broad-flowing waters
Came Penthesileia clothed in godlike beauty.
Two wishes she had—to share the hardship of war
And also to shun the shame of hostile talk,
Fearing hurtful reproaches made by her people
Concerning the sister for whom she felt a growing grief,
Hippolyte, whom she had killed with her powerful spear,
Not as she intended—her target was a stag.
Those were the reasons she came to the famous land of Troy.
A further thought possessed her warrior soul:
She might clear herself of the fearful stain of bloodshed,
Appeasing with sacrifice the dreaded spirits of vengeance,
Who in instant wrath for her sister were following her
Unseen. For constantly on the heels of offenders
They move; no sinner can escape those powers.

With her were twelve companions, noble maidens all,
All of them eager for war and for brutal combat.

They were her attendants; distinguished as they were,
They all were far surpassed by Penthesileia.
As in the sky's expanse among the stars the moon
Goddess stands out conspicuous from them all,
When thunderclouds are torn apart to show the heavens,
And all the force of blustering winds has fallen asleep;
So she stood out from all her dashing followers.
Klonie was there, Polemousa and Derinoe,
Antandre and Euandre and divine Bremousa,
Also Hippothoe, dark-eyed Harmothoe,
Alkibie, Antibrote and Derimacheia,
And with them Thermodossa so proud of her spear.
All these escorted Penthesileia the warrior maiden.
As down from eternal Olympos Dawn descends,
Her heart delighting in her glittering steeds,
Amid the fair-tressed Seasons, from all of whom,
Flawless though they are, her splendid form stands out;
Such was Penthesileia approaching the city of Troy,
Outstanding from all the Amazons. Round them the Trojans,
Running from everywhere, were astounded at the sight
Of the tireless war god's daughter in her long greaves,
Looking like one of the blessed immortals; in her face
There was a beauty that frightened and dazzled at once.
Her smile was ravishing, and from beneath her brows
Her love-enkindling eyes like sunbeams flashed.
Her cheeks were flushed with modesty, and over them
A wondrous grace was spread, all clothed with valor.

All around her the grief of the people changed into joy.
As from a hilltop countrymen catch sight
Of a rainbow rising from the sea's expanse,
When they yearn for rain from the gods, because their lands
Are badly parched for want of Zeus's gift of water;
At last the sky is clouded right across; they see
The promising sign of approaching wind and rain,
And they who groaned for their fields before are cheered;
Just so the sons of Troy, to see within their land
The dreaded Penthesileia eager for battle,
Were gladdened. When to the heart of man comes hope
Of blessing, the pain of suffering is removed.
So even Priam, whose mind had many a cause to groan,

Whose heart was greatly distressed, received a little comfort.
As a man who has suffered much because of blindness
And longs for death if he cannot see the blessed light,
Either through some good doctor's work or because a god
Has removed the mist from his eyes, now sees the light of day;
Not as well as before, but he's comforted a little
After all his suffering, though pangs of smarting pain
Linger beneath his eyelids; such was the sight
Of dreaded Penthesileia to Laomedon's son.
He felt a little joy, though still outweighed by grief
For the deaths of his sons. He conducted the queen to his palace.
Eagerly he pressed her with honors, like a daughter
Back home from a distant land after twenty years.
He gave her a feast of every sort of food, the kind
Proud monarchs eat when, after destroying their foreign foes,
They hold a banquet to celebrate their victory.
He gave her fine and costly gifts, and many more
He promised in return for saving Troy from slaughter.

Her promise was a deed for which no mortal had hoped—
To kill Achilles, destroy the mighty host
Of Argos and toss their ships upon a fire.
The fool! She did not know how matchless was Achilles
Of the ashwood spear in man-destroying battle.
On hearing her, Eetion's noble daughter
Andromache addressed such words as these to herself:
"Poor woman, why do you make such claims in your pride?
You haven't the strength to fight the fearless son
Of Peleus; quick death and destruction he'll deal to you.
Poor thing, what madness possesses you? Beside you
Stand the end of life and the doom of heaven.
Hektor was your better by far with the spear,
But for all his strength he was killed and grieved the Trojans;
All the city had looked to him as to a god.
He was my glory and his noble parents' glory
While he lived. I wish the earth had been heaped on me
Before a spear thrust through his throat cost him his life.
And then unspeakable pain to me was the pitiful sight
Of him so cruelly dragged round the city by Achilles'
Fleet-foot horses. That man took my husband and made me
A widow, bitterly grieving all my days."

So Eetion's fair-ankled daughter spoke in her heart,
Recalling her husband. Ever greater grows the grief
Of virtuous women for the death of a spouse.

The sun upon its swiftly spinning course
Now dipped below the depth of Ocean and ended the day.
When the goodly feast and drinking were concluded,
The serving maids prepared a welcome bed
In Priam's palace for Penthesileia the brave.
She went to rest, and there sweet sleep enveloped her
And veiled her eyes. Then down from the sky above there came,
At Pallas' prompting, a vivid and deceitful dream,
That seeing it she might become the ruin of Troy
And of herself in her zeal to join the battle lines.
Such were the thoughts of the warlike goddess Tritogeneia.
The baneful dream stood over her in the form of her father
Encouraging her to be bold and face in combat
Achilles the fleet of foot. On hearing this
Her heart was filled with joy, thinking she would perform
A mighty deed that day on the terrible field of battle.
A fool she was to trust a treacherous dream
Of early night, the mocking words of which
Beguile in bed the suffering human race.
This one deceived her with encouragement for the task.

When rosy-ankled Dawn came up with a bound,
The heart of Penthesileia was filled with courage,
As from her bed she leapt and over her shoulders placed
Her armor finely wrought, the war god's gift.
Firstly round her silver-white shins she put
Her greaves of gold, which were a perfect fit.
Next was her brilliant breastplate. Then over her shoulders
She proudly slung her massive sword, encased
In a sheath of silver and ivory finely wrought.
She took her splendid shield, which was shaped like the moon
As it rises over the depth of Ocean
At half its fullness and with curving horns.
Such was its brilliance, beyond description. On her head
She placed a helmet crested with golden hair.
So she dressed herself in armor beautifully wrought.
She shone like a flash of lightning shot from Olympos

Down to earth by the never-tiring force of Zeus,
When he shows to mortal men the force of a roaring storm
Or the unabating blast of whistling winds.
At once, as she hurried on her way from the palace hall,
She took two spears in her shielded hand, and in her right
A two-edged battle-ax, bestowed by dreadful Strife
To be her great defense in the slaughter of battle.
That gave her delight, and soon she was outside the walls
Urging the Trojans to go and win glory in combat.

In rapid response their leading warriors gathered,
Even though before they had been unwilling
To stand and face Achilles, who slaughtered all around.
She was proud beyond all bounds, as she rode a horse
Both handsome and swift, a gift from the north wind's wife,
Oreithyia, to her as a guest on a visit to Thrace.
It could hold its own against the speed of the Harpies.
On this, as she left the towering halls of the town,
Rode noble Penthesileia, spurred by the dismal Fates
To enter a battle both first and last for her.
Around her many a Trojan, on feet that would not return,
Followed that hardy maid to a pitiless battle
In throngs, like sheep behind a ram, which by the skill
Of the shepherd runs ahead of a flock and holds it together;
So then they followed her, all eager to show their strength,
Both sturdy Trojans and Amazons strong in spirit.
Like Tritonis when once she faced the Giants,
Or Strife as she speeds through an army stirring tumult,
Such among the Trojans was Penthesileia the swift.

Then to the son of Kronos hands that had suffered much
Were raised by the noble son of rich Laomedon
In prayer, facing the splendid shrine of Zeus, the god
Of Ida and guard of Ilion with his constant watch.
"Hear me, father, and grant that the host of Achaia fall
This day by the hands of the war god's royal daughter,
And bring her safely back again to my home,
Out of respect for your own son Ares the mighty giant
And also for her; she has the look of a heavenly goddess,
Amazingly so, and is the offspring of your line.
Consider all the evil that my heart has suffered,

The deaths of my children, torn from me by the Fates
At the hands of the Argives on the battlefront.
Consider, while yet we few remain of the noble blood
Of Dardanos, our city still untouched, that we
From slaughter and from war may have some breathing space."
That was his passionate prayer. An eagle sharply screaming,
Holding in its talons a dove at the point of death,
Swiftly swooped on Priam's left. He in his heart
Was struck with fear, concluding that he would never see
Penthesileia return from the battle alive.
Such in truth was the work to be done that very day
By Fates unseen, which broke the grieving heart of Priam.

Meanwhile the Argives were amazed to see from afar
Trojans advancing with Penthesileia the daughter of Ares.
The Trojans had the look of mountain beasts
That harrow fleecy flocks of sheep with slaughter,
While she was like the fury of fire that rushes
Through the withered bushes when whipped by wind.
This prompted the mustering men to comment thus:
"Who has rallied the Trojans after the death of Hektor?
We never thought they would be keen to face us again.
All of a sudden a mighty urge for fighting speeds them,
And someone in their midst is spurring them to exertion.
You'd think it was a god with such a task in mind.
But come, let invincible boldness fill our breasts,
Nothing but thoughts of fighting bravely. We too
Can count on the gods in battling the Trojans today."
With these words spoken, dressed in shining armor
And cloaked in valor, they streamed out from their ships.
Like flesh-devouring beasts the armies engaged
In bloody battle, locking armor closely together,
Their breastplates and their spears, their good strong shields
And solid helmets. Hacking each other's flesh with bronze
Relentlessly, they reddened the soil of Troy.

Penthesileia killed Molion, Persinoos,
Eilissos, and Antitheos and valiant Lernos,
Hippalmos, Haimonides, and mighty Elasippos.
Derinoe killed Laogonos and Klonie Menippos.
The last had come from Phylake with Protesilaos

For the purpose of war against the strength of Troy.
The killing of Menippos stung the heart of Podarkes
Son of Iphiklos, for he was his closest comrade.
Quickly Podarkes struck the beauteous Klonie.
Right through her belly passed the heavy spear, and with it
Came at once a stream of blood and all her entrails.
Then in fury Penthesileia with her long spear
Pierced the solid muscle of Podarkes' arm,
The right arm, cutting clean through the veins of blood,
So that from the open wound a stream of dark blood
Spurted. With a groan he leapt to the rear,
His spirit overcome by the agony.
His going was for the men of Phylake a loss
Unspeakable. Withdrawing a little way from the battle,
Very soon he died in his comrades' arms.

Idomeneus struck down Bremousa with his long spear,
Close to the right breast, and stilled her heart at once.
She fell like an ash tree in the mountains, cut
By woodsmen because of its outstanding height;
With a screech of pain and a thud it crashes down.
So she moaned aloud as she fell, with all her joints
Unstrung by death, her spirit mingling with the breezes.
Meriones then killed Euandre and Thermodossa
As they charged at him amid the deadly fray,
Driving his spear into the heart of one and plunging
His sword in the other's belly; life quickly left them both.
Derinoe was slain by Oileus' powerful son,
Struck on the collarbone by the point of his spear.
From Alkibie and Derimacheia the son of Tydeus
Cut the two heads with his terrible sword, clean off at the shoulders
With their necks. They fell like a pair of heifers
Suddenly robbed of life, when with a heavy ax
A strong man cleaves the tendons of their necks.
So these two fell by the hands of Tydeus' son
Out on the plain of Troy far away from their heads.

Beside them Sthenelos slew the mighty Kabeiros,
Who had come from Sestos eager to fight
The Argives, but was not to see his home again.
His killing filled with rage the heart of Paris,

Who aimed a shot at Sthenelos, but missed his mark
In spite of his desire. The arrow was sent off course
To the point where the pitiless Fates directed it.
It brought quick death to brazen-belted Euenor,
Who had come from Doulichion to fight the Trojans.
His death provoked the son of noble Phyleus,
Who leapt in with the speed of a lion attacking sheep.
Everyone shrank in fear from that mighty man,
As he slew Itymoneus and Hippasos' son Agelaos,
Who from Miletos brought war against the Danaans,
Led by handsome Nastes and brave Amphimachos,
The rulers of Mykale and Latmos' snowy peaks,
The long ravines of Branchos, Panormos by the sea,
And the waters of deep Maiandros, whose course extends
From the sheepland of Phrygia to the vineyards of Karia,
Flowing its way through many a twist and turn.
These were the men whom Meges killed in battle,
And all who came within the reach of his dark spear.
For Tritogeneia with boldness filled his breast,
To bring upon his foes their day of death.

The war god's favorite Polypoites killed Dresaios,
Born of divine Neaira to wise Theiodamas,
Whose bed she shared at the foot of snowy Sipylos.
There the gods turned Niobe to stone, whose tears
Forever flow profusely from a rocky height,
While Hermos' sounding stream murmurs in sympathy,
As do the lofty peaks of Sipylos, on which
A mist, the shepherds' enemy, is always spread.
This indeed is a wonder to all who pass that way,
Because it looks like a sorrowing woman who weeps
In abject grief with an endless flow of tears.
You think it is truly so whenever from afar
You catch a view of her, but when you come up close
It's clearly a vertical rock, a fragment of Sipylos.
And yet the gods' destructive wrath is fulfilled in her
As she weeps among the rocks, appearing still to grieve.

One inflicted on another the horror of death
And fate. For fearful Tumult was moving at large
In the midst of the armies, and close beside it stood

The dreadful doom of Death, and round about them moved
The grievous Fates that carry slaughter and pain.
Many a heart was stilled in the dust that day,
Both Trojan and Argive, and loud was the shouting that rose.
Such was the unfailing strength of Penthesileia.
Just as a lioness high in the mountains darts
Through a rocky glen to pounce on a herd of cattle,
Thirsty for the blood that warms her heart,
So then the war god's daughter pounced on the Danaans.
They shrank from her in a state of bewilderment.
She pursued them as a wave of the deep-booming sea
Follows speeding ships, when their white sails are stretched
By a favoring gale; all round are bellowing headlands
And a roaring sea on a long line of coast.
So she pursued and ravaged the ranks of the Danaans,
Aiming these threats at them in the pride of her heart:
"You dogs, today you'll pay for the injury done
To Priam. No one shall escape my strength
And be a joy to parents, sons or wives.
You shall die and lie as food for birds and beasts.
No grave below the ground shall be allotted to you.
Where now is the might of Tydeus' son, where that of Achilles
Or of Ajax? They are famed as your best,
Yet they will not dare to face me in combat,
For fear I take souls from bodies and send them to the dead."
After these haughty words she leapt upon the Argives
With all the force of Fate. Many the men she destroyed,
Now with her long-bladed battle-ax and now
With the point of her brandished spear. Her dashing horse
Carried her quiver and merciless bow, should need arise
In the bloody fray for her to use her bow
And painful arrows.

Swift were those who followed her,
Brothers and comrades of Hektor the hand-to-hand fighter,
The breath of the mighty war god filling their breasts.
With their polished ashwood spears they slew the Danaans,
Who fell as fast as falling leaves or drops of rain,
One after another. Loudly groaned the boundless Earth,
As she was drenched with blood and crammed with corpses.
Horses pierced by arrows and by spears

Gave their final neigh and panted out their strength.
Men lay writhing and grasping the dust in fistfuls,
While Trojan horses charging from behind
Trampled them with the corpses, just as grain is threshed.
Many a Trojan marveled in great delight
To see Penthesileia dashing among their army,
Like the fury of an inky storm at sea
When the sun unites its strength with Capricorn.
These words were spoken out of empty hope:
"Friends, clearly one of the immortal gods has come
From heaven today to fight against the Argives,
Favoring us in line with a firm decision of Zeus,
Who no doubt has in mind that powerful Priam
Can claim to be of Zeus's own immortal stock.
For this is surely not a woman we see,
As brave as she is and wearing such splendid armor,
But rather Athena, or Enyo the bold of heart,
Or Strife, or Leto's famous daughter. I believe
She will put the Argives to miserable slaughter today,
And will destroy with fire those ships on which, long since,
They came to Troy devising our destruction;
They came inflicting woes of war beyond endurance.
But never shall they make their return to Greece
To gladden their homeland, now that a god is helping us."
Such words were spoken in jubilation by some Trojan.
The fool was not aware of grievous woes approaching,
Woes for him, for Troy, and for Penthesileia herself.

As yet no news of that tumultuous fray had reached
Stouthearted Ajax or Achilles the sacker of cities.
Both lay prostrate at the grave of Menoitios' son;
Recalling their comrade, one groaned on this side, one on that.
One of the blessed gods was keeping them far from the turmoil,
So that many men should die a painful death,
Killed by Trojans and by valiant Penthesileia,
Who kept attacking with hostile intent, her strength
And courage growing ever greater. Never in vain
Did she thrust her spear, but pierced the backs
Of those who fled and the breasts of all who attacked.
Though soaked in blood still warm, her limbs were ever light
While she attacked. No tiredness overcame

Her fearless spirit; she had the strength of steel. For still
Grim Fate exalted her; it stood apart from the fighting
In deadly exultation, knowing that soon
It would destroy that girl at the hands of Aiakos' grandson.
Darkness enveloped Fate, who as an unseen spur
Led Penthesileia ever on to an evil end,
Through her final glory of killing in all directions.
As a heifer in springtime leaps into a garden
Eager for the pleasure of its dewy grass,
When no one is present; it rushes in all directions
And ruins the plants that before were all so flourishing,
Devouring some and trampling others under foot;
So that warrior maiden went rushing through the throng
Of Achaians, killing some and putting others to flight.

Troy's women admired from afar that woman's warlike work,
And a passion for fighting took possession of Hippodameia,
Antimachos' daughter and wife of Tisiphonos
The staunch in battle. With a brave and eager heart
She used bold words to encourage those as young as herself
To join the bitter fighting; her boldness gave her strength:
"Friends, let the hearts within your breasts be brave,
No less than those of our husbands, who for the fatherland
Are fighting the foe on behalf of our children and ourselves
With no relief from suffering. Let us also fill
Our hearts with courage and take an equal share of fighting.
We are not far removed from the strength of men.
The vigor that there is in them is also in us.
Eyes and knees are the same, and everything is alike.
The light and the liquid air are common to us all.
Our food is the same. So what advantage is given to men
By heaven? Let us then not shrink from battle.
Don't you see a woman far excelling men
In close combat? And yet her family and her city
Are nowhere near. It's on behalf of a foreign king
That she is fighting with such spirit, heedless of men,
Possessed by boldness and the will to destroy.
But we have various causes for sorrow close at hand.
Some have sons or husbands fallen before the city;
Some of us mourn our parents no longer living;
Others grieve for the deaths of brothers or kinsmen.

Not one is without a share of sorrow and suffering.
Our expectation is to see our day of bondage.
Our affliction is such that we can delay no longer
The joining of battle. Better by far to die in the fighting
Than afterward to be led with our helpless children
By foreign masters under painful compulsion,
Our city in flames and our men no longer living."

These words filled them all with a passion for hateful fighting.
They were ready to rush out headlong from their walls
Under arms, in their eagerness to defend
Their city and their people; so roused in them was their spirit.
As bees inside a hive start humming loudly
At winter's end, preparing to head for their pasture;
They are no longer content to stay within;
One challenges another to venture outside;
So the women of Troy in haste to join the fray
Urged each other on. They cast aside their wool
And baskets, putting their hands to instruments of pain.
Those women would have died in battle outside the city
Beside their menfolk and the sturdy Amazons,
If prudent Theano had not stopped them in their rush,
Winning them over with her words of wisdom:
"Why this desire to work amid the fearful fighting?
You poor things, you have never worked in a battle before.
In your ignorant keenness for an intolerable task
You rush without a thought. Your strength won't equal
That of the Danaans who are trained in fighting.
As for the Amazons, merciless warfare, horsemanship
And all the work of men have been their joy from childhood.
That is why their spirit is always warlike.
They don't fall short of men, because their work has given
Great strength of spirit to them and knees that do not tremble.
Penthesileia is rumored to be the war god's daughter,
And so it isn't right for a woman to vie with her.
Perhaps she is a goddess come in answer to prayer.
All humans belong to a single race, and yet the work
That they pursue is varied; that work is the best
Which each one plies with understanding in his mind.
Therefore stay away from the noisy battle
And busy yourselves with the looms inside your homes.

War shall be the business of our menfolk.
There is hope of good to come, now that we see
The Achaians killed and our men greatly grown in strength.
No fear of evil now. Our city is not surrounded
By our pitiless foes, and so there is
No desperate need for women to join in the fighting."
They followed her advice, respecting her greater age,
And watched the fighting from afar.

Penthesileia
Was still destroying the Achaian forces, who quailed around her,
Finding no escape from a miserable death.
They died like bleating goats in the savage jaws
Of a leopard. Fighting was no longer their desire,
But flight alone. This way and that they fled,
Some casting to the ground the armor from their shoulders,
Others in their armor still. Without their drivers
Horses took to flight. For those who attacked there was joy,
From those who perished many a groan; in their distress
They had no defense. Short-lived were all those caught
By Penthesileia on that frightful battlefront.
As a howling gale bears down with its mighty force,
Uprooting and throwing to the ground some lofty trees
With all their blossom, snapping the trunks of others
High up and leaving all the broken trees in a heap,
So the mighty Danaan host lay dashed in the dust
By the will of the Fates and Penthesileia's spear.

When the ships were on the point of being burned
At the hands of the Trojans, Ajax the staunch in battle
Heard the cries of alarm and said to Aiakos' grandson:
"Achilles, the sound of countless cries has reached my ears,
As though a mighty battle were under way.
Let's go, for fear the Trojans should forestall us,
Slaughter the Argives at the ships and fire the ships.
That would be a bitter reproach for both of us.
As great Zeus's offspring it is not fitting for us
To bring disgrace on the sacred stock of our fathers,
The same whose spears laid waste the splendid city of Troy,
Before with warlike Herakles . . . of Laomedon.
This time the same shall be accomplished by our hands,

I reckon, seeing how our strength increases."
These words persuaded Aiakos' bold and powerful grandson,
For his ears too had caught the dismal clamor.
Together they made a dash for their resplendent arms,
Put them on, and took their stand before the melee.
Loud was the clash of their splendid armor, fierce their spirits,
Like the god of war, and great the strength they received,
As they charged, from Atrytone who shakes the shield.

The Argives were cheered at the sight of those two mighty men
Looking like the sons of great Aloeus,
Who boasted once they would pile two mountains on top of Olympos,
Steep-sloping Ossa and Pelion's lofty peak,
In their eagerness to scale the height of heaven.
Such when they faced that fearful fighting were Aiakos'
Two grandsons, a joyous sight to Achaians in their need,
Both impatient to destroy the hostile host.
Many men they slew with their invincible spears.
As two herd-destroying lions, finding a flock
Of fat sheep feeding in thickets without their shepherds,
Slaughter en masse until they have drunk their fill of blood
And crammed their capacious stomachs with the innards;
Likewise those two destroyed a numberless army of men.
There Ajax killed Deiochos and warlike Hyllos,
The ready fighter Eurynomos and noble Enyeus.
The son of Peleus killed Antandre and Polemousa,
Antibrote and then the fierce Hippothoe,
As well as Harmothoe. Right through the army he went
With the bravehearted son of Telamon. Before their hands
The strong and solid lines of soldiers collapsed
With the ease and speed of a forest before a fire,
When through mountain thickets a wind is racing.

When warlike Penthesileia caught sight of these two
Like wild beasts scouring the terrible field of battle,
Like a leopard she darted out to meet them there,
A leopard in a forest thicket bent on destruction,
Which fiercely lashes its tail and leaps to meet
Attacking hunters, who are fully armed for combat
And ready with their spears to receive her charge.
Those two warriors were likewise ready for Penthesileia,

Their spears aloft and the metal of their armor clinking
With their movements. First to cast a great long lance
Was Penthesileia the brave. It struck the shield of Achilles,
But rebounded in fragments as if from a rock;
Such was the indestructible gift from skilled Hephaistos.
A second leaping lance she wielded and aimed
At Ajax, with these threatening words for them both:
"That first lance has leapt from my hand to no effect.
But this one I reckon will soon put an end to the strength and spirit
Of both of you, the mighty men of the Danaans
According to your boasting. That will lighten the load
Of suffering for the Trojan charioteers in battle.
Come closer to me through the fighting; see for yourselves
The strength that stirs in the breasts of Amazons.
As for my birth, it was from war. No mortal man
Is my father, but the war god who never tires of battle.
And so my might is more than that of men."
They simply laughed at her boasting. In a flash her spear
Struck Ajax's solid silver greave, but failed to touch
The handsome flesh inside, which was its eager aim.
Fate had decreed that this man's blood should never be shed
By the pitiless point of an enemy's weapon in battle.
Ajax just ignored the Amazon and leapt
Among the mass of Trojans, leaving Penthesileia
For Peleus' son alone, since well he knew in his heart
That for Achilles, in spite of all her prowess,
She would be as easy a task as a dove for a hawk.

She groaned aloud to see her spears both cast in vain.
Then the son of Peleus mocked her with this speech:
"Woman, empty words indeed are your delight.
You have come to meet us eager for a fight,
When we are far the greatest warriors in the world.
It's from the son of Kronos, the thunder god,
That we can claim descent. Even Hektor the swift
Trembled just to see us in the distance speeding
Into bitter battle. Mine was the spear that slew him,
Mighty though he was. It's utter madness in you,
Your monstrous nerve in threatening both of us with death
Today, the very day that's going to be your last.
Not even your father Ares himself will save you now

From me. You'll pay with a sorry end, like that of a fawn
When it meets a herd-destroying mountain lion.
Either you haven't heard how many bodies were strewn
Along the banks of the Xanthos by these hands of mine,
Or, if you have, the gods have robbed you of your wits
And sense, for you to be swallowed up by the pitiless Fates."
With that he charged in, brandishing in his powerful hand
The length of his host-destroying spear, which Cheiron had made.
In a flash he pierced above her right breast the warrior
Penthesileia. Thereat a stream of dark-red blood
Gushed out, and the strength of her limbs was broken at once.
Her massive battle-ax dropped from her hand, and a mist of darkness
Veiled her eyes, as agony penetrated her frame.

Still she regained her senses enough to see her foe
Just about to drag her from her speedy steed.
Two courses presented themselves—to draw her massive sword
And wait for swift Achilles to close with her,
Or to dismount at once from her speedy steed
And supplicate the hero with a lavish promise
Of bronze and gold without delay, things best designed
To warm the heart of even the fiercest of mortal men.
If only these could sway the murderous heart of Achilles,
Or out of regard for the youth they had in common
He might let her escape to her home as she desired.
These courses she pondered, but the gods had chosen another.
Her movement only infuriated the son of Peleus;
In a flash he impaled her and her wind-swift horse together.
As a man might impale some innards on a spit
Over a glowing fire, impatient for his meal;
Or as a hunter might cast a deadly shaft in the mountains
With force enough for its weighty head to shear clean through
The belly of a stag and, flying on its course,
To be stuck in the trunk of a lofty oak or pine;
Thus both Penthesileia and her magnificent horse
Were sheared clean through by the furious flight of the spear
Of Peleus' son. Both dust and death received her at once,
As she fell to the ground preserving her grace. For nothing shameful
Dishonored her fair form. Full length and facing down,
She quivered still on the spear, her speedy steed as her couch.
Like a fir tree snapped by the north wind's icy blast,

Which as the tallest in a deep and wooded glen
Was the pride of the earth that nourished it beside a spring;
Such was Penthesileia fallen from her horse,
Lovely to behold although her strength had snapped.

Seeing her slain upon the field, the Trojans
With one accord took fright and headed for the city,
Their spirits afflicted with unspeakable grief.
As in a heavy storm on the open sea
Sailors lose their ship but escape with their lives,
A remnant long exposed to the cruelty of the sea;
When at last they glimpse a land and a town nearby,
Though worn in every limb from their desperate struggle,
They strain to quit the sea, bitterly grieved for ship
And comrades driven to dreaded darkness by the waves;
So from the battle to their city the Trojans fled,
Weeping for the daughter of the invincible war god
And for the soldiers lost in the desperate fighting.

The son of Peleus triumphed loudly over her:
"Lie there in the dust and feed the dogs and birds,
Poor woman. Who was it lured you into facing me?
I suppose you thought you would return from battle
With a bountiful reward from old king Priam
For killing the men of Argos. But that ambition of yours
The gods have not fulfilled. For we are far the greatest
Warriors, great light of Danaans, but the bane of Trojans
And of you, ill-starred indeed, since blackest Fates
Have goaded your heart to abandon women's work
And go to war. War causes even men to tremble."
With that the son of Peleus wrenched his ashwood spear
From once-feared Penthesileia and her speedy steed.
Both of them quivered beneath the single spear that killed them.

From her head he removed her helmet, the brilliance of which
Equaled the rays of the sun or the lightning of Zeus.
Even in the dust and blood where she had fallen,
Beneath her brows the beauty of her face could be seen
Still undimmed by death. The Argives gathering round
Marveled to see how like the blessed immortals she was.
She lay on the ground in her armor, just like Artemis,

Zeus's hardy daughter, sleeping when her limbs
Are weary with hunting fleet-foot lions in the mountains.
This beauty even among the dead was the personal work
Of the fair-crowned Kyprian goddess, the mighty war god's spouse,
To inflict some suffering also on noble Peleus' son.
Many there were who prayed that when they returned to their homes
They might share the bed of a wife as lovely as her.
Even Achilles' heart felt unremitting remorse
For killing her instead of bringing her as his bride
To Phthia the land of horses, because in height and beauty
She was as flawless as an immortal goddess.

Sorrow and pain for his daughter afflicted the heart and spirit
Of the war god. He leapt from Olympos with the speed
Of a terrifying thunderbolt that crashes loudly
When launched by Zeus; from his untiring hand
It shoots across the boundless sea or the land
With a blaze of light, and the whole of Olympos shudders.
Thus Ares in his armor shot with shattered heart
Across the open sky on hearing of his offspring's
Dreadful fate. For when he was traveling across the heavens,
The north wind's immortal daughters the Breezes brought him the news
Of his daughter's dreadful death. On hearing that he landed
Like a gale on Ida's heights. With the tread of his feet
The long ravines and deep-cut gullies shook,
As did the rivers and all the host of Ida's foothills.
He would have given the Myrmidons a day to be mourned,
If Zeus himself had not struck fear in him
With terrible lightnings and frightful thunderbolts from Olympos.
Thick and fast through the air they fell before his feet,
Flaming fearfully. He saw and recognized
The resounding rebuke of his father the thunder god.
So he stopped his eager rush to the turmoil of battle.
As when a massive rock is dislodged from a beetling cliff
By a violent storm from Zeus, with wind and rain
And thunderbolt combined; the wooded valleys echo
Its violent rolling; with a constant grinding sound
It rushes on with many a bound, until it comes
To level ground, where it suddenly stops against its will;
So Ares, Zeus's powerful son, against his will

Then stopped his eager onrush. All the Olympian gods
Yield alike to him who far above them rules
The blessed ones, possessed of power beyond all telling.
His rapid thoughts, in turmoil, were moved to different courses—
Now to return to heaven in fear of the dreadful rebuke
Of the son of Kronos in his monstrous fury,
And now to take no heed of his father, but in the blood
Of Achilles to dip his tireless hands. At last his heart
Recalled how many of his own sons Zeus himself
Had failed to save when they were slain in battle.
And so from the Argives he withdrew. No less than the Titans
He would have been flattened by a deadly thunderbolt,
If he had dared defy the will of immortal Zeus.

Thereupon the mighty warrior sons of Argos
Hurried in all directions to strip the blood-stained armor
From the corpses, but Peleus' son was greatly grieved
To see that maiden's strength and beauty in the dust.
No less deadly pangs of grief consumed his heart
Than previously from the killing of Patroklos his friend.
Then Thersites abused him grossly to his face:
"Achilles, perverted man, what power has beguiled
Your spirit for the sake of a wretched Amazon,
Whose only desire for us was every conceivable evil?
The heart within you lusts so madly for women
That you care for her as for a prudent wife
Courted by you with gifts to be your lawful spouse.
She should have been first to strike you with her spear in the battle,
Since your heart takes such delight in females
And your accursed mind has no concern at all
For glorious deeds of valor once you catch sight of a woman.
Scoundrel, where now is your strength of body and mind?
Where is the might of the noble king? Surely you know
How great has been the cost to Troy of lust for women.
Nothing is more pernicious to mortal men
Than pleasure in a woman's bed. It makes a fool
Of even the wisest; only toil produces glory.
The deeds of war and victory's fame are a fighting man's
Delight; the coward's pleasure is bedding with women."
These loud-mouthed insults filled with anger the heart
Of Peleus' valiant son. In a flash with his powerful fist

He struck his jaw below the ear, and all his teeth
Tumbled out together onto the ground. He fell
Face forward, as from his mouth a stream of blood gushed out.

Quickly the feeble spirit fled from the frame of that man
Of no account, which pleased the whole Achaian army.
He used to insult them grossly with his vile abuse,
Slanderer that he was, the shame of the Danaan host.
Among the Argive warriors such words as these were spoken:
"No good for inferior ranks to insult their leaders,
Openly or in secret; anger is the result.
There is Justice, and shameless tongues are made to pay
By Ruin, who for mortals always heaps woe on woe."
So the Danaans spoke, while, anger still in his heart,
The valiant son of Peleus addressed Thersites thus:
"Lie there in the dust, your follies all forgotten.
It's not for men of the baser kind to challenge their betters.
On a former occasion you grievously provoked
Odysseus' patient heart with your endless stream of insults.
But I the son of Peleus have proved a different man.
I've robbed you of your life, though with less than a heavy hand
I struck you. A pitiless fate has swallowed you up;
Your feebleness has cost you your life. Now leave the Achaians
And make your abusive speeches among the dead."
Such were the words of the fearless son of Peleus the bold.

Among the Argives only Diomedes was angry
With Achilles for Thersites' death, as he claimed
To share a common stock—himself the mighty son
Of noble Tydeus, the other glorious Agrios' son.
Now Agrios was the brother of noble Oineus,
And the son of Oineus was the Danaan warrior
Tydeus, and his son was the mighty Diomedes.
And so the killing of Thersites angered him.
He would have raised his hands against the son of Peleus,
Had not the best of Achaia's sons together restrained him
With many persuasive words, while on the other side
They stopped the son of Peleus. They were on the point
Of actually fighting it out with swords, the best of all

The Argives, stung as they were by bitter anger.
But they heeded the persuasion of their comrades.

Strongly moved by pity for noble Penthesileia
And even by admiration, the royal sons of Atreus
Gave her to the Trojans to carry with her armor
Back to the city of famous Ilos, when they heard
The message sent by Priam. He desired, he said,
To lay the valianthearted maiden with her armor
And horse inside the great tomb of rich Laomedon.
He had a funeral pyre outside the city heaped
Both high and broad. On top he had them place the maiden
With all the possessions it was fitting to burn
On the pyre of a wealthy queen who had fallen in battle.
So she was consumed by the fire god's mighty force,
Destroying flames. Then, standing on every side, the people
Hastened to quench the pyre with fragrant wine.
Gathering up the bones, they drenched them in perfumed oil
And laid them in an empty casket. Over the bones
They packed the abundant fat of a heifer, the best
Of all the herds that grazed on Ida's hills.
The Trojans wailed as for a daughter dearly loved,
And grieving they buried her beside their stately walls,
Close to a jutting tower with the bones of Laomedon,
To honor the god of war and Penthesileia herself.
Nearby they buried as many Amazons as came
With her to the war and fell at the hands of the Argives.
They were not denied a tomb or tears of lament
By the sons of Atreus, who permitted the Trojan warriors
To drag them with the rest of the dead from the range of weapons.
One feels no rancor against the dead and one pities foes
When the breath of life has left them and they are no more.

Far off the Argives consigned to the flames the remains of the many
Warriors who had fallen in the same encounter,
Slain at the hands of the Trojans on the battlefront.
Great was the grief they felt for the dead, but most of all
They wept for brave Podarkes, who had been no less
Distinguished in battle than his brother Protesilaos.

Noble Protesilaos had fallen long ago
At the hands of Hektor; now by Penthesileia's spear
Struck down, his brother plunged the Argives in bitter grief.
So separate from him they buried the common throng
Of the dead, and over him alone they raised with toil
A far-seen burial mound to honor the brave of heart.
They buried apart the corpse of the man of no account,
Thersites, and returned to their ships with the handsome prows,
Praising in their hearts Achilles, Aiakos' grandson.
The radiant day had dipped below the Ocean
And across the earth was spread the wondrous night,
When in rich king Agamemnon's quarters
Dined the mighty son of Peleus. All the leaders
Shared the joys of the feast till the goddess Dawn's arrival.

BOOK 2 Memnon

As the splendor of the sun in its ceaseless course
Rose above the peaks of the echoing mountains,
The mighty sons of Achaia filled their camp
With joyful praise of their tireless champion Achilles.
Troy meanwhile was filled with weeping, and from its towers
A constant watch was kept, as all were gripped by fear
Of that mighty warrior clearing their wall with a single bound
To slaughter them and burn their city down.
Old Thymoites spoke to them in their distress:
"I am at a loss, my friends, to find a way
To save us any longer from the woes of war
After the death of Hektor, who in close engagement
Was once our strength. Not even he escaped the Fates,
But fell at the hands of Achilles, who I think
Would even be the death of a god that met him in battle,
Just as he destroyed in combat the one who put
All other Greeks to flight, the warlike Penthesileia.
Such terror she inspired that when I saw her
I thought that some immortal had come from heaven to earth
To bring us joy, which after all was not the case.
Consider therefore what may be the better course,
To maintain the fight against our hated foe
Or to flee forthwith this city doomed to die.
We cannot any longer match the Argive forces
Now that fierce Achilles is fighting in the field."

In answer to this the royal son of Laomedon spoke:
"My friend, the rest of Troy and Troy's strong allies,
Let us not from fear desert our fatherland,
Nor yet continue to fight the foe outside the city,
But rather defend our walls and towers until the arrival
Of Memnon, the stout of heart, at the head of countless tribes
Of black men from the land of Aithiopia.
By now I reckon he cannot be far away
From Trojan soil, because it was some time ago
I sent him a message expressing the anguish of my heart.

Gladly he promised me that he would come to Troy
And accomplish all I asked. He must be close at hand.
Endure just a little longer. Far better it is
To perish bravely in battle than to escape
And live a life of shame in a foreign land."

The old king's talk of further fighting did not please
Polydamas, whose answer showed his prudence:
"If there is no doubt of Memnon's undertaking
To free us from the fear of death, I don't object
To waiting for the great man here inside the city.
But still I fear that he and his comrades will only come
To be defeated, involving many more of us
In suffering, now that Achaia's strength is on the rise.
There is no need, though, either to suffer all the shame
Of helplessly abandoning our city and moving
To some far-off foreign country, or to stay
At home and be killed in war against the Argives.
A better course would be, though we have left it late,
Even now to restore to the Danaans splendid Helen
With all the wealth she brought with her from Sparta
And pay them twice as much besides, to save the city
And ourselves before our possessions become the spoil
Of hostile hordes and Troy is destroyed by fire.
Now is the time for you to follow my advice,
For nobody in Troy is likely to better it.
I only wish my words had been heeded once before
By Hektor, when I tried to keep him safely at home."

Such were the words of Polydamas the good and strong.
Those who heard him there approved in their hearts, but none
Dared speak aloud for fear of their king and respect
For Helen, though for her sake they were dying.
For all his goodness he was grossly abused by Paris:
"Polydamas, you're nothing but a feeble deserter.
In your breast there is no heart that can face the foe,
Only fear and panic. While you claim to be best
In counsel, your ideas are the worst of the lot.
You yourself can keep well clear of the fighting
And sit in the safety of your home. The rest of the city
Will follow me in arming themselves, until we find

A fitting way to deal with this pitiless war.
It's only through the toil and suffering of war
That deeds of glory are achieved by human beings;
Panic is the choice of women and children.
Theirs is the spirit you show. I wouldn't trust you when
It comes to fighting; you sap the strength and courage of others."

Polydamas answered this abuse with words that expressed
His anger, having no fear of making a blunt reply.
Foolish and wicked and worthy of hate is the man
Who is friendly and fawning to your face, but in his heart
Has different thoughts and attacks a man behind his back.
And so Polydamas frankly returned the prince's abuse:
"You're the most mischievous man on the face of the earth.
Yours is the courage that made us suffer; you have a will
For endless warfare and you'll have it still, until
You see our country and its people all destroyed.
May no such courage be my rule; may caution
Never fail me, caution to keep my home secure."
To these words of Polydamas Paris had no reply.
He remembered how much suffering he had brought to Troy
And how much more he would bring. His heart, aflame with passion,
Preferred the thought of death to life without
The godlike beauty of Helen, for whose sake the Trojans
Now kept watch from the height of their city walls
For fear of the Argives and Aiakos' grandson Achilles.

Not long after that the warlike Memnon arrived,
Memnon king of the dark-skinned Aithiopians,
Leading an army that couldn't be counted. Round him the Trojans
Rejoiced to see him in their city. Just as sailors,
Exhausted after a destructive storm, catch sight
Of the Great Bear's brilliant light that wheels in the sky,
Such was the joy of the people crowding round and greatest
Was that of Laomedon's son. For now he truly hoped
To see the Aithiopians destroy the ships with fire,
Led as they were by a giant king, so great
In number and every one of them eager for war.
So he spared no pains to honor the noble son
Of the goddess Dawn with splendid gifts and abundant cheer.
While they banqueted the two of them conversed.

Priam told of the Danaan champions and all the suffering
They had brought him, and Memnon of his immortal parents,
His father and Dawn his mother, the tides of boundless Tethys
And the sacred swell of Ocean's bottomless waters,
The rising of the sun at the furthest bounds
Of the solid earth, and all his journey from Ocean's shore
As far as Priam's city and the peaks of Ida:
How with his mighty hands he cut to pieces
The wondrous host of savage Solymoi, when they barred
His way and caused their own distress and disastrous doom.

So Memnon told of the countless nations he had encountered.
As he listened, Priam's heart was filled with joy
And with these words he expressed to him his high regard:
"Memnon, the gods have granted me the sight of your army
And of you yourself within this palace of mine.
May they fulfill this further wish, to see the Argives
All destroyed at once by the action of your spears.
I'm amazed to see that in every feature you are like
An invincible god, surpassing any earthly warrior.
That's why I believe you will bring destruction to my foes.
But for today enjoy the pleasures of this feast;
Hereafter you shall fight a battle to suit your worth."
Priam ended by raising a goblet wide and deep
And pledging Memnon in friendship with that massive cup
Of gold, a masterpiece presented to mighty Zeus
By the limping craftsman Hephaistos when he married
The Kyprian goddess. Zeus presented it to his son
The demigod Dardanos, he to his son Erichthonios,
From whom it went to valiant Tros, who bequeathed it
With his goods to Ilos, from whom Laomedon
Received it and passed it on to Priam. He would have given it
To his son next, but that was not fulfilled by heaven.

As he handled that splendid goblet Memnon was filled
With admiration, and this was his response to Priam:
"A feast is not the place to make enormous boasts,
Nor yet to commit oneself to a promise, but quietly
To dine in the hall and make appropriate plans.
Whether or not I am brave and strong you soon shall learn
In battle; that is where the strength of a man is seen.

Now is the time to think of resting, not of drinking
Through the night. Excessive wine and lack of sleep
Are troublesome for a man who is keen to engage in fighting."
Enchanted by his words the aged king replied:
"Dine as you are inclined and follow your own desire.
I won't constrain you against your will. It is not right
To detain a man who would leave a feast, nor yet to hurry
One who prefers to stay. That is how men should behave."
At these words Memnon rose from dinner and went to a bed
That was his last. With him the other diners went
To take their rest, and gentle sleep soon came to them.

Meanwhile in the palace of Zeus the lord of lightning
The immortals were dining, and their father the son of Kronos
Told them what he knew of the fearful warfare.
"Know this, all you deities—grievous suffering approaches
In tomorrow's battle. Many a mighty horse
You will see slaughtered beside their chariots on either side
And warriors dying. Whatever concern you feel for them,
You must stay where you are and not come falling at my knees
In supplication; the Fates are no less cruel to us."
This solemn announcement of what they already knew themselves
Was made to deter them from war whatever distress they might feel,
And from making a fruitless journey up to Olympos' fortress
To plead with Zeus on behalf of a son or favored man.
When they'd heard it from Kronos' son the god of thunder,
They steeled their hearts and not a word against their sovereign
Did they utter; they stood in boundless awe of him.
Much perturbed, they made their way to their own homes
And beds, and there, for all their immortality,
The gentle blessing of sleep was drawn across their eyes.

When over the lofty mountaintops the morning star
Rose shining into the sky's expanse awaking to toil
From their sweet slumbers the binders of the sheaves,
The warrior son of Dawn, the goddess who brings us light,
For the last time freed from sleep and feeling his strength increase,
Was eager to engage the foe without delay.
Dawn, however, rose to the sky against her will.
The Trojans then arrayed themselves in their armor,
And likewise did the Aithiopians and all the hosts

Of allies who had gathered in support of Priam,
In fullest force. At full speed from the walls they surged,
Just like the inky clouds that the son of Kronos
Gathers in the heavy air when a storm is rising.
Soon the plain was completely filled, as they streamed forward
Like a swarm of grain-devouring locusts that moves
Like a cloud or storm of rain across the face of the earth,
Their appetite bringing the horror of hunger to mortal men.
Just so that mighty multitude moved and all the earth
Was crowded as they went, dust rising from under their feet.
At the distant view of them on the move the Argives were filled
With amazement and lost no time in arming themselves with bronze,
Placing their trust in Peleus' mighty son, who moved
Among them endowed with all the strength of one of the Titans,
Exulting in his horses and his chariot. His armor
Gleamed in all directions like flashes of lightning.
As from the furthest bounds of earth-encircling Ocean
The sun that lightens all the world ascends the sky
In radiance, filling the air and fertile earth with smiles;
So brilliant was Peleus' son as he moved among the Argives.
So too amid the Trojans went the warlike Memnon
With all the fury of the war god, while his forces
Eagerly kept pace behind their king.

Soon the long lines of both the armies, Trojan and Danaan,
Were at the work of war, the Aithiopians most of all.
They collided with a crash like the waves of the sea
When winter winds come sweeping in from every quarter.
They hurled their polished ashwood spears in mutual slaughter,
And from their midst the groans and clashes rose like flames.
As rivers with a mighty thundering roar rush down
Toward the sea, when a violent storm of rain is sent
By Zeus and with a constant crashing sound the clouds,
Like whetted knives, keep sending flashes of fire;
So beneath the feet of those fighting men the whole earth
Rumbled, and through the sacred air a frightful cry
Went up, for fearful were the cries on either side.
The son of Peleus then killed Thalios and noble Mentes,
Both famous, and struck down the heads of many others.
As when buildings are struck by a violent subterranean
Tempest; torn from its foundations everything falls

To the ground, for the depths of the earth are thoroughly shaken;
Likewise those men met a speedy death in the dust,
Brought down by the spear of Peleus' son in his furious onslaught.

No less on the other side the splendid son of Dawn
Was slaughtering the Argives like evil Fate itself,
Which brings to nations the horror of utter ruin.
First he brought down Pheron, struck in the chest
By his deadly spear, and next he killed the noble Ereuthos,
Both enthusiastic for the horrors of war.
From their home at Thryon beside the river Alpheus
They'd come under Nestor's command to the holy city of Ilion.
After dispatching these he went for Neleus' son Nestor,
Intent on killing him. But godlike Antilochos
Then stepped in front and aimed his spear, just missing Memnon,
Who moved aside, but killing Memnon's beloved companion
Aithops the son of Pyrrasos. Enraged at his death,
Memnon leapt at Antilochos like a fearsome lion
At a boar, which also is able to face in combat
Both men and beasts alike; its charge is hard to resist.
As Memnon came charging in, Antilochos struck him
With a great rock but did not rob him of his life,
His solid helmet saving him from a painful death.
Memnon's heart was roused to fury by the blow.
The ringing of his helmet maddened him yet more
Against Antilochos, and all his strength was boiling.
And so the son of Nestor, good fighter though he was,
Was struck above the breast. The massive spear was driven
Into his heart, where death comes quickly to mortal men.

The death of Antilochos brought sorrow to all the Danaans,
But greatest was the grief that beset the heart of his father
Nestor, to have his own son killed before his eyes.
Truly no worse sorrow comes to mortal man
Than when a son is killed with his father looking on.
And so, for all the sternness of his spirit, Nestor
Suffered grief at the cruel fate of his own son's death.
In haste he called to Thrasymedes, though some way off:
"Help me, Thrasymedes my famous son, to drive
The man who has just killed your brother and my son
Away from the body that is our shame, or else

Let us in his defense accomplish our own sad fate.
But if your spirit fails for fear, no son of mine
Are you, nor fit to belong to Periklymenos' stock,
Who had the courage to stand up to Herakles himself.
But now to our work! In battle sheer necessity often
Greatly strengthens even men of no account."
On hearing his father's words the brother's spirit was shattered
By pangs of sharpest grief. But in a flash he was joined
By Phereus, who likewise at the death of his commander
Was gripped by anguish. So together they went to fight
Against the mighty Memnon through that bloody battle.
As when a pair of hunters eagerly follow their prey
Among the wooded hollows of a lofty mountain,
And make a frontal assault upon a boar or a bear,
Intent upon a kill, but then the beast in its fury
Makes a charge and holds them at bay for all their strength;
So then the pride of Memnon rose within him
As those two approached and tried in vain to kill him
With their ashwood spears. Their tips were turned aside
From his flesh, no doubt deflected by the goddess Dawn.
But neither of their spears fell idly to the ground.
Bold Phereus in his eagerness struck dead Polymnios,
Who was Meges' son, and Laomedon was killed
By Nestor's sturdy son, enraged by his brother's death
At the hands of Memnon. He was now beside the body
Undoing its brazen armor with his unwearied hands,
Unconcerned by the strength of Thrasymedes and Phereus,
Knowing how far he was their better. They were like jackals
Frightened by a lion that stands astride a stag,
Losing the will to make an advance.

As Nestor watched
From close at hand he lamented bitterly, calling on others
Of his comrades to face the foe. He even thought
Of joining the fight himself on his chariot, since the loss
That he felt for the son that was slain was drawing him into a fight
Beyond his strength. He would have fallen beside that son
And like him would have been counted among the dead,
If valiant Memnon had not addressed him as he attacked,
Out of respect for a man as old as his own father:

"Old man, it is not fitting for me to fight against you
Who are so much older, as I now can see.
I thought at first it was a young man, fit for fighting,
Who faced the foe, and in my boldness I expected
I would have work that was worthy of my hand and spear.
But now draw back, well clear of the fighting and hateful slaughter;
Draw back, in case I have to strike you against my will.
Do not fall defending your son against a man
Who is far stronger. People will only call you a fool;
It is not fitting to oppose a superior man."
The old man answered him from where he stood:
"Memnon, empty are all the words you have spoken.
No one will call a fool the man who for his son's sake
Struggles against the foe and drives his heartless killer
Away from the corpse on the battlefield. I only wish
I had my strength intact, so that you could know my spear.
Now you boast excessively, because a young man's
Spirit is audacious, his thoughts are all too light.
So in your towering pride you utter empty words.
If you had come to face me when I was in my prime,
You would not have gladdened your friends, in spite of your strength.
But now I feel the grievous weight of age, like a lion
Which even a dog is bold enough to chase from a fold
Full of sheep; the lion, in spite of its longing, cannot
Hold its own, because its teeth are no longer sound;
Its strength is gone and time has broken its sturdy spirit.
Likewise the strength within my breast no longer stirs
As it did before. However, still I am stronger
Than many men and even in age I yield to few."
With these words he drew back a little, leaving his son
Where he lay in the dust, because no more was there all the strength
That there was before in his once supple limbs,
So heavily age with all its suffering weighed him down.
Likewise Thrasymedes of the ashwood spear
Leapt back with valiant Phereus and all his other comrades
For fear of the deadly warrior pressing hard on them.

As from lofty mountains a river deep and swirling
Rushes on its way with a monstrous roaring sound,
When all day mortal men are shrouded in cloud by Zeus

As he raises a mighty tempest, and on every side
There is the crash of thunder and lightning, while masses of clouds
Are brought together; all the low-lying fields are flooded
By the deafening downpour of rain, and along the course
Of every mountain torrent there is a frightening noise;
Such was Memnon driving the Argives down to the beaches
Of the Hellespont, killing them from behind as he went.
Many there were who lost their lives in the dust and blood
At the Aithiopians' hands, and the earth was defiled with the gore
Of dying Danaans. Great was the delight of Memnon
Ever pursuing the enemy ranks, and with their corpses
The soil of Troy was crammed. He would not leave the rout
In his hope to be the light of Troy and the Danaans' ruin.
But it was a baleful Fate misleading him,
Standing beside him and spurring him on in the fighting.
Around him, though, his stalwart vassals were fighting hard,
Nychios, Alkyoneus, and spirited Asiades,
The spearman Meneklos, Klydon, and Alexippos
And others eager for the rout, who by themselves
Were strong in battle and drew confidence from their king.

As Meneklos charged at the Danaans, he was killed
By Nestor son of Neleus. Then anguish for his comrade
Drove valianthearted Memnon to slaughter a throng of men.
As a hunter in the mountains presses hard
Upon a herd of fleet-foot deer, when they are caught
Inside a deadly snare of hidden nets
By the skill of his men, and as his hounds show their delight
With constant barking the eager hunter with his spear
Deals out a sorry death to the fawns that were so swift;
So Memnon slaughtered a host of men and delighted his comrades,
To see the Argive rout before their glorious leader.
As when a massive boulder from a lofty mountain
Crashes down, dislodged from the top of a precipice
By one of almighty Zeus's deadly thunderbolts;
As it breaks its way through forest thickets and long ravines
The glens re-echo, and in the forest panic seizes
Any sheep that pasture beneath its rolling course,
Or cattle or other creatures, setting them off in flight

From its destructive and pitiless path; just so the Achaians
Fled before the onset of Memnon's massive spear.

Then it was that Nestor approached the powerful grandson
Of Aiakos and spoke in anguish for his son:
"Achilles, mighty bulwark of the Argive forces,
My son has been killed and the dead boy's armor is in the hands
Of Memnon; I fear he will become the prey of dogs.
Hasten to help him; true friend is he who doesn't forget
A comrade slain and grieves for one who is no more."
On hearing Nestor's words Achilles was filled with sorrow.
When he sighted Memnon through the deadly tumult
Slaughtering throngs of Argives with his spear,
At once he left those other ranks of Trojans
Whom he had been killing and, thirsting for a fight,
He headed for Memnon, angry because of Antilochos
And all the other slain ones. Memnon picked up a rock
That had been placed as a boundary mark for a field of grain,
And with it that hero hit the tireless son of Peleus
On his shield. But, undeterred by the massive rock,
Achilles at once closed in, his long spear brandished in front,
On foot because his chariot was left outside the action,
And struck his foe's right shoulder just above the shield.
Though wounded, Memnon fought on with spirit undismayed
And then hit Aiakos' grandson on the arm with his spear
And shed some blood.

The empty joy he felt at this
Drew from that warrior words of hasty arrogance:
"Now in death I reckon you will fulfill your fate,
Defeated by my hand, and won't escape this battle.
Why, poor fool, have you been recklessly killing Trojans,
Claiming to be the mightiest man in all the world,
The son of a deathless daughter of Nereus? Now for you
Has come your day of doom. For I am the offspring of gods,
The mighty son of Dawn; beside the distant Ocean
I was nurtured by the lily-skinned Hesperides.
So I don't shrink from fighting you to the bitter end,
Because I know my goddess mother far excels

The daughter of Nereus whose son you boast of being.
Dawn brings light to the blessed gods and mortal men.
She accomplishes all things within the bounds of Olympos,
All the good and glorious works that benefit men.
Your mother is hidden in the barren depths of the sea,
Along with the monsters and fish that are her pride and joy,
Useless and unseen. I don't respect her
Or regard her as one of the heavenly goddesses."

His words drew this rebuke from Aiakos' dauntless grandson:
"Memnon, lack of reason must have emboldened you
To come and pit yourself against me now in battle.
I'm better than you in birth as well as in bodily strength,
For my distinguished stock is both from lordly Zeus
And from mighty Nereus, whose daughters are the Nereids
Of the sea. The gods of Olympos hold them in honor
And more than all the others Thetis famed for her wisdom,
Because she gave shelter to Dionysos in her palace
When he fled in fear from the murderous might of Lykourgos,
And in her home she once received Hephaistos
When from Olympos that skillful worker of bronze had fallen,
And the lightning lord himself she also released from bondage.
That is remembered by the all-seeing gods of heaven,
And so they honor my mother Thetis on holy Olympos.
You'll know her for a goddess when my brazen spear
By the strength of my arm is driven into your liver.
As Hektor for Patroklos so you for Antilochos
I'll punish, because no weakling's comrade have you killed.
But why are we standing here like silly children,
Prattling about what we and our parents have achieved?
Now is the time for warfare, now is the time for prowess."

That said, Achilles drew his massive sword.
Memnon did the same and in a flash they closed.
In their haughty pride they struck repeated blows
Upon their shields, both fashioned by Hephaistos' skill,
Making charge after charge. So closely did they press
That the plumes of their helmets brushed against each other.
Zeus favored both and gave to both enormous strength.
Tireless he made them and increased their size until
They looked like gods, not men, delighting the heart of Strife.

Eager to drive the weapon's point right into the flesh
In the space between the shield and the crested helmet,
Again and again they aimed their strength. At other times
It was just above the greave, and then it was below
The finely fashioned breastplate that encased the trunk.
Matched in their eagerness, the immortal armor they wore
Clashed about their shoulders. Right to the heavens rose
The shouts of Trojans, Aithiopians, and valiant Argives
Fighting on either side. The dust from under their feet
Reached to the sky's expanse, as mighty deeds were done.
Like mist upon the mountains at the approach of rain,
When river beds are filled with the deafening sound
Of rushing water; in every ravine the roar re-echoes
Loudly; every herdsman trembles in fear
Of the torrents and of the mist, which favors deadly wolves
And other beasts that live in the boundless forest;
No less troublesome was the dust that rose from their feet,
Even concealing the glorious light of the sun
And overshadowing the sky. The armies were overwhelmed
By the distressing dust as well as the deadly conflict.
All of a sudden the field of battle was cleared of dust
By a god. But the charging ranks on either side were roused
By the deadly Fates to never-ending labor
In that grievous battle. The war god would not stop
The dreadful slaughter, and everywhere the ground was stained
With streaming blood. Black Death was enjoying it all.
Corpses crammed that plain where horses used to graze,
All that is bounded by the Simoeis and the Xanthos,
Which flow from Ida into the holy Hellespont.

When all that fighting had lasted a lengthy period of time,
With both the armies straining their strength to an equal degree,
The Olympian gods, who had been looking on from a distance,
Took their pleasure, some in the tireless son of Peleus,
Others in the glorious son of Tithonos and Dawn.
All the sky above resounded, loudly roared
The sea, and on every side the dark earth shuddered
Beneath the feet of the armies. Unspeakable fear and trembling
Took hold of Thetis, and with her all the other daughters
Of lordly Nereus, on behalf of mighty Achilles.
Meanwhile the goddess Dawn was afraid for her dear son,

Standing in her sky-borne chariot. Near to her
The daughters of the sun god in amazement stood
Along the wondrous circle of the unwearied Sun,
Bestowed on him by Zeus for his yearly course, through which
All creatures live and die as time relentlessly passes
Day by day and the cycles of the years come round.
A bitter dispute would have broken out between the gods,
Had not the prompting of Zeus the thunder god
Dispatched with speed two different Fates to either side.
A dark Fate made its passage into the heart of Memnon,
A bright one to the brave Achilles. When they saw this
The immortals cried aloud, some seized by painful grief
And others possessed by the joy of glorious triumph.

Meanwhile those heroes fought on in the bloody fray
Without respite, unconscious of the Fates' approach,
Directing all their courage and strength against each other.
One would have thought that on that day of desperate strife
Either tireless Giants or mighty Titans were fighting.
Such was the force of the fight between those two,
Both when they engaged with their swords and when they attacked
By hurling massive stones. In spite of being struck
Neither was daunted or gave ground, but like two headlands
They stood, unwearied and clothed in boundless strength.
Both of them could claim descent from the great god Zeus.
And so Enyo kept their combat in equal balance,
As for a long time on that field they strained their utmost,
Both they and their fearless comrades, who with their leaders
Toiled with unabated zeal, until exhausted
They saw their spearpoints bend against the shields. Not one
On either side escaped without a wounding blow.
From every limb flowed blood and sweat to the ground
In the endless struggle. Corpses covered the ground as thickly
As clouds the sky when the sun moves into Capricorn,
When the sea inspires the sailor with greatest fear.
The horses of the attacking armies neighed aloud
As they trampled the dead, who lay as thick as leaves in a grove
At the change from abundant autumn into winter.
Amid the corpses and the blood the fight went on
Between those glorious sons of deities, unrelenting
In their mutual fury. Strife then held aloft

The fatal scales of war, no longer equally balanced.
Then glorious Memnon was struck at the base of his chest
By the son of Peleus, whose sword's dark steel
Shot clean through him letting out his precious life.
As he fell in a pool of blood his armor loudly clashed,
The ground resounded and his companions recoiled in fear.
The Myrmidons went to strip him while the Trojans fled,
Achilles in hot pursuit with all the force of a storm.

The goddess Dawn gave a groan and covered herself in clouds,
So that the earth was darkened. All the swift Winds together
Sped at their mother's bidding along a single path
To the plain of Troy and enveloped the one who had died.
Swiftly they whisked away the son of Dawn
And bore him through a silver mist, grief-stricken
For their fallen brother; the air around them moaned.
All the drops of blood that fell upon the earth
From Memnon's limbs were turned into a wonder for men
Of later generations. The gods collected them
From everywhere and formed a far-resounding river,
Which is named the Paphlagonian by all the people
Who live beneath the furthest spurs of lofty Ida.
It actually flows as blood across the fertile earth
Each time that woeful day on which Memnon died
Comes round. Its water then gives off a loathsome stench,
Unbearable; you could believe the nauseous smell
Came from the putrid humors of that fatal wound.
The will of the gods brought that about. But then the Winds
Bore on their rapid flight the mighty son of Dawn
In a gloomy veil of darkness just above the earth.

The Aithiopians did not wander far away
From their fallen leader. Soon they were guided by a god,
And in their yearning desire they were given speed, with which
They would be darting not long after through the air.
And so they lamented for their king in the wake of the Winds.
As when a hunter has been killed in the forest
By the cruel jaws of either a boar or a lion,
His wretched friends recover his body and carry it back
With heavy hearts, and mourning their master the hounds
Accompany them with whimpers for the sorry hunt;

Likewise the Aithiopians left that pitiless field
And moaned aloud as they went away with the speedy Winds
Enveloped in a miraculous mist. Nearby the Trojans
And Danaans were amazed that together with their king
They all had disappeared, and for a long time they were
Struck with speechlessness. Meanwhile the tireless Winds
With heavy groans set down the warrior Memnon's body
On the banks of the deep-flowing river Aisepos,
Where the fair-tressed nymphs possess a lovely grove,
Planted in later times around his lofty tomb
By the daughters of Aisepos, densely shaded by many
Different trees. Those goddesses often make lament
To honor the son of Dawn who is throned in splendor.

Then sank the light of the Sun, and down from the heavens came Dawn
Weeping for her cherished child. Around her gathered
The dozen fair-tressed maidens whose business is
The plunging path of the ever-circling sun god
And night and day and all that is ordained by the will
Of Zeus, around the massive gateway of whose palace
They travel back and forth advancing the course of the year
With its burden of fruits, as in their cycle come in turn
First the chill of winter, then spring with all its flowers,
The lovely season of summer, and autumn loaded with grapes.
These all descended from the height of the sky
In bitter lamentation for Memnon, and with them came
The weeping Pleiades. The waters of Aisepos
And the lofty mountains echoed their endless wailing.
In their midst, then, throwing herself upon her son
The goddess Dawn gave loud expression to her grief:
"You are dead, dear child, and you have brought your mother
Bitterest sorrow. Now that you have perished
I cannot bear to give light to the immortals in heaven.
I will descend to the dreadful depths of the underworld,
The place where after your death your soul has flown away,
Leaving chaos and horrid darkness to cover the world,
So that sorrow may touch the heart of Kronos' son as well.
I'm no less honored than Nereus' daughter; at Zeus's hands
I look on all things and bring all things to fulfillment.
But all in vain; Zeus otherwise would have respected my light.

I'm off to the darkness. Zeus can bring Thetis up to Olympos
From the sea, in order to shine for gods and men.
I prefer to leave the sky for gloom and darkness,
For fear of casting light upon your killer's body."
As she was speaking tears streamed down her immortal face
Like a river that flows forever, soaking the ground
All round the corpse. Immortal Night shared in the grief
Of her dear daughter; the sky god shrouded all the stars
In mist and cloud as a gesture to the goddess Dawn.
The Trojans were back in their city grieving for Memnon,
Feeling the loss of the king and his companions alike.
Even the joy of the Argives was not so great,
Camping out on the plain among the dead.
While they praised Achilles of the ashwood spear,
They wept for Antilochos, mingling sorrow with their joy.

Meanwhile Dawn was bitterly groaning and wailing
All night under a pall of darkness. No thought at all
Had she of rising, and hateful to her was great Olympos.
At her side her fleet-foot horses gave many a groan
And stamped the unfamiliar ground as they eyed
Their queen in her sorrow, eager as they were to return.
Zeus in anger thundered incessantly and the ground
All round was shaken, while trembling seized immortal Dawn.
Then quickly the dark-skinned Aithiopians buried Memnon,
Grieving for him, and for their constant lamentation
Around her strong son's grave the ox-eyed goddess Dawn
Changed them to birds with the gift of flying through the air.
Even today they are called by the countless races of men
The Memnons. And still to the tomb of their former king
They swoop with plaintive calls while scattering dust on his grave.
Then they raise a tumult of conflict against each other
To honor Memnon. He meanwhile in the house of Hades,
Or else among the blessed ones on the Elysian Plain,
Rejoices, and with that sight the heart of immortal Dawn
Is comforted. The birds toil on until, exhausted,
One side kills the other in conflict, or else both sides
Fulfill their doom as they labor for their king.
All this the speedy birds perform at the bidding
Of Dawn the immortal bringer of light. She then
Leapt up to the sky accompanied by the fruitful Seasons,

Who led her to Zeus's floor, unwilling though she was,
Swayed by such words as overcome the heaviest grief,
For she was grieving still. She could not forget her course;
So great was the fear she had of Zeus's constant rebuke,
Because from him comes everything within the bounds
Of earth and Ocean's stream and the flaming stars above.
Before her went the Pleiades, and with her own hands
She opened the gates of the sky and scattered abroad the darkness.

BOOK 3 The Death of Achilles

With the light of Dawn enthroned in splendor
Antilochos' body was carried to the ships
By the spearmen of Pylos loudly lamenting their lord.
As they buried him there on the shores of the Hellespont,
Great was their grief, and round them groaned the sturdy sons
Of Argos, all possessed by bitter sorrow and showing
Respect for Nestor, although his spirit was not broken.
Truly the heart of a wise man is able to suffer sorrow
Courageously and not be overwhelmed by it.

Rage for his friend Antilochos made the son of Peleus
Terrible as he armed against the Trojans. But they,
In spite of their fear of Achilles of the ashwood spear,
Poured out eagerly from their gates, because their breasts
Were filled with courage by the Fates. For many of them
Would soon descend to Hades' house of no return
At the hands of Aiakos' valiant grandson, who himself
Was soon to perish likewise close to Priam's city.
Quickly from either side on common ground converged
The tribes of Trojans and of Argives firm in the fray,
Eager for fighting now that the battle was set in motion.
There the son of Peleus destroyed a mighty host
Of his foes. All round the life-giving earth was drenched
With blood, and the waters of Xanthos and Simoeis
Were choked with corpses. Achilles still pursued and slaughtered
All the way to the city, since panic possessed the army.
He would have killed them all and dashed their gates to the ground,
Tearing them from their hinges, or would have smashed the bolts
With a sideward blow and opened a way for the Danaans
Into Priam's city and would have plundered its wealth,
If anger had not filled the merciless heart of Phoibos
At the sight of those countless throngs of warriors slaughtered.
Down from Olympos he came with the speed of a savage beast;
Over his shoulders his quiver was filled with deadly arrows.
Facing Aiakos' grandson he stood, while on his back
Loudly rattled his bow in its case and from his eyes

Came constant flashes of fire; the ground shook under his feet.
The great god gave a terrible shout, to deter Achilles
From the battle for fear of the supernatural voice
Of a god and so to save the Trojans from being killed:
"Back off, son of Peleus, away from the Trojans. No longer
May you inflict the evil Fates upon your foes,
Or one of the deities of Olympos may destroy you."
But Achilles did not quail at the god's immortal voice;
Already the merciless Fates were hovering over him.
So without respect for the god he shouted back at him:
"Phoibos, why do you rouse me, even against my will,
To fight against gods, in order to save the arrogant Trojans?
Once before you tricked and decoyed me from the fighting,
The first time that you rescued Hektor from death,
The man the Trojans exalted so highly in their city.
Back off now, far away, and join the rest of the gods
At home, or I will strike you, immortal though you are."

With that he left the deity far behind, pursuing
The Trojans who were still in flight before the city.
While he was chasing them, the heart of Phoibos Apollo
Was filled with anger and to himself he spoke these words:
"Alas, the man has taken leave of his mind. But now
Not even the son of Kronos himself or anyone else
Can tolerate such insane defiance of the gods."
That said, he made himself invisible with cloud
And from his cloak of mist he shot a baleful shaft,
Which sped and struck Achilles' ankle. Immediately pain
Penetrated his heart and toppled him, like a tower
That from the force of a subterranean vortex
Collapses on top of the deeply shaken earth;
So fell to the ground the handsome frame of Aiakos' grandson.
Looking all about him he uttered this deadly curse:
"Who was it shot a dreadful arrow at me by stealth?
Let him have the courage to face me openly,
To have his blood and all his bowels come gushing out
Around my spear, to send him off to sorrowful Hades.
For well I know there is no warrior in the world
Who at close quarters can overcome me with his spear,
Even with an utterly dauntless heart in his breast,
A totally dauntless heart and a body of bronze.

Stealth is the weakling's way to snare a better man.
Just let him face me, even if he says he's a god
Who's angry with the Danaans; I suspect in my heart
It is Apollo concealed in sinister darkness.
So my beloved mother once revealed to me
That by Apollo's arrows I'd die a miserable death
Close to the Skaian Gate, and they were no idle words."
That said, with unflinching hands he pulled the fatal arrow
Out of a wound that could not heal. Out gushed the blood,
As he was gripped with pain and his heart was yielding to death.

In anguish he threw the weapon away, when a sudden gust
Of wind came and snatched it up and gave it back to Apollo
On his way to Zeus's hallowed ground, for it could not be
That a deathless bolt should go missing from a deathless god.
Apollo caught it and quickly gained the height of Olympos,
The general assembly of the immortals, the place where most
They gathered in force to watch the fighting of mortal men.
Some were eager to grant a triumph to the Trojans
And others to the Danaans. Such was their division
As they viewed the killing and dying in the battle.
As soon as Zeus's wise consort caught sight of him
She reproached him with these words of bitterness:
"Phoibos, what monstrous crime have you committed today,
Forgetful of that marriage which we immortals ourselves
Arranged for godlike Peleus? Amid the dining gods
Your sweet song told how Thetis of the silver feet
Left the depths of the sea to be the bride of Peleus.
As you played the lyre all creatures came together:
The savage beasts and birds, the hills with towering crags,
The rivers and all the deeply shaded forest came.
You've forgotten all that and done a heartless thing
In killing a great man, one who you and the other immortals,
Pouring libations of nectar, prayed would be the son
Of Peleus by Thetis. You've forgotten that prayer of yours
Just to oblige the race of the tyrant Laomedon,
For whom you kept the cattle. Mortal though he was,
He troubled you who are a god. You're fool enough
To forget your former labor and oblige the Trojans.
You wretch, is your pitiful mind unable to see
Which man for his wickedness deserves to suffer

And which the gods should hold in honor? For Achilles
Was well disposed to us and belonged to our race.
But I don't think the Trojans' labor will be lighter
For the fall of Aiakos' grandson, because his son
Shall very soon come from Skyros to help the Argives
In this harsh and bitter conflict, in his strength
His father's equal, bringing disaster to many a foe.
You're not really concerned for the Trojans, but are envious
Of Achilles' greatness as the best of men.
You fool, how will you face the daughter of Nereus now,
When she comes to the house of Zeus to join the immortals?
She used to honor you and regard you as her son."
Thus did Hera in her bitterness sharply rebuke
The son of almighty Zeus. He answered her not a word
Because of his respect for his powerful father's spouse.
He couldn't so much as look her in the face,
But sat apart from the gods who live forever,
His eyes upon the ground. Resentment against him was strong
From all the Olympian gods who supported the Danaan cause,
While those who were eager to grant a triumph to the Trojans
Held Apollo in honor, exulting in their hearts,
But out of Hera's sight, since all the heavenly beings
Were awed by her anger.

Meanwhile Achilles remembered still
His fighting spirit. Still in his invincible limbs
The crimson blood was seething with eagerness for the fight.
Not a single Trojan had courage to approach him,
Struck though he was. They stood well back, as from a lion
Rustics in a wood draw back afraid when a hunter
Has struck it; though a shaft has pierced its heart, it remembers
Still its courage; as it rolls its glaring eyes
It utters a terrible roar from its savage jaws.
So anger and his painful wound inflamed the spirit
Of Peleus' son, though dying from Apollo's arrow.
In spite of all he sprang and fell upon his foes,
His huge spear poised. He killed the noble Orythaon,
Hektor's brave comrade, with a blow below the temple.
His helmet failed to stop the long lance as intended.
It shot straight through both metal and bone, to penetrate
The nerves of his brain and so to spill his vital force.

He slew Hipponoos with a spear thrust under the brow
Into the roots of his eye. His eyeball fell from its socket
Onto the ground and his spirit flew away to Hades.
Next he penetrated the jaw of Alkithoos
And severed all of his tongue. He slumped upon the ground
Breathing his last, the spearpoint sticking out of his ear.
All these were slain by the hero as they hurried forth
To face him, while he took the lives of many others
In flight, for still the blood was seething in his heart.

When his limbs grew cold and his spirit ebbed away,
He stopped to lean on his spear. The Trojans continued their flight
In general panic, leaving him to rebuke them thus:
"You cowardly Trojans, Dardanians, even when I'm dead
You won't escape my merciless spear; the lot of you
Will pay the price of death to my avenging spirits."
They shuddered when they heard him speak, as in the mountains
Fawns will tremble at the sound of a roaring lion,
Making their timid escape from the beast. Likewise the army
Of the Trojan horsemen and their foreign allies
Trembled in terror of Achilles' final threat,
Supposing him unwounded still. But with the weight
Of doom upon his gallant spirit and sturdy frame,
He fell among the dead with the fall of a lofty mountain.
The earth resounded with the mighty crash of armor
At the fall of Peleus' peerless son. Yet abject terror
Shook the hearts of those who saw their fallen foe.
Just as when a savage beast is killed by herdsmen;
The sight of it fallen beside the fold so fills the flock
With fear that they haven't even the heart to approach it;
They shudder at the corpse as though it were alive;
Such was the Trojans' fear for Achilles after his death.

Despite that Paris used strong words to stir the people's
Spirits, because his heart was happy in the hope
That the Argives would give up the deadly fighting
After the fall of Peleus' son, who was their strength.
"My friends, if truly and sincerely you support me,
Let us either die today at the hands of the Argives
Or save ourselves and drag away to Ilion
The fallen body of Peleus' son with the horses of Hektor,

Which since the death of my brother bear me into battle,
Feeling still the grief of losing their true master.
If with their help we drag away the dead Achilles,
Great glory we would win for the horses as well as for Hektor
Himself, if really in Hades mortals retain their minds
Or sense of justice, in view of the harm he did to Troy.
Great will be the joy in the hearts of Trojan women
When they gather round him in the city, like fearsome
Lionesses or leopards furious for their cubs
Around a man experienced and skilled in dangerous hunting.
Thus round the body of slain Achilles the women of Troy
Will rush together to show their overwhelming hatred,
Some enraged for loss of fathers, some for husbands,
Some for children, and others for their honored kinsmen.
But happiest of all will be my father and the elders,
Those kept by age against their will inside the walls,
If we can only drag Achilles into the city
And leave him to be devoured by the birds of the air."
At these words round the body of Aiakos' valiant grandson
Quickly gathered those who'd feared him previously,
Glaukos, Aineias, Agenor the brave of heart,
And others who were skilled in the deadly art of war,
Eager to drag him off to Ilion's holy city.

Achilles, though, was not abandoned by godlike Ajax,
Who swiftly bestrode him and with his long lance drove them all
Away from him. And yet they persisted in their attack,
Fighting Ajax on every side and making assaults
One after the other, like so many long-lipped bees,
Which hover round their hive in countless swarms
To drive away a man; he disregards their attacks
While cutting out their honeycombs, and they are distressed
By both the man and the billowing smoke; and still they make
Their frontal assaults, although he heeds them not the least.
So Ajax disregarded all these rapid attacks.
First of all he killed with a blow above the breast
Maion's son Agelaos and next the noble Thestor;
Then Okythoos, Agestratos, Aganippos,
Zoros, Nissos, and the famous Erymas,
Who came from Lykia under valiant Glaukos' command.
His home was steep Melanippion sacred to Athena,

Which faces Massikytos near Cape Chelidon;
Seafaring sailors tremble in awe of that place
Whenever they have to round its jagged rocks.
The killing of that Lykian chilled with horror the heart
Of Hippolochos' famous son, because he was his friend.
Quickly stabbing Ajax's shield of many oxhides,
He was not able to penetrate to his fair flesh.
The hides of his shield protected him and under that
The breastplate that was fitted to his tireless body.
Glaukos, however, did not abandon the mortal combat
In his desire to vanquish Aiakos' grandson Ajax.
He was so foolish as to make this boastful challenge:
"Ajax, since men claim that you are far the best
Of all the Argives and they are exceedingly proud of you,
No less than of brave Achilles, now that he is dead
You too will join him in death this very day, I reckon."
The words he uttered he could not fulfill; he did not know
The greater worth of the man at whom he aimed his spear.
The steadfast fighter Ajax scowling at him replied:
"Don't you know, wretch, how much better than you in battle
Hektor was? And yet he avoided the force of this spear
Of mine, for with his brawn he had a prudent brain.
Your thoughts are clearly of death and darkness, since your dare
To face in combat one who is so much your better.
You cannot claim to be a family friend of mine,
Nor with your persuasive gifts will you divert me
From fighting as you did the mighty son of Tydeus.
You may have eluded that man's power, but I at least
Will not allow you to escape alive from the battle.
Perhaps you put your trust in others on this field,
Who together with you are flitting like worthless flies
Around the body of peerless Achilles. To them also,
If they attack, I'll give the dismal doom of death."

Ajax turned upon the Trojans, like a lion
Among a pack of hounds in a deep and wooded glen.
He quickly dispatched a host who were eager to win some glory,
Trojans and Lykians alike. Those round him trembled with fear,
Just like a shoal of fish in the ocean at the attack
Of a terrible whale or mighty dolphin of the sea.
So shrank the Trojans before the might of Telamon's son

Attacking them time and again in the battle. Even so
They fought on, so that on every side of Achilles' body
Numberless men lay dead in the dust like so many boars
Around a lion, for deadly was the fighting between them.
There too the warlike son of Hippolochos was slain
By stouthearted Ajax. Over Achilles he fell on his back,
Just like a mountain shrub beside a solid oak.
Such was the fall of Glaukos upon the son of Peleus
When struck by the spear. For him Anchises' powerful son
Labored long, and with the help of his warrior friends
Dragged him to the Trojan lines for his grieving comrades
To carry him back to the holy city of Ilion.
Aineias kept fighting over Achilles, till with his spear
The warlike Ajax wounded him above the muscle
Of his right arm. He leapt with rapid motion
Clear of the deadly fray and returned at once to the city.
Men skilled in the art of healing worked upon him,
Cleaning first the blood from his wound and then performing
All else that's needed to cure the suffering of the wounded.
Ajax fought on, as though with bolts of lightning
Killing in all directions, for great was his distress
And long the grief he felt for the death of his cousin.

Nearby the peerless son of the warrior Laertes
Engaged the enemy, who in terror fled before him.
He killed the swift Peisandros and Areios the son
Of Mainalos, whose home was the famous land of Abydos.
Next Odysseus slew Atymnios, who was borne
To strong Emathion by the fair-tressed nymph Pegasis
Beside the river Granikos. Close to that man
He struck down Proteus' son Oresbios, who lived
Below the vales of lofty Ida, but whose mother,
The famous Panakeia, never welcomed him home,
Slain as he was by the hands of Odysseus, who also took
The lives of many others with his raging spear,
Killing any he met near the body. But then Alkon,
Son of fleet-foot Megakles, struck him with his spear
Beside the right knee and round his glittering greave
Dark blood came welling. He, though, disregarding the wound,

At once was the death of the eager fighter who wounded him,
Stabbing him with his spear clean through the shield.
With all the force of his powerful arm he pushed him
Backward onto the ground. The armor on him clashed
As he fell in the dust; the breastplate round his body
Was drenched with gore. Odysseus pulled the fatal spear
Out of both his flesh and his shield, and with the spearpoint
Breath left his limbs and life immortal abandoned him.
Though wounded, Odysseus made a rush at Alkon's comrades
And wouldn't relax the noisy struggle.

Likewise the other
Danaans, all in a compact mass round great Achilles,
Fought keenly on and at their hands a host of men
Were rapidly slaughtered with their spears of polished ashwood.
As when leaves are strewn upon the ground by winds
That press with violent blasts on woods and groves,
When autumn wanes toward the closing of the year,
So they were felled by the spears of the resolute Danaan warriors.
The concern of everyone was for the dead Achilles,
But especially that of warlike Ajax. That was why
He slew so many Trojans like an evil Fate.
Then Paris drew his bow at Ajax, who saw at once
And hurled a deadly rock that hit him on the head
And smashed his double-crested helmet, so that darkness
Engulfed him and he collapsed in the dust, his arrows failing
To achieve his purpose, scattered in all directions
In the dust and the quiver lying empty with them,
His bow escaping from his hands. His comrades seized him
And carried him away to Troy on Hektor's chariot,
Hardly drawing breath and groaning in his pain.
Nor were his weapons left without their master; they too
Were gathered from the plain and brought back to the prince.
Ajax shouted after him in his vexation:
"You dog, you have evaded the heavy hand of death
Today, but very soon your final hour shall come,
Either at another Argive's hands or at mine.
Now a different matter weighs on my mind, to rescue
Achilles' body for the Danaans from this slaughter."

With that he dealt an evil doom upon those foes
Who still were fighting round the body of Peleus' son.

When they saw so many at Ajax's mighty hands
Breathing their last, they panicked and could not stand their ground,
Just like miserable vultures that are frightened off
By an eagle, king of all the birds, when in the mountains
They have been devouring sheep that wolves have killed.
So they were scattered in all directions by valiant Ajax,
His hurtling rocks, his sword, and his sheer strength.
Overwhelmed by fear they tried to escape the battle
All together, like starlings under the deadly attack
Of a swooping hawk; one after another the flocking birds
Dart in close formation trying to flee disaster.
Like that they fled from the battlefield to Priam's city
Under the pitiful cloak of a shameful rout,
Terrified by the attack of mighty Ajax,
Who pursued them hands bespattered with human blood.
He would indeed have killed them all in rapid succession,
If they hadn't streamed in through the city's open gates
To gain a brief respite, for panic had gripped their hearts.
Penning them in the walls as a shepherd his shifting sheep,
He returned to the plain, not touching the ground with his feet
But treading on bloody armor and bodies of the slain.
For far across that wide expanse, from Troy's broad streets
Right down to the Hellespont, there lay a host of dead,
All those men who had been touched by the doom of heaven.
As when a close-packed field of ripened grain
Falls to the reapers; on the ground lie countless sheaves
Heavy with their seed, and the sight of the work
Gladdens the heart of the man who owns the splendid land;
So those on either side who died an evil death,
Forgotten now the battle and its tears, lay there
Face downward.

But the noble sons of Achaia
Left the Trojan dead unstripped in the dust and blood,
Till Peleus' son was consigned to the pyre, for he had been
Their help in battle when he charged in all his might.

So the princes dragged his massive frame from the fighting
And carried it between them. When they had brought it
And set it down among the huts in front of the ships,
Around it the whole host gathered and raised a groan
From hearts that grieved for him who was the strength of Achaia.
Forgotten now the work of spears, Achilles lay
Among the huts on the shore of the moaning Hellespont.
As once the insolent Tityos fell, when he assaulted
Leto on her way to Pytho, and Apollo
In anger swiftly slew him with his speedy shafts
In spite of his boundless strength; in loathsome gore he lay
For many a chain across the broad breast of the Earth,
Who was his mother and groaned at the fall of a son
Abhorred by the gods, while lady Leto laughed at him;
Such was Achilles when he fell in the land of his foes,
Bringing joy to Trojans but endless grief to Achaians.
At the army's lament the depths of the sea resounded.
Thereupon the spirit of every man was shattered
At the thought of death in battle with the Trojans.
Remembering there beside the ships the cherished parents
Whom they had left at home and the newly wedded wives
Who probably wasted with sorrow on their lonely beds,
Waiting with their little children for their husbands,
They groaned more loudly. Feeling a longing for lament
They wept unceasingly upon the sandy shore.
Flung face downward close to Peleus' mighty son,
They tore out by its roots the hair upon their heads
And disfigured their faces with copious showers of sand.
As, after a battle, from those who are penned inside their walls
A cry of despair goes up at the sight of their furious foes
Burning all the city and slaughtering the people
Indiscriminately and plundering all their wealth;
A cry like that the Achaians raised beside their ships,
Because the savior of the Danaans, Aiakos' grandson,
Lay huge beside the ships, by god-made arrows killed,
Looking like Ares when mighty Zeus's dreadful daughter
Laid him low with a massive rock on the plain of Troy.
The Myrmidons lamented ceaselessly for Achilles,
Crowding round the body of their noble lord,

Who had been gentle and to all alike a friend.
Never cruel or arrogant in his dealings,
In forbearance as in strength he surpassed all men.

Ajax was first to speak aloud amid his groans,
Mourning for one who was also his father's brother's son,
Struck dead by a god, for he couldn't have been killed by any
Mortal human living upon the face of the earth.
For him, then, glorious Ajax with heavy heart lamented,
At one time wandering among the huts of Peleus' son
That was slain and at another across the sandy seashore.
Stretched out to his full length he uttered this lament:
"Achilles, mighty bulwark of the Argive forces,
You have died at Troy far from the plains of Phthia,
Struck down by a cursed arrow from an unknown source,
Such as are shot into the fray by feeble men.
For no one who trusts himself to handle a bulky shield,
Who has the skill to set a helmet on his temples
Properly for battle, wield a spear in his hand
And break the bronze upon the breasts of foes,
Attacks and fights with arrows from a distance.
If the man who struck you had met you face to face,
He wouldn't have escaped your rushing spear unwounded.
But doubtless it was Zeus's plan to effect all this.
All that we labor to achieve he renders fruitless.
Soon he will grant the Trojans victory over the Argives
Now that he has removed from us so great a bulwark.
Oh what a burden of sorrow Peleus will have to bear
At home as he faces old age bereft of joy!
The news alone may be enough to cut short his life,
And better so for him to forget at once his grief.
But should the evil report of his son not bring his death,
Bitter grief will afflict the wretched man's old age,
Eating out his heart with anguish beside his hearth,
Peleus, whom the immortals favored most of all men.
Perfect joy gods never grant to suffering mortals."
Such was his sorrowful lament for the son of Peleus.

Then aged Phoinix moaned in grief beyond expression,
Embracing the handsome frame of Aiakos' dauntless grandson,
And in his wise heart's bitter sorrow loudly lamented:

"You are dead, my child, and inescapable pain
Is left. If only the piled-up earth had covered me
Before I saw your cruel doom. For never before
Has any sharper pang of sorrow pierced my heart,
Not even when I left my land and loving parents,
In exile crossing Hellas till Peleus welcomed me
With gifts and made me ruler over the Dolopians.
In his arms he carried you around his hall,
Placed you in my lap and earnestly enjoined me
To care for the infant as though he were my own dear son.
I did as I was bidden. So happily in my bosom
You often called me 'Dada' with your unformed speech,
And prompted by your childish needs you used to wet
The tunic on my chest. I held you in my arms,
Full of heart's delight to think that I was rearing
One who would care for me and support me in old age.
All that I had hoped for lasted only a short time.
Now you have vanished into darkness, leaving my heart
To sorrow and suffer the pangs of a terrible loss.
I only wish that they would end my life as I mourn,
Before the noble Peleus learns this, who I think
Will wail without relief when he receives the news.
Most pitiful will be the pain for both of us,
Your father and myself, for now that you are dead
Our bitter sorrow will quickly take us under the ground,
Even ahead of Zeus's doom. Far better that way
Than to live deprived of you for our defense."
The old man yielded thus to his unremitting grief.

Beside him the son of Atreus wept tears of mourning
And moaned aloud for the grief that burned within his heart:
"Son of Peleus, best of the Danaans, you are dead.
Your death has left the whole Achaian host defenseless.
Now that you have perished we are easier prey
For foes. Great joy your fall has brought to the people of Troy,
Whose fear for you was like the fear of sheep for a lion.
Now right beside our ships they'll fight with a will.
Father Zeus, so even you with deceitful words
Beguile us, you who promised me that I would sack
The city of Priam. Now, fulfilling nothing of that,
You have deceived me utterly, for I cannot think

That this war's goal will be attained with Achilles dead."
So he expressed the grief of his heart, while round him the army
Bewailed with all their souls the valiant son of Peleus.
The ships beside them echoed the sound of their laments;
Immense was the noise that rose through the eternal air.
As when with the force of a powerful wind long rollers
Raise themselves at sea and sweep with frightful force
On shore, and with the incessant breaking of the water
Shores and surf together make a monstrous din;
Such dreadful groaning over the corpse the Danaans raised
In endless lamentation for Peleus' fearless son.

The darkness of night would have overtaken their mourning,
If Atreus' son had not been accosted by Nestor the son
Of Neleus, whose mind was filled with overwhelming grief
For memory of his own good son Antilochos:
"Agamemnon, mighty ruler of the Argives,
It's time for us to stop the sound of lamentation
For today. Hereafter no one will stop the Achaians
Having their fill of tears in many days of mourning.
Now we must wash the loathsome gore from Aiakos' fearless
Grandson and lay him on a bier. It is not right
To put the dead to shame by overlong neglect."
Such was the advice of Neleus' prudent son.
Thereat the leader hastened his comrades with the order
Quickly to set cauldrons of water over the flames,
Heat them, and wash and dress the body in fine clothes,
The purple cloth his mother had given to her dear son
When he left for Troy. With speed they did their lord's command.
Having performed the other tasks with care they laid
The fallen son of Peleus fitly in his hut.
The sight of him moved the wise goddess Tritogeneia to pity.
She sprinkled his head with ambrosia, which is said
To keep untainted for long the flesh of death's victims.
She made him dewy-fresh as though he still drew breath.
She put a frightening frown upon the corpse's brow,
Such as once possessed his fearsome visage
When he was angered by his friend Patroklos' killing.
Also she made his body appear more solid and handsome.

Wonder seized the Argives as they gathered and saw
The son of Peleus as though alive. Stretched on the bier
To his great length he looked as though he'd fallen asleep.

Round him sorrowful captive women, those he himself
Had taken captive when he ravaged holy Lesbos
And the steep Kilikian city, Eetion's Thebe,
Stood in lamentation, tearing their lovely flesh
And beating upon their breasts with both their hands
In their heartfelt grief for the kindly son of Peleus.
For he had respected them, the daughters of his foes.
The heart that felt the keenest grief of all was that
Of Briseis, the noble warrior Achilles' concubine.
Round and round the corpse she turned, with both her hands
Tearing her lovely flesh and crying aloud.
On her tender bosom blood-red welts were raised
By her blows; you'd think them drops of crimson blood
On milk. But even in her bitter anguish her beauty
Kept its radiant charm and she was clothed in grace.
These words she uttered between her pitiful wails:
"Alas! This is by far the worst of all my suffering.
No other grief so great has ever afflicted me,
For loss of brothers or fatherland so fair and wide,
As this for your death. For you to me were the blessed day,
The light of the sun, the sweetness of my life,
My hope of good to come and my strong defense from harm.
Far more to me than all life's splendor and my own parents,
You alone were everything to me your captive.
You made me your wife, releasing me from the tasks of a slave.
But now some other Achaian will take me with the fleet,
Either to fertile Sparta or to thirsty Argos.
So in servitude I shall endure harsh toil
After losing you so disastrously. If only
The earth had covered me before I saw your doom."
So Briseis bewailed the slaughtered son of Peleus
In company with the wretched captives and grieving Achaians,
Weeping for her master and her spouse. Her tears
Of mourning never ran dry but streamed from her eyes right down
To the ground, like sunless water from a rocky spring,

When above it abundant snow and ice
Is spread across the iron-hard ground, until the frost
Is melted by the east wind and the rays of the sun.

Then the surging sound of lamentation reached
The many daughters of Nereus who lived in the depths of the sea.
As all their hearts were smitten with painful grief,
Their pitiful wail was echoed by the Hellespont.
They covered themselves with dark-blue robes of mourning
And sped off on their way to where the Achaians were camped.
All together they made their way through the silvery swell,
The sea dividing on either side for them. They went
With all the noise of a speeding flock of cranes
That fear a bitter winter. Round those mourning maidens
Monsters moaned in response. In a flash they reached their goal
And for their sister's valianthearted son they wailed
Intensely. Quickly the Muses, leaving Helikon,
Came with unremitting sorrow in their breasts,
Doing honor to Nereus' bright-eyed daughter Thetis.
Zeus bestowed unflinching courage on the Argives,
Not to fear the glorious host of goddesses
When openly seen in their midst. They round Achilles'
Body made lament, immortal though they were,
With one accord, making the shores of the Hellespont echo
And soaking all the ground round Aiakos' grandson's corpse
With tears. The army moaned aloud, and as they wept
On every side their tears defiled their armor
As well as their huts and ships, for their grief was great indeed.

His mother embraced and kissed the lips of the son of Peleus,
Her own son, and through her tears she uttered these words:
"Happy can be the rosy-vestured Dawn in heaven;
Happy too, forgetting his anger for Asteropaios,
Axios' broad-flowing stream; and happy the race of Priam.
As for me, I'll go to Olympos and at the feet
Of immortal Zeus I'll lie and loudly make lament.
He gave me against my will to be the bride of a man,
A man whom pitiless age has quickly overtaken
And near him are the Fates that bring his appointed death.
But my concern is less for him than for Achilles,
The mighty son in the house of Aiakos promised to me

By Zeus because I found the marriage so distasteful.
First I made myself a whistling wind, then water,
Then a bird in appearance and a blazing fire.
No mortal man was able to have me in his bed
So long as I changed into every creature of earth and sky,
Until the Olympian promised me a glorious son,
Both terrible and warlike. That indeed
Has truly been fulfilled, for he was the greatest of men.
But Zeus has deceived me by making short his span of life.
So I will go to heaven, and entering Zeus's palace
I'll mourn for my dear son. Of all my previous toil
For Zeus and for his sons, when they were shamefully troubled,
I'll remind him in my distress and goad his heart."

After the sea nymph Thetis' bitter lament the Muse
Kalliope spoke to her in her spirit of steadfast wisdom:
"Stop wailing, immortal Thetis. Don't let your distress
On behalf of your son lead you to anger with the ruler
Of gods and men. Even the sons of Zeus the lord
Of lightning have succumbed to an evil doom and died.
Although I am a goddess, death came also to my son
Orpheus, whose music made every forest follow him,
Every rugged rock and running river,
The whistling winds that blow unrestingly
And the birds that swiftly wing their way through the air.
But I bravely bore my grief, because it isn't seemly
For gods to vex their hearts with bitter grief and pain.
And so in spite of your sorrow stop lamenting your son.
Poets shall always sing of his glory and his prowess
To people upon the earth, inspired by me and the other
Pierian Muses. You then must not give way to gloom
And grief by mourning like a mortal woman.
Don't you know that over every human that lives
Upon the earth there hovers irresistible Fate,
Who alone has power enough to ignore even the gods?
It's she who soon shall cause the sack of Priam's city
With all its gold and deaths of men both Trojan and Argive,
As many as she chooses. No god can hold her back."
Kalliope spoke these words from the wisdom of her heart.
Then the sun went down into the stream of Ocean
And up through the sky's expanse came the darkness of night,

Which is a boon to mortals, even those who grieve.
There upon the sand the sons of Achaia slept
In companies round the corpse, weighed down by their disaster.
Sleep, though, could not capture restless Thetis. She sat
Beside her son with the deathless Nereids. All around
The Muses taking turns spoke many words of comfort
To make her grieving heart forget its lamentation.

When Dawn in exultation moved across the sky,
She brought her brightest light for Priam and all the Trojans.
Meanwhile the Danaans in their mourning for Achilles
Continued to weep for many days. Around them moaned
The long seashores, while mighty Nereus made lament
To oblige his daughter Thetis, and with him wept
The other deities of the sea for the death of Achilles.
Then the body of the mighty son of Peleus
Was put to the flames by the Argives, after they had piled
A mass of timber, which they had toiled together
To bring from Mount Ida, spurred on by the sons
Of Atreus, who sent them to gather wood in plenty,
To hasten the burning of the slain Achilles' corpse.
Round the pyre they piled a quantity of armor,
From men he had killed in battle. There too they slaughtered many
Of the fairest sons of Troy and threw them on the pyre,
Together with neighing horses and powerful bulls
And, thrown there also, sheep and fine fat pigs.
Wailing captive women brought uncounted fabrics
From storage chests and threw them all upon the pyre,
Heaping gold and amber with them. Close to these
The Myrmidons cut their hair to cover their master's corpse.
Briseis likewise, grieving over the body,
Cut off her locks to make a last gift to her lord.
Many jars of oil they emptied all around
And placed upon the pyre others of honey and wine,
Sweet wine of which the fragrance equaled that of nectar.
They put there many other fragrant things admired
By men, the best that are produced by earth and sea.

When everything about the pyre had been arranged,
Both horsemen and infantry paraded in their armor
Round that pyre of many tears. Meanwhile from Olympos

Zeus rained down on Aiakos' grandson's body drops
Of ambrosia, and in honor of Nereus' goddess daughter
Sent Hermes off to Aiolos, for him to summon
The swift winds' sacred strength, since now was the time for the corpse
Of Aiakos' grandson to burn. As soon as Hermes arrived,
Aiolos did his bidding: summoning with all speed
The stormy north wind and the wild blast of the west,
He sent them off to Troy at the pace of a gusting gale.
Out across the sea they sped upon their way
With incredible force. Around them as they darted
Roared both sea and land; above them in confusion
Every cloud was driven across the sky's expanse.
At the behest of Zeus both winds together fell
Upon the pyre of Achilles the slain warrior. Up rose
The fire god's furious blast; up went an incessant wail
From the Myrmidons. Although they moved with the force of a gale,
The winds were busy all day and night about the body,
Burning it with their steady breath. A mass of smoke
Rose to the holy heavens. The mountain of timber groaned
As the fire devoured it all and turned it to sooty ash.

When the mighty task of the tireless winds had been completed,
They both went back with the clouds to their own caverns.
The Myrmidons' massive master was destroyed by the fire
Later than those that were killed around his corpse,
The horses, the men, and all the treasures that the Achaians,
Shedding tears, had placed about his mighty body.
Then his people quenched the fire with wine. His bones
Stood out conspicuously, being different from the rest,
Like those of an invincible giant. Nor were the others
Mixed with Achilles' bones, because the cattle and horses
And the sons of Troy, with the rest that had been slaughtered,
Lay round his corpse a little apart. He in the middle,
Consumed by the fire god's onslaught, lay in lonely state.
A circle of sorrowing comrades gathered all his bones
Into a coffer that was capacious and strong,
Of silver and adorned with gleaming gold all over.
The bones were thoroughly soaked in unguents and ambrosia
By Nereus' daughters, a special honor for Achilles,
And placed in the fat of oxen and heated honey

To be buried together. His mother provided an urn,
Formerly a gift to her from Dionysos,
A splendid work of skilled Hephaistos, in which they placed
The bones of valianthearted Achilles. Over this
The Argives heaped an enormous barrow for his tomb,
At the end of a headland close to the Hellespont's depths,
While mourning for the Myrmidons' heroic king.

Even the deathless horses of Aiakos' dauntless grandson
Were not free from tears beside the ships. They too
Were weeping for the killing of their king.
No longer did they want to mix with miserable men
Or Argive horses, loaded thus with deadly grief,
But over the stream of Ocean and the caverns of Tethys
Far away from human sorrows to fly,
To the place where once divine Podarge bore them,
The wind-swift couple, after the roaring west wind's embrace.
They would have accomplished at once their hearts' desire,
If the will of the gods had not constrained them to wait
Until Achilles' fleet-foot son should come from Skyros,
To receive him in person when he arrived at the camp.
Such was the destiny spun for them, although immortal,
At their birth by the daughters of holy Chaos, the Fates,
First to be subject to Poseidon and after him
To valiant Peleus, to Achilles the tireless warrior
And then to a fourth, the noble Neoptolemos,
Whom afterward at Zeus's behest they were to carry
To the Elysian Plain, the land of the blessed ones.
And so, although their hearts were racked with distressing anguish,
They stayed beside the ships, their spirits mourning the loss
Of their former master and longing to see the next.

Then leaving behind the heavy swell of the booming deep,
The earth-shaking sea god stepped upon the shore unseen
By men. He stood among the deathless daughters of Nereus
And spoke to Thetis, who was grieving still for Achilles:
"Stop this endless lamentation for your son.
He won't be dwelling with the dead but with the gods,
Like noble Dionysos and mighty Herakles.
He won't be kept in darkness either by fearful Fate
Or by Hades, but soon he shall rise to Zeus's light.

And I will present him with an island fit for a god,
In the Euxine Sea, where your son shall be a god
Forever. The tribes that live around shall greatly
Glorify him and with desirable sacrifices
Honor him no less than me. So stop your wailing
Immediately and do not hurt your heart with grief."
He returned to the sea as lightly as a breeze
After consoling Thetis. The spirit in her breast
Was a little relieved and the god fulfilled his promise.
The mourning Argives went their different ways, to where
The ships they'd brought from Greece were beached. To Helikon
The Muses returned, and into the sea the daughters of Nereus
Plunged, still groaning for the kindly son of Peleus.

Nor was the mighty son of warlike Hippolochos
Left unwept by the grieving Trojans. By them as well,
In front of the Dardanian Gate, was a glorious hero
Placed upon a funeral pyre. Apollo himself
With all speed lifted him out of the blazing fire
And handed him to the Winds to take to the land of Lykia.
Quickly they bore him away to the valley of Telandros,
A lovely place, and over him they set a stone
Immovable. There nymphs made sacred water stream,
A river that never fails, which still the tribes of men
Call the fair-flowing Glaukos. This was brought to effect
By the immortal gods to honor the Lykians' king.

Meanwhile the Argives still for valiant Achilles mourned
Beside their speedy ships, for all of them were afflicted
By bitter grief and sorrow, missing him like a son
Of their own. In all that army not a man was tearless.
The Trojans, however, were immensely cheered to see
Their enemy's sorrow and the fire that consumed Achilles.
Such were the exultant words that they exchanged:
"Now the son of Kronos has sent us all from Olympos
An unexpected joy, to see with our longing eyes
Achilles fallen here at Troy. I reckon
That with him down Troy's glorious folk will have respite
From deadly bloodshed and from murderous battle.
Constant destruction was wrought by the maddened spear in his hands,
Spattered all over with hideous gore. Not one of us
Ever went to face him and saw another dawn.
I reckon the powerful sons of Achaia will take to flight
In their fair-prowed vessels now that Achilles is slain.
If only mighty Hektor were still alive, at one go
To put an end to every Argive in their own huts."
Such words expressed some Trojan's exultant joy,

But then another answered with these prudent thoughts:
"You think the deadly Danaan army will soon go home,
Sailing away in flight across the misty sea.
But their battle lust is too strong for them to take fright.
They still have other brave and mighty men,
The son of Tydeus, Ajax and Atreus' mighty sons.
I'm still afraid of these in spite of Achilles' death.
I wish Apollo would strike them dead with his silver bow!
That day respite from war and ghastly doom
Would truly come to us in answer to our prayers."

During this talk a groan went up in heaven
Among the gods who supported the stalwart Danaans.
They covered their heads beneath a mass of clouds
For grief of heart. But those on the other side were glad,
Hoping to give the Trojans the goal their hearts desired.
At this point glorious Hera spoke to the son of Kronos:
"Zeus, lightning father, why do you support the Trojans,
Forgetting the fair-tressed maiden whom once you bestowed
Upon the godlike Peleus to be his cherished spouse
In the glens of Pelion? In person you made the marriage
Divine, and all of us immortals dined there that day
And presented many gifts of surpassing beauty.
You've forgotten that in devising grievous sorrow for Greece."
Zeus the unwearied made no reply to these words of hers.
There he sat with pain in his heart and much on his mind:
The city of Priam was soon to be destroyed
By the Argives, but for them he planned disaster
Both in bitter war and on the sounding sea.
He was pondering then what he later would fulfill.

As daylight sank into the depths of Ocean's stream
Infinite darkness advanced across the dusky earth,
The time when mortals enjoy a little relief from toil.
The Argives supped beside their ships despite their sorrow.
The stomach's demands are such that one cannot keep at bay
The cruel pangs of hunger once they invade the breast.
Soon our agile limbs grow heavy and there is
No cure apart from satisfying the stomach's needs.

That's why they ate their meal despite their grief for Achilles;
Everyone was driven by dire necessity.
As soon as they had eaten sweet sleep came upon them,
Releasing their limbs from suffering and restoring their strength.

The Great Bear's heads were pointing toward the east,
Awaiting the rapid light of the sun. Then Dawn awoke
And with her woke the army of the stalwart Argives,
Pondering death and destruction for the Trojans.
They moved as moves the boundless Sea of Ikaros,
Or as a field of tall ripe grain at the approach
Of the west wind's powerful blast that gathers clouds.
Such was the army's movement beside the Hellespont.
Then the son of Tydeus spoke to those eager hearts:
"My friends, if it is true that we are constant in war,
Now more than ever we must fight our hated foe,
Lest they take courage now that Achilles is no more.
So then, with our armor and with our horses and chariots
Let us surround their city; our toil will give us glory."
His words to the Danaans met this answer from mighty Ajax:
"Tydeus' son, your words are fine ones, far from futile,
In urging to combat against the warlike Trojans
These only too eager hand-to-hand Danaan fighters.
But we must wait beside our ships for the goddess Thetis
To come from the sea. Her heart is keenly set
On holding splendid games around the tomb of her son.
She told me yesterday, when she left for the depths of the sea,
Away from the other Danaans. I expect she's near,
Hurrying along. The Trojans, even with Peleus' son dead,
Won't be very bold so long as I am alive,
And also you and the peerless son of Atreus, our leader."
This the noble son of Telamon said not knowing
That after the contests Fate had prepared for him a doom
That was painful and harsh. The son of Tydeus answered him:
"My friend, if Thetis is really coming today
To hold some splendid games around the tomb of her son,
Let us stay at the ships and keep the others here.
The proper thing is to follow the will of the blessed gods.
In any case, even without the immortals' wish,

We ourselves should think of pleasing Achilles with honor."
Such were the words of Tydeus' son, the stouthearted warrior.

Thereupon the spouse of Peleus came forth from the sea,
Rising like a breeze at dawn. At once she approached
The throng of Argive men that waited expectantly,
Some of them to compete in the countless contests
And some to entertain themselves with those competing.
Before the assembly Thetis wearing her dark-blue veil
Set down the prizes that she'd brought. She urged the Achaians
To start competing at once and they obeyed the goddess.

First of all the son of Neleus stood up in their midst,
Not from any desire to exert himself in the boxing
Or in the exhausting wrestling, because long since
His limbs and joints had been worn out by grievous age.
But firm and sound still in his breast remained his spirit
And mind. No other Achaian could contend with him
When it came to competing with speeches in an assembly.
Even the famous son of Laertes yielded to him
For speaking in assembly, as did the kingliest man
Of all Argives, Agamemnon of the ashwood spear.
Therefore in their midst he sang the praises of Nereus'
Gracious daughter: how she surpassed the other sea nymphs
For wisdom and for beauty. She listened with delight.
Then he told of her beautiful wedding with Peleus,
Which was arranged by all the blessed immortals together
Upon the heights of Pelion, and how at the feast
They ate an immortals' dinner, when the food of the gods
Was brought in the deathless hands of the rapid Seasons and heaped
In golden baskets, and how Themis in jubilation
Hastened to set up the tables made of silver,
While Hephaistos lit pure fire, and all around
Ambrosia was mixed by the nymphs in goblets of gold,
And then a beautiful dance was started by the Graces
And music by the Muses, to the delight of mountains
And rivers and beasts and the joy of the everlasting sky,
Of Cheiron's lovely cavern and of the gods themselves.

All these things the noble son of Neleus recounted
To the eager Argives, who listened with delight.

Next he sang of peerless Achilles' immortal deeds
In the assembly's midst, and all the army shouted
With pleasure. He highly exalted the glorious hero
With aptly chosen words, beginning from this point:
How he sacked a dozen cities during the voyage
And eleven on the mainland; how he struck
Telephos and the mighty hero Eetion
In the land of Thebe; how he killed Kyknos the son of Poseidon
With his spear, and godlike Polydoros,
Handsome Troilos and peerless Asteropaios;
How with blood he completely reddened the stream
Of the river Xanthos and covered with countless corpses
All that murmuring flow, when from Lykaon's limbs
He snatched away the life beside the sounding river;
How he vanquished Hektor and slew Penthesileia
And the glorious son of Dawn who is throned in splendor.
Thus he sang to the Argives a song they already knew;
And how huge Achilles was; how no one at all
Was strong enough to contend with him, either in games
For young men who compete with speed of foot,
In chariot racing, or in fighting hand to hand;
How far for beauty he surpassed all Danaans;
How infinite his valor when warfare was in swing.
Then he besought the gods that they should see his son,
Like him, arriving from the sea-washed isle of Skyros.
The Argives then applauded every word of Nestor's,
As did silver-footed Thetis, giving him
Those fleet-foot steeds which Achilles of the ashwood spear
Once received from Telephos by the river Kaikos,
When the wound that tortured him was healed by the spear
With which Achilles himself had struck him in battle,
Driving the heavy spearhead into his thigh.
These were handed over by Nestor the son of Neleus
To his companions, who led them to his ships with praises
For their godlike king.

Then in the midst of the gathering
Thetis placed ten cows as prizes for the footrace,

All with healthy calves feeding at their udders.
These the son of Peleus, tireless and bold in his strength,
Had driven down from Ida, won by his massive spear.
To contend for these two men intent on victory rose,
Teukros the son of Telamon first and Ajax second,
Ajax who was the champion of the Lokrian archers.
Quickly they girded their loins right round with cloths,
So that they covered themselves in a decent manner,
Out of respect for the spouse of mighty Peleus
And for the other daughters of Nereus who'd come with her
From their home in the sea to watch the Argives' contests of strength.
The finish of the rapid course was marked for them
By the son of Atreus, commander in chief of the Argives.
Friendly rivalry spurred them on and from the start
They darted off with all the speed of a pair of hawks.
The race was evenly balanced, and on either side
The watching troops cheered some for one and some for the other.
But just as the eager runners were approaching the finish,
Teukros' powerful limbs were stopped, it seems, by the gods,
For either it was a god or some mischance that dashed him
Into the troublesome branch of a deep-rooted tamarisk.
Caught in that he fell to the ground and painfully
His left foot's tip was twisted back; on either side
The swollen veins stood out. A shout went up
From the Argives at the contest as past him Ajax darted
Exultant, and his followers came running up,
The Lokrians, all of them possessed by sudden joy.
They drove the cows away to his ships to feed them there.
Meanwhile Teukros' companions quickly attended to him
And led him limping away. The doctors lost no time
In drawing the blood from his foot and covering it with woolen
Tampons soaked in ointments. Then they carefully tied
A bandage round and dissipated the deadly pain.

In the meantime others quickly turned their thoughts
To the violence of wrestling, two stalwarthearted men,
The horseman Tydeus' son and formidable Ajax.
They strode into the center, and wonder possessed the Argives
To see them both the equals of the blessed gods.
They came to grips like savage beasts in the mountains

Fighting over a stag when famished both for food;
The strength of the two is equally balanced; neither of them
Is the least inferior in its deadly powers.
So equal was the might of those two. Finally Ajax
Gripped the son of Tydeus with his powerful arms,
Intent on breaking him. But he with skill and strength
Slipped his flank and suddenly lifted the massive son
Of Telamon, thrusting his shoulder under the other's biceps.
Then by striking thigh with foot in the other direction
He landed that massive man on the ground and sat on him.
A cheer went up. But then with anger in his heart
The sturdyhearted Ajax rose a second time,
Eager for pitiless combat. With his terrible hands
He quickly covered himself with dust and in a rage
Called Tydeus' son into the center. Unperturbed
The other darted forth to face him. Under the feet
Of both a cloud of dust arose. From either side
They charged in like two fearless bulls, which in the mountains
Come together in a trial of strength and courage,
Raising dust with their feet; the hills all round re-echo
The bellowing of those beasts, which with unstoppable fury
Bring together the massive force of their solid heads,
Laboring long against each other; panting hard
From their exertion they pursue the pitiless fight,
While floods of foam from their mouths run down to the ground.
Thus those two labored fiercely with their powerful arms.
The backs and brawny necks of both men made loud creaks
Under the grip of their hands, like mountain trees
That knock their spreading branches against each other.
Repeatedly under the sturdy thighs of great Ajax
The son of Tydeus thrust his powerful hands, but could not
Push him back because of the firmness of his stance.
Ajax attacking from above would shake the other
By his shoulders, trying to pin him to the ground.
They fought on ever changing the way they used their hands.
The soldiers on all sides shouted loudly while they watched,
Some encouraging the glorious son of Tydeus
And others Ajax. Ajax shook his strong opponent
Both ways by the shoulders, gripped him below the belly

And suddenly threw him to the ground like a stone
With all his strength.

The soil of Troy resounded loudly
At the fall of Tydeus' son and the army applauded.
Even so he leapt up eager to contend
With giant Ajax for a third time. But then Nestor
Stood between them and addressed them both:
"Enough, my splendid sons, of this violent wrestling.
We all are well aware how far you both surpass
All other Argives now that great Achilles is dead."
At these words they stopped their toil and from their brows
They wiped the copious sweat that still was streaming down.
They kissed each other and finished their fight in friendship.
To them four captive women were given by the goddess,
Lady Thetis. The sight of them filled with admiration
Those two strong and fearless heroes, because of all
The captive women they were best for sense and skills,
Apart from lovely-tressed Briseis. These Achilles
Once had captured from Lesbos and taken pleasure in them.
One of them was in charge of food for meals;
One used to pour the honeyed wine for those who dined;
Another washed their hands with water after the meal;
A fourth one always removed the tables from the feast.
These, then, Tydeus' mighty son and powerful Ajax
Shared between them and dispatched to their fair-prowed ships.

To compete in boxing strong Idomeneus stood up.
He rose because he had learned the skill of every contest.
But no one came forward to oppose him, for everybody
Yielded out of respect for him as an older man.
To him, then, Thetis in their midst presented the chariot
And fleet-foot horses which once the great and mighty Patroklos
Drove away from the Trojans after killing Sarpedon.
These Idomeneus handed to his squire to drive
To the ships, while staying himself in the lists where fame is won.
Phoinix then addressed the mighty men of Argos:
"This time the gods have simply given Idomeneus
A splendid prize without the toil of hands and shoulders,

Without a drop of blood, to honor an older man.
But the rest of you younger men should hold a contest
By aiming at each other hands that have the skill
Of boxing, in order to warm the heart of Peleus' son."
When they heard his words, they looked at one another,
But all of them refused that contest, keeping quiet.
It needed this rebuke from noble Neleus' son:
"My friends, it isn't right for men who are skilled in war
To avoid a friendly boxing match, which for a young man
Is a source of pleasure, bringing fame for toil.
I only wish my limbs still kept the strength they had
When we held the godlike Pelias' funeral games,
I and my cousin Akastos combining for that end.
Then I was a match for glorious Polydeukes
In the boxing, both of us taking an equal prize.
In the wrestling even the strongest of them all,
Ankaios, withdrew in awe of me. He didn't dare
To compete with me for victory, because
At an earlier time, among the Epeian hand-to-hand fighters,
I beat him despite his prowess. His back went down in the dust
Beside the tomb of Amarynkeus, and around him
Many men admired the might and strength I had.
That's why he would no longer lift his hands against me,
For all his strength, and I took the prize without a dusting.
But now old age and pain beset me. So I urge
That those who are fit should strive with all your strength for prizes.
It's glorious for a young man to carry a prize from a contest."

At old Nestor's prompting a bold man rose to his feet,
Epeios the son of proud and godlike Panopeus,
Who built the horse that was the bane of Priam's city,
Later. No one had the courage to approach him
For a boxing match, though he had no skill at all
In the deadly fighting set in motion by the war god.
Without a drop of sweat the great Epeios would then
Have carried off a splendid prize to the ships of the Greeks
Had not the noble Theseus' son come forth to meet him,
The spearman Akamas, strength swelling in his breast.
On his nimble hands he wore the hardened thongs
That Agelaos the son of Euenor skillfully
Had tied around them while encouraging his king.

Likewise the comrades of Panopeus' son urged on
Their prince Epeios. He like a lion in their midst
Stood there wearing on his hands a slaughtered ox's
Hardened hides. On either side a great shout rose
From the soldiers encouraging those mighty men
To stain their tireless hands with blood. Of their own accord
All too impatiently they stood in the narrow lists,
Both of them testing their arms, to see if they moved
As swiftly as before and were not heavy from warfare.

In a flash they raised their hands against each other.
Constantly watching and stepping on the tips of their toes,
They kept on moving one knee just in front of another,
And so for a while they dodged each other's mighty strength.
They came to blows, though, like a pair of racing clouds
That swoop upon each other under the force of winds
And send out flashes of lightning; all the sky is disturbed
By the grinding of the clouds and roaring of the winds.
Such was the grinding of hardened hides upon their jaws.
Copious blood ran down and mingled with the sweat
That came from their brows to redden the bloom of their cheeks.
The toil of both was unrelenting, and Epeios
Didn't stop attacking with all his furious strength.
But the son of Theseus kept his wits in the fight
And often made the other's powerful fist strike nothing
But air. Then, cleverly breaking through with both his hands,
He leapt and landed a blow on his brow that cut to the bone,
Which made the blood come streaming down from his eye.
But even so Epeios with his heavy hand
Dealt Akamas' temple a blow that landed him on the ground.
Akamas rose in an instant, leapt at his powerful foe
And struck him on the head. But when he attacked again,
With a dodge and a jump Epeios landed his left
Upon the brow and his right on the nose. Yet still the other
Used his hands with every trick. But then the Achaians
Kept them apart, although they wanted to labor on
For coveted victory.

Quickly their attendants
Untied the bloody hides upon their sturdy hands,
While they recovered their breath a little after the toil,

And bathed their brows with sponges full of holes.
Their comrades and their friends used soothing words to bring them
Face to face once more, so that their bitter anger
Should quickly be forgotten and friendship restored.
They duly followed the advice of their companions;
Wise men's minds are ever inclined to gentleness.
They kissed each other and their painful rivalry
Was quite forgotten. Then Thetis in her dark-blue veil
Presented the grateful boxers with silver mixing bowls,
A pair, which Jason's mighty son Euneos
Had given as a ransom for stalwart Lykaon
To godlike Achilles on the sea-washed isle of Lemnos.
They were made by Hephaistos for glorious Dionysos,
As a gift when he brought his noble bride to Olympos,
The famous daughter of Minos, who had been abandoned
By Theseus, against his will, on the sea-washed isle of Dia.
Then good Dionysos gave them full of nectar
To Thoas his son, who passed them on to Hypsipyle
With many other possessions; she left them to her son,
Who gave them to Achilles in payment for Lykaon.
One of these was taken by glorious Theseus' son;
The other was dispatched to his ships by noble Epeios
In triumph. Quickly all their injuries from the blows
Were carefully tended by Podaleirios. First of all
He dried them clean by sucking, then he sewed them up
With skillful hands and over them he spread the salves
That once had been entrusted to him by his father.
By their speedy action even incurable wounds
Are healed within a single day, all suffering gone.
And so on those men's faces and in the hair of their heads
The injuries were quickly healed and the pain assuaged.

For the archery contest Teukros and the son of Oileus
Stood up, having earlier competed in the running.
Far from them Agamemnon of the ashwood spear
Placed a horsehair-crested helmet, telling them
"The winner will be the one who slices the hairs with his bronze."
Ajax didn't delay but shot his arrow first,
Hitting the helmet and making the bronze give out
A high-pitched ring. Then Teukros, burning with impatience,
Fired the second shot and promptly sliced the horsehairs

With his sharp point. The soldiers loudly cheered at the sight,
Giving him the highest praise, because the hurt
In his speedy foot still caused him pain but didn't at all
Impair the aim of his hands with the speedy arrow.
To him the spouse of Peleus presented the beautiful armor
Of godlike Troilos, far the best of the bachelor sons
Of Hekabe in holy Troy, but from his beauty
He had no benefit, because the deadly strength
Behind the spear of Achilles robbed him of his life.
As in a garden dewy-fresh and flourishing,
Growing strongly close to the side of a water channel,
A poppy or a blade of grain before it ripens
Is cut by a newly sharpened scythe and isn't allowed
To come to true fulfillment in another seeding,
Mown down by the gleaming bronze still empty and seedless,
When it was ready to grow with the dews of spring.
Such was the son of Priam in his godlike beauty
When killed by the son of Peleus, beardless still and still
Without a bride, no more than a child in his youthfulness.
He had been lured into destructive war by Fate
Just at the start of the joys of youth, the time when men
Are full of boldness and they have no lack of heart.

Immediately afterward men with agile arms
Endeavored to hurl a huge and heavy lump of metal.
But because of its weight not one of the Argives could throw it.
The only one who could was the steadfast fighter Ajax
With his mighty arm, as though it was just the branch
Of a country oak tree dried up in the heat of summer,
The season when all the crops upon the land are parched.
Everyone was amazed to see how far from his hand
Had flown that bronze which two other men would struggle to lift.
Previously mighty Antaios had been accustomed to throw it
Easily from his hand in order to test his strength,
Before he was destroyed by Herakles' powerful hands.
Worthy Herakles took it with many other spoils
To keep as the prize of his tireless hands, but later he made it
A gift to the noble son of Aiakos, when together
They sacked the famous strong-walled city of Ilion.
The latter gave it to his son, who brought it with him
In his speedy ships to Troy, to keep him mindful

Of his father and make him fight the stalwart Trojans
With greater zeal, and also as work for testing his strength.
That was what Ajax threw so far from his powerful hand.
So Nereus' daughter presented him with the famous armor
Of Memnon the godlike hero, which was greatly admired
By the other Argives because it was all so huge.
The glorious warrior was delighted to receive it;
He was the only one around whose sturdy limbs
It fitted when it was placed upon his massive frame.
Also he took the mighty lump of metal to give him
Pleasure whenever he wished to exercise his strength.

Then many men got up and competed in the long jump.
Agapenor of the ashwood spear outjumped their marks
By far and a cheer went up for the man's long leap.
He was given the beautiful armor of mighty Kyknos
By Thetis. After killing Protesilaos Kyknos
Had taken the lives of many before being killed by Achilles.
That first loss of a champion shrouded the Trojans in sorrow.

Those who competed with javelins next were far outthrown
By Euryalos. The soldiers shouted and declared
That even a feathered arrow couldn't surpass his throw.
Therefore as a prize he received a capacious bowl
From the mother of Aiakos' warlike grandson. Made of silver,
It was acquired by Achilles after spearing Mynes
During the sack of the wealthy city of Lyrnessos.

Then stalwarthearted Ajax, eager to contend
With fists and feet together, stood up and called
To the lists the most outstanding warrior. But the sight
Of that mighty hero filled them with awe. Not one of them dared
To go and face him; everyone's courage was broken
By the terrible fear they felt that anyone struck by Ajax's
Invincible hands would very quickly have his face
Shattered under the blows, a disaster for that man.
All finally nodded at resolute Euryalos,
Knowing his skill in boxing. He, though, in their midst
Expressed his fear of that spirited champion in these words:
"Comrades, any other Achaian that you choose
I'll dare to face, but of mighty Ajax I stand in awe.

He's far superior and will crush the life in me
If he comes down on me in a rage. I don't suppose
I'd escape unscathed to the ships from that invincible man."
The laughter at his words was much to the delight
Of stalwarthearted Ajax, who took for himself two talents
Of gleaming silver, presented to him by Thetis
As an uncontested prize. The sight of Ajax
Reminded her of her son and filled her heart with sorrow.

Next those whose hearts were devoted to driving horses
Sprang to their feet at the prompting of the contest,
Menelaos followed by bold Eurypylos,
Eumelos, Thoas, and godlike Polypoites.
They harnessed their horses and hitched them to the chariots,
All of them eager for the joy of victory.
Quickly mounting their chariots they gathered to cast their lots
On a stretch of sand and took their stand on the starting line.
Hastily they grasped the reins in their powerful hands.
The horses harnessed to the chariots were impatient
To leap ahead. They shifted their feet to no effect,
Pricked their ears, and soaked their frontlets with foam.
In a flash the drivers gave their nimble-footed horses
A lash. They bounded forward with all the speed of Harpies,
Straining furiously against their harness straps
And pulling the chariots so fast that they shot clear of the ground.
No chariot tracks could be seen or hoofprints in the ground;
So great was the speed with which the horses galloped off.
Such a mass of dust rose into the sky from the plain,
It looked like smoke or a mist that's spread around the peaks
Of mountains by the south wind's or the west wind's force,
When a storm is stirring and the hills are soaked with rain.
The horses of Eumelos leapt far in front followed
By those of godlike Thoas. One man cheered this chariot,
One cheered another as they sped off over the plain. . . .

". . . From glorious Elis, after performing the mighty deed
Of beating the speedy chariot of wicked Oinomaos,
That cruel contriver of death for all young men
Who sought the hand of his daughter, prudent Hippodameia.
Not even he, although devoted to horsemanship,
Had fleet-foot horses equal to these, but ones whose feet

Were feebler by far, for these can vie with the winds."
This vaulting praise of his horses' powers and of himself
Filled the heart of Atreus' son with keenest joy.
His grooms then hurried to free his heavily panting horses
From their harness. Freed likewise were the wind-swift teams
Of all who had contended in the chariot race.
For godlike Thoas and resolute Eurypylos
Podaleirios quickly treated all the wounds
They'd suffered when they were torn in falling from their chariots.
The joy of Atreus' son for his victory knew no bounds
When fair-tressed Thetis presented him with a handsome goblet
Of gold, the prized possession of godlike Eetion,
Before his famous city of Thebe was sacked by Achilles.

Elsewhere others next made ready their saddle horses
And led them onto the racetrack. Taking whips of oxhide
In their hands they all jumped onto their horses
And waited. The horses champed the bits in their foaming mouths
And pawed the ground with their feet in their eagerness
To be off. In a flash the race began, and from the start
They galloped away full speed in eager competition,
Like the blasts of the north wind when it blows full force
Or of the roaring south wind when it stirs the sea
With stormy gusts, at the time when the baneful Altar Stars
Appear as a sign of trouble and tears for sailors.
Such was their speed as they raised with their galloping feet
A mighty mass of dust across the plain. The riders
Shouted each to his horse, with one hand raining lashes
Of the whip and with the other constantly shaking
The bridle that jangled loudly round the horse's jaws.
As the horses sped along a mighty cheer went up
From the crowd, and they flew across the level plain.

Very soon the nimble horse that came from Argos,
Ridden by Sthenelos, would have won by a long way
If it had not been pulled off course, out into the plain,
Repeatedly. For Kapaneus' son, in spite of his skill,
Hadn't the strength to make it turn, because the horse
Was new to racing. Truly of no poor stock, it had
The noble blood of swift Arion, whom a Harpy
Bore to the noisy west wind as the best of horses

By far, because the speed of its feet could match
Its father's swiftest blasts. The blessed gods then gave it
To Adrastos. That was the stock of Sthenelos' horse,
Which the son of Tydeus had given to his comrade
At holy Troy. So, confident in that horse's speed
Of foot, he entered it in the horse race at those games,
Expecting that he among the best would win great glory
For his horsemanship. And yet no gladness of heart
Rewarded his work at Achilles' games, for he only finished
Second in spite of his speed; the son of Atreus passed him
Using his skill. Agamemnon won the people's praise,
But so did courageous Sthenelos' horse as well as its master,
Because it came in second despite its frequent lunging
Wide of the mark, in an excess of strength and speed.
Then the son of Atreus rejoiced to receive from Thetis
The silver breastplate of god-descended Polydoros.
Sthenelos' prize was Asteropaios' solid helmet
Of bronze, his pair of spears and his armored girdle.

To the other horsemen and to all who on that day
Had come to compete in the games beside Achilles' tomb
Thetis presented gifts. All this was very galling
To the son of brave Laertes, since, though he was keen
To strive for victory, he was kept from the contests of strength
By a painful wound he had received from sturdy Alkon
When struggling over the body of Aiakos' mighty grandson.

BOOK 5 The Contest for the Armor of Achilles

Now that the series of contests had been completed
The superhuman armor of noblehearted Achilles
Was placed in their midst by the goddess Thetis. The space was filled
With the gleam from the intricate scenes that the art of Hephaistos
Had wrought upon the shield of Aiakos' dauntless grandson.
Skillfully fashioned upon that god's creation were first
The heavens and sky, while the land and sea were shown together.
There were the winds and the clouds, the moon and the sun,
Each in its own position. All the constellations
That move with the circling heavens were depicted.
Likewise under these was spread the unbounded air,
Where long-beaked birds were flying to and fro;
You'd think they were alive and moving with the winds.
Encircling all was Tethys and Ocean's fathomless flow;
They were shown as the source of the sounding rivers that run
Their winding courses in all directions through the land.

Skillfully fashioned nearby were lofty mountains
With frightening lions and impudent jackals, as well as fearsome
Bears and leopards. Close to these there were boars,
Powerful beasts with terrifying jaws,
Which were noisily whetting their clashing tusks.
They were pursued by hunters driving a pack of hounds,
While other men with stones and darting javelins
Were busily pelting them in front as in real life.
Then there were scenes of devastating warfare
And horrible fighting, with people killed on every side
Together with their horses. All the ground appeared
To be drenched with copious blood upon that solid shield.
There were Panic and Fear and the ghastly goddess of war,
Their limbs all hideously bespattered with blood.
There too was deadly Strife and the fierce avenging spirits,
Strife spurring men to engage in combat without restraint,
The avenging spirits breathing blasts of destructive fire.
Rushing all around were the pitiless Fates and with them
Roamed the force of dismal Death, while close to that

Were seen the deafening spirits of battle. From the limbs
Of all these blood and sweat were streaming onto the ground.
There also were the Gorgons that knew no shame,
Around whose locks of hair were fashioned horrible snakes
With fiercely flickering tongues. A measureless marvel
Were these intricate scenes, designed to inspire great fear,
Because they looked like creatures that lived and moved.

All these, then, were the wonders that belonged to war,
While the lovely works of peace were separately shown.
Nearby were the countless nations of much-enduring men
Living in beautiful cities, all under the eye of Justice.
They were putting their hands to various tasks, surrounded
By lands that were laden with crops from soil both black and fertile.
Shown also on that god's creation was the steep
And rugged mountain of holy Virtue, with Virtue herself
Standing with her feet on the top of a palm tree,
So high that she touched the sky above. On every side
Pathways interrupted by crowding bramble bushes
Impeded the approach of human feet, for many
There were who turned back overawed by the steep ascent
And few who persisted, sweating up the sacred way.
Reapers were shown advancing with a broad-cut swathe
And hastening with their freshly sharpened sickles to bring
The ripened harvest in. Behind them came a host
Of others to bind the sheaves and great was the task completed.
There too were oxen with their necks still in the yoke bands,
Some of them pulling wagons heavily laden
With full-eared sheaves, while others were plowing fields,
The soil appearing black behind them. They were followed
By men who spurred them on with goads, some using the right hand
And others the left. Immense was the work displayed.

A banquet was there accompanied by oboes and lyres.
Side by side were choirs of youths and dancing maidens,
The maidens seeming to move as though they were alive.
Close to all this dancing and charming festivity
There rose from the sea, with foam still clinging to her hair,
The fair-crowned Kyprian goddess, attended by winged Desire
And the fair-tressed Graces and smiling charmingly.
There also were the daughters of the proud god Nereus

Leading their sister out of the broad expanse of the sea
To her wedding with Aiakos' warrior son. Nearby
All the immortals were feasting on Pelion's lofty peak
Surrounded by lush and amply watered meadows,
Which were adorned with countless flowers of the field,
With groves of trees and lovely springs of limpid water.

Groaning ships were making their way across a sea,
Some drifting broadside and others forging straight ahead.
Round them a dangerous surge was heaving ever higher,
And in every quarter sailors struck with horror
Tried to avoid the swooping squalls as in real life,
Hauling their white sails in as a means of escaping death.
Others sat straining at their oars and their constant rowing
Whitened the inky sea around their ships.
Shown smiling upon all this, with the creatures of the deep,
Was the earth-shaking sea god borne by his wind-swift horses,
Which were speeding over the sea as though they were real
Under the lash of his golden whip. The surging sea
Was leveled in their path, becoming flat and calm
Ahead. On either side of their master a host
Of dolphins gathered and showed their boundless delight
By fawning on their king. Across the misty swell
They looked like swimming creatures, although they were made of silver.
Countless other scenes there were upon that shield,
Artfully wrought by the deathless hands of cunning Hephaistos.
They all were wreathed as it were by the fathomless stream of Ocean
Running round the outer rim, in which the shield
Was set and all the intricate work was firmly fixed.

Beside the shield was a helmet of massive weight.
On this a very angry-looking Zeus was depicted
Standing in the heavens surrounded by toiling deities,
Who were supporting Zeus against the rebellious Titans.
Fierce flames already enwrapped the Titans and thunderbolts
Were pouring in a ceaseless stream like snowflakes
From heaven, now that Zeus's untold strength was stirred.
They were shown as burning while they still drew breath.
Beside that lay the massive hollow breastplate,
Unbreakable and solid, which fitted Peleus' son.

An enormous pair of greaves had been made that were light
To Achilles alone in spite of their massive weight.
Nearby brightly gleamed his irresistible sword,
Fitted with a golden baldric and a scabbard
Of silver, and to it was attached an ivory hilt
Conspicuous for its brilliance among that wondrous armor.
Alongside on the ground lay stretched the mighty spear
From Pelion, as large as the trunk of a lofty pine,
Reeking still of the gore that came from Hektor's wounds.

Then to the Argives Thetis in her dark-blue veil,
Grieving still for Achilles, spoke these remarkable words:
"That now is the end of all the contests of the arena
Arranged to honor the son whose death has filled me with sorrow.
Let him who rescued the corpse come forward, Achaia's best man,
And I will give him this splendid superhuman armor
To wear, which even the blessed immortals greatly admire."
Two men sprang to their feet in response with rival claims,
The son of Laertes and godlike Telamon's son
Ajax, who surpassed all Danaan men by far.
Just as one conspicuous star in the glittering sky,
The Evening Star, shines far more brightly than the rest,
Like that was Ajax standing beside Achilles' armor.
He asked for famous Idomeneus and the son of Neleus,
As well as for wise Agamemnon, whom he expected
To know the truth of what had been done in glorious battle.
Odysseus likewise had total confidence in those men,
As they enjoyed the Danaans' esteem for wisdom.

Nestor took Idomeneus and the son of Atreus
Aside and said what they were only too keen to hear:
"My friends, today a great and unendurable woe
Is being contrived for us by the carefree gods in heaven,
Now that mighty Ajax and subtle-minded Odysseus
Are heading for bitter strife that cannot be endured.
Whichever of them is granted the victor's glory by heaven
Will exult in his heart. The other in great and growing grief
Will blame the rest of the Danaans, but most of all
Us three. No longer as before will that man stand
Beside us in battle. Great will be the Achaians' regret
If either is seized by dreadful wrath, for of all our champions

They are the best, the one in battle, the other in counsel.
Listen now to me, seeing that I am older
By much more than a little, and with my great age
Has come wisdom from much experience, good and bad.
Always in counsel an older man with knowledge surpasses
A younger man because of all that he has learned.
Let us refer to prudent Trojans the judgment
Concerning godlike Ajax and Odysseus the warrior,
Which of them gives our enemy greater cause to fear
And which was the one who rescued the corpse of Peleus' son
From the deadly battle. We have prisoners of war
In plenty from Troy, who in their newfound state of compulsion
Will give an honest judgment in the case of these two
Without favor to anyone, since every Achaian
Seems equally hateful when they remember the ruin we've caused."

Agamemnon of the ashwood spear replied to Nestor:
"Old man, how true it is that we have no one wiser
Than you of all the Danaans, either young or old,
As is shown by your claim that implacable anger against the Argives
Will burn in the one who is placed by heaven short of the goal
Of victory. Truly this contest is between the best.
I also in my innermost being share your wish
To give the judgment of this case to our prisoners of war,
So that the blame and deadly retribution will be
Against the warlike Trojans, freeing us from resentment."
At Agamemnon's words they all with one accord
Publicly declined to judge the painful case.
After their refusal the splendid sons of Troy,
Prisoners of war as they were, sat down in their midst
To give an honest judgment in that warriors' quarrel.

Ajax, burning with anger, spoke before the assembly:
"Perverse Odysseus, some god must have robbed you of your wits
To think yourself my equal in unyielding strength.
So you claim to have kept the threatening throng from Achilles,
When he lay in the dust encircled by the Trojans
And I was dealing death and destruction to them
While you were skulking in terror. From your birth you were

A coward and a weakling, as far inferior to me
As is a dog to a loudly roaring lion.
No heart for steadfast fighting is in your breast;
Your concern is with deceit and deeds of shame.
Or have you forgotten the time you tried to get out of going
To Ilion's sacred city with the mustered Achaians,
But in spite of your skulking and refusal to follow
The sons of Atreus brought you? I only wish they hadn't!
It was at your suggestion that Poias' famous son
Was left on holy Lemnos because of the noise of his groaning.
He wasn't the only one whose ruin you brought about;
You also contrived the death of godlike Palamedes,
Who was your better in strength as well as intelligence.
Now you go so far as to pit yourself against me,
Not only forgetting my kindness but failing in respect
For one who is far superior to you. For I was the one
Who rescued you once in battle, terrified by the throng
Of foes. Cut off on the field and abandoned by the others
In the confusion of fighting, you were trying to flee.
I wish that even my courageous strength in that battle
Had felt the shock of Zeus from the sky, so that the Trojans
With their two-edged swords could have hacked you limb from limb
And made you food for their dogs. You wouldn't now be keen
To pit yourself against me trusting in trickery.

Scoundrel, if you were sure you were the strongest of all men,
Why did you keep your ships in the middle and didn't dare
Like me to haul those speedy vessels up on the outside?
Clearly you were the victim of fear. You couldn't protect
The ships from destructive fire, while I with my fearless spirit
Stood firm against both fire and Hektor. He yielded to me
In all the fighting, while you were always afraid of him.
I only wish this prize had been placed for us in the battle,
When the struggle was raging over fallen Achilles,
So that you could have seen me bearing this beautiful armor
Out of the enemy's deadly tumult back to our camp
As well as the body of brave Achilles. Now your claim
To great achievement simply rests on skill with words.
You haven't even the strength to wear this solid armor

Of the warrior grandson of Aiakos or hands
That can wield his spear. For me they are all a perfect fit,
So that it's fitting for me to wear such splendid armor,
Because I shall not shame the god's exquisite gift.
But why are we standing here beside the splendid armor
Of noble Achilles wrangling with abusive words
To see who is the better man in mortal combat?
For prowess, not for hurtful words this martial prize
Has been placed before us all by silver-footed Thetis.
Words are needed by people when they meet in assembly.
I know I am a better and far nobler man
Than you and my stock is the same as that of great Achilles."

These words of Ajax brought a response of bitter reproach
From the resourceful mind of Laertes' son:
"You babbler, Ajax, why so many empty words?
You have called me a worthless and troublesome weakling,
Whereas I am sure that I'm far superior to you
Both in wit and in words, the things that make men strong.
A cliff of rock in the mountains, however hard it is,
Is cut away by quarrymen, when they use their wits,
With ease. By use of wits the mighty roaring sea
Is safely crossed by sailors, however high the waves.
It's by their skills that hunters overcome powerful lions,
Leopards, and boars and other kinds of savage beasts.
Fiercely spirited bulls are tamed to bear the yoke
By human will. So all is achieved by intelligence.
As in planning so in performing every task
The witless man is inferior to the man with knowledge.
Because of my good sense, then, Oineus' daring grandson
Chose me in preference to all the others to help him reach
The Trojan guards and great was the deed that we did together.
Even the famous son of powerful Peleus himself
Was brought by me to help the sons of Atreus. If need
Of any other champion is felt by the men of Argos,
Neither will your hands make him come nor will the advice
Of any other Argives. I am the only Achaian
Who will bring him with soothing and persuasive words
To join our battles. Great is the power of speech with men
When it's combined with prudence. Courage, however,
Is without effect and size amounts to nothing

In a man, unless it's attended by wisdom and wit.
To me the immortals have given strength no less than wisdom
And so have made me a blessing to the people of Argos.

You did not, as you claim, once rescue me trying to flee
The throng of foes. I did not flee but firmly withstood
The onset of all the Trojans together. They came in a flood
Of force and fury, while I by the might of my hands
Robbed many of their lives. Your claim, then, is not true.
It wasn't me you protected in battle but your own life
That you were looking after, for fear of death by a spear
When fleeing the fight. I hauled my ships up in the middle
Not for fear of the enemy's strength, but to be always
On hand to the sons of Atreus with plans for the war.
So you placed your ships on the outside. I, however,
After disfiguring myself with terrible blows,
Entered the city of the Trojans in order to learn
All the plans they were making for this grievous war.
I was not afraid of Hektor's spear but was in fact
Among the first to leap to my feet in keenness to fight
That man, when, sure of his prowess, he challenged us all.
And just now over Achilles I slaughtered many more foes
Than you and rescued the body together with the armor.
Nor am I afraid of your spear, but now I am
Beset by pain from the serious wound that I received
On account of this armor and of Achilles after his death.
I too, like Achilles, can claim the noble blood of Zeus."

Odysseus' words were answered in turn by mighty Ajax:
"Odysseus, you're the most cunning and troublesome of men.
I didn't notice you at work there nor did any
Other Argive, when after Achilles' death the Trojans
Were keen to drag him off, while I with the strength of my spear
Unstrung the knees of some in the fight and put others to flight
With my repeated attacks. They fled in utter panic,
Like geese or cranes alarmed by the swooping attack
Of an eagle when feeding in a riverside meadow.
Thus Trojans shrank before my spear and slashing sword,
And entered Ilion to escape a great disaster.
If truly you felt any courage then, it wasn't near me
That you engaged the foe but somewhere far away,

Doing your work among different ranks, not over the body
Of godlike Achilles, where the battle really raged."
Ajax was answered then by crafty-minded Odysseus:
"Ajax, I don't suppose I am any worse than you
In strength as well as in mind, however renowned you are.
My mind is certainly superior to yours
In the eyes of the Argives, while for strength I'm at least your match
Or even more distinguished. That's something the Trojans know;
They tremble even at the distant sight of me.
You too, as much as any, are well aware of my might
From all the exhausting work you had in our wrestling match,
That time beside the tomb of slain Patroklos
The valiant son of Peleus held his famous games."

When the far-famed son of great Laertes had finished,
The sons of Troy gave judgment in that bitter dispute.
The victory and the immortal armor were awarded
By all of them with one accord to the warrior Odysseus.
Odysseus felt intense delight, but the army groaned.
Ajax's noble strength was frozen stiff, as suddenly
Pain and confusion overwhelmed him. All through his body
His crimson blood was boiling and bitter bile came flooding
Over into his liver. Dreadful anguish gripped
His heart, and through the base of his brain sharp pain
Came shooting up and totally enveloped the membranes,
Making his mind confused. He fixed his eyes on the ground
And stood there as though he could not move. A circle of comrades,
Sharing his anguish, led him to the fair-prowed ships
With many words of comfort. The path he unwillingly trod
Was to be his last, for Fate was following close behind.

Back to their ships beside the boundless sea
The Argives went in urgent need of supper and sleep.
Meanwhile Thetis plunged beneath that same wide sea
Accompanied by the rest of the Nereids. Round them swam
A host of creatures, children of the salty waters.
The Nereids still were bitterly angry with wise Prometheus,
When they recalled how his prediction made Kronos' son
Give Thetis in marriage to Peleus although she was unwilling.
Kymothoe expressed to them this strong resentment:
"Oh well, that villain certainly deserved what he suffered

In his unbreakable chains, when that great eagle burrowed
Into his belly and tore the liver that grew again."
As Kymothoe spoke to the dark-haired sea maids,
The sun went down and shadows spread across the fields
At night's approach; then stars were sprinkled over the sky.
The Argives rested beside their long-prowed ships,
Yielding to heavenly sleep and that delicious wine
Which from the noble Idomeneus' kingdom Krete
Was brought by sailors across the billowing sea.

Ajax in anger against the Argives had no thought
Of the pleasure of supper in his hut, nor did he enjoy
The embrace of sleep. In fury he put his armor on.
Clutching his sharpened sword he pondered unspeakable thoughts—
Whether to set fire to the ships and slaughter all
The Argives or only to use his murderous sword
To hack deceitful Odysseus quickly limb from limb.
Those were his thoughts, and soon he would have carried them out
Had not Tritonis inflicted uncontrollable madness,
From the concern she felt for much-enduring Odysseus,
Remembering his constancy in sacrificing to her.
That's why she turned the wrath of Telamon's mighty son
Away from the men of Argos. He went off like a storm
That's dreaded because of its load of deadly squalls,
A portent of chilling terror in the eyes of sailors,
When the Pleiades plunge beneath the unresting stream
Of Ocean, shrinking in fear from splendid Orion;
The air is in turmoil and the sea is mad with storm.
Ajax rushed off like that wherever his feet might go.
He ran in all directions like a reckless beast
That charges around in a deep and rocky glen
Foaming at the jaws and wishing every horror
For the hounds or hunters who have killed its young,
Tearing them from their cave; it opens its mouth and roars
In the hope of spotting its cherished cubs in a thicket;
Anyone who meets it in its maddened mood
Then and there will find his day of doom has dawned.
Such was Ajax's ruthless rage. His black heart boiled,
Just as a cauldron of water on the fire god's hearth
Is made to hiss and rage incessantly by the blaze
Of the burning wood that's piled all round its belly,

At the bidding of a workman who is impatient
To remove the bristles of a fine fat hog.
Thus Ajax's towering spirit boiled within his breast.
His raging was like a boundless sea, a storm
Or the rushing tireless force of fire, when incessantly
A strong wind rages with all its might in the mountains
And everywhere a mighty forest burns and falls.
Thus the pain that pierced the mighty heart of Ajax
Made him rage in anguish. A flood of foam kept flowing
From his mouth, a roar was heard from his open jaws,
And the armor round his shoulders clashed. All those who saw him
Trembled alike at the menace of a single man.

Then as Dawn with her reins of gold rode up from Ocean,
Sleep floated light as a breeze into the sky's expanse,
And there he met Hera just then returning to Olympos
From holy Tethys, where she had gone the previous day.
She clasped and kissed him, being as good as her son-in-law
Ever since he put Kronos' son to bed for her
On Ida's summit, when he was angry with the Argives.
She went straight to Zeus's palace, while Sleep shot off
To the bed of Pasithea and the human race woke up.

Meanwhile Ajax, like Orion who knows no rest,
Was prowling about with murderous madness in his breast.
He leapt upon the sheep like a sturdyhearted lion
Whose savage heart is overpowered by pangs of hunger.
He dashed them down in the dust in all directions
One after another, as leaves are strewn by the north wind's force
When summer is over and the season changes to winter.
Thus Ajax in utter fury fell upon the sheep
Believing that he was dealing doom upon the Danaans.

At that point Menelaos approached his brother
And spoke to him without the other Danaans knowing:
"This is likely to be the day of doom for us all
Now that mighty Ajax is in a state of madness.
He's likely to set fire to the ships and kill us all
Here in our camp in his resentment over the armor.
I wish that Thetis hadn't arranged a contest for that
And that the son of Laertes hadn't been so foolish

As to compete with a man who is so much his better.
We have been sadly mistaken, misled by an evil power.
With Aiakos' grandson dead the only bulwark left
To us in the war was the strength of Ajax. Now he as well
Will be removed by the gods to bring misfortune on us two,
Completing the total destruction of us all."
Agamemnon of the ashwood spear replied to him:
"Now, Menelaos, don't let the anguish of your heart
Make you angry with the wise Kephallenian king,
But rather with the gods who are planning our destruction.
That man isn't to blame, for very often he's been
A blessing indeed to us and a curse to our enemies."
Such were the words of those two in their concern for the Danaans.

Meanwhile far off beside the river Xanthos the shepherds
Were cowering under tamarisk bushes avoiding disaster.
Just as hares for fear of a speedy eagle cower
Under bushy thickets, while nearby, loudly screeching,
The eagle with outstretched wings flies this way and that,
The shepherds likewise scattered before that powerful man.
At length he stopped in front of a ram that he had killed
And with a horrible laugh he addressed these words to it:
"Lie there in the dust; be food for dogs and birds!
Even Achilles' glorious armor couldn't save you,
For which you rashly competed with one who was much your better.
Lie there, you dog! You won't be mourned with the embrace
Of wife and offspring in their uncontrollable grief
Nor by parents, who will not see you in their need,
A blessing in their old age, for far away from your home
The birds and dogs will devour you where you have fallen."
He said this in the belief that cunning Odysseus lay there
Among the slaughtered creatures befouled with all their blood.

Then, however, from Ajax's mind and eyes Tritonis
Scattered the deadly breath of fearsome Madness.
Madness sped off to the dreaded stream of Styx,
The home of the speedy spirits of vengeance which inflict
Terrible torments on every mortal who is too proud.
When Ajax saw those sheep convulsing on the ground,
He was struck with amazement, suspecting it was a trick
Of the blessed immortals. All the strength of his limbs collapsed

And his warrior soul was gripped with anguish. In his distress
He had no power of movement either forward or backward.
He stood there like a rocky peak that in the mountains
Towers high above all others, firmly rooted.
When at last he recovered the consciousness within him,
He uttered a dismal groan and spoke these plaintive words:
"Why, oh why, am I so hated by the gods?
They have deranged my mind and inflicted direst madness,
Making me slaughter sheep that weren't the cause of my anger.
I wish I had taken revenge on the evil heart of Odysseus
With these same hands. For he has involved me in ruinous folly,
That utterly wicked creature. May his spirit suffer
All the torments that the spirits of vengeance devise
For evil men. On the rest of the Argives may they inflict
Disastrous battles and losses to make them weep,
On Atreus' son Agamemnon chiefly. May he not come
Unscathed to the home that he longs to see again.
But why, if I'm truly brave, should I stay with those I hate?
Begone the cursed Argive army! Begone the life
I cannot endure! The brave are no longer rewarded; base men
Are honored now and preferred. And so Odysseus
Is honored among the Argives, while they have no thought
Of all that I have achieved and suffered for the army."

With these words sturdy Telamon's valiant son
Thrust the sword of Hektor through his throat. His blood
Spurted out with a gurgle and he was stretched in the dust,
Looking like Typhon blasted by Zeus's thunderbolts.
Round him as he fell the dark earth groaned aloud.
The Danaans then came crowding round at the sight of him
Laid low in the dust, whereas before not one had dared
Approach him, when the sight of him filled them all with fear.
Now round his corpse they threw themselves to the ground. Face down
They stretched themselves and heaped the dust upon their heads.
The sound of their lamentation rose to the sacred sky.
As when fleecy sheep are robbed of their tender young
By men who take them to make a meal for themselves;
The mothers leap high and bleat incessantly
All round the pens deserted by their offspring;
Just as loud that day round Ajax was the wailing

Of all the host. And loud was the echo from wooded Ida,
From the plain and the ships and from the boundless sea.

Teukros was fully minded to meet his own harsh doom
Close to Ajax. But he was kept from his massive sword
By others. In anguish he threw himself upon the body
Shedding a flood of tears, more even than a child
Who sits at a hearth and shrouds his head and shoulders with ashes,
With all his heart bewailing the day that orphaned him,
The mother dead who nursed the child that knew no father.
Such was Teukros' wail as he paced around the body
Of his slaughtered brother and spoke these plaintive words:
"Ajax strong in spirit, what disturbed your reason
To make you inflict such disastrous death on yourself?
Was it to give the sons of Troy relief from suffering,
So as to come and kill the Argives after your death?
No longer shall we have our former confidence
When we are slain in battle, for you were our shield from harm.
For me there's no more joy in returning home with you
Dead here. Instead I am minded to die myself in this place,
So that the life-giving earth may cover me with you.
I'm not so much concerned for my parents, if they're alive,
If they are living still in Salamis their home,
As for you who are dead, since you were all my pride."

The groan that followed his words was echoed by royal Tekmessa
The partner of noble Ajax, whom, though she was
A captive woman, he treated as his spouse
And made her mistress of everything that dowered wives
Control in the homes of their lawfully wedded husbands.
From the embraces of that invincible man she had borne
A son, Eurysakes, who was his father's image.
Because he was still very young, he had been left in his cradle.
She groaned aloud as she fell on the body she loved so well,
Soiling her lovely form with the dust in which she lay.
From her anguished heart she cried in lamentation:
"Oh my misfortune, now that you have met your death
Not by the hands of foes in battle but by your own!
So now unending grief awaits me. I never thought
That I would see the utterly woeful day of your death

At Troy. Malevolent Fates have confounded all my hopes.
I wish the nourishing earth had already swallowed me up
Before I saw this cruel doom of yours. I never
Had to suffer a worse disaster than this,
Not even my first misfortune when far from my home
And parents you carried me off with other captive women,
When bitterly I bewailed the fact that to me who had been
Respected as a princess the day of bondage had come.
However, the loss of either beloved home or parents
Does not trouble me as much as does your death.
In my misfortune you only thought of ways to please me.
You made me your wife to share your thoughts and said that you
Would straightaway make me queen of prosperous Salamis
When you returned from Troy. But heaven has not fulfilled that.
Now you are dead and gone and so can feel no concern
For me or for our son. He'll have no joy in a father,
Nor will he succeed to your throne. But other men will make
A wretched slave of him. When a father is no more
His children are left to the care of men who are very much
Inferior. When children are cursed with the loss of parents their lives
Are hard to bear and woe upon woe is heaped on them.
To me in my misery soon the day of bondage will come
With you who were a god to me already dead."

Agamemnon, out of kindness, answered her thus:
"Good woman, no one will ever make you his slave
As long as noble Teukros and I are still alive.
We shall always honor you with unstinted gifts,
Honor you like a goddess and also your child, as during
The life of godlike Ajax, who was the strength of Achaia.
I only wish he hadn't brought sorrow to all Achaia
In dying by his own hand. For all the countless armies
Of our enemies were unable to kill him in battle."
He spoke from the anguish of his heart. Round him the army
Raised a pitiful groan, while the Hellespont echoed
Their cries and over them hung a pall of deadly sorrow.

Even wise Odysseus felt pangs of grief
For the death of that man, and from his anguished mind
He addressed these words to the sorrowing men of Achaia:
"My friends, how true it is that there is nothing worse

Than anger that fosters bitter strife among men.
On this occasion it has goaded towering Ajax
With the resentment he felt for me. I only wish
That in the contest for Achilles' armor the Trojans
Had never crowned me with glorious victory, over which
Sturdy Telamon's valiant son in anguish of mind
Perished by his own hands. Yet I was not to blame
For his anger, but the grievous fate that destroyed him.
If I in my innermost heart had only suspected
That he would be so distraught in his mind, I wouldn't myself
Have gone to compete for victory, nor would I have allowed
Any other Danaan eager to contend.
Instead I would in person have taken that heavenly armor
And gladly given it to him with anything else he wanted.
I simply did not expect that he would be so distressed
And angry later, because it wasn't over a woman
Or a city that I contended or great possessions.
Our rivalry was simply over prowess,
For which right-minded men are always glad to contend.
Brave man though he was, some hostile power of fate
Made him do wrong. To be ruled by passion is unseemly.
The mark of a wise man, when assailed by a host of ills,
Is to bear them with firmness of heart and not to give way to grief."
Such were the words of the far-famed son of great Laertes.

When they'd all grown weary of wailing in deepest mourning,
The son of Neleus spoke to them in their state of grief:
"My friends, you see how fast the flintyhearted Fates
Have inflicted blow after blow of bitter grief on us
With the deaths of Ajax and of mighty Achilles,
Of other Argives too, including my own son
Antilochos. But when men have fallen in battle one shouldn't
Weep for days on end in an agony of grief.
So put aside unseemly wailing, because it's better
For us to render all that is due to men who have died—
The funeral pyre and grave, and the burial of bones.
The dead cannot be woken with our wailing, nor have they
Any perception when swallowed by the pitiless Fates."

In response to Nestor's advice the godlike kings
Quickly came together, their hearts oppressed by grief,

And carried Ajax's massive corpse to the speedy ships
Upheld by many hands. They covered him with a shroud,
After washing away the blood that with the dust
Lay caked all over his powerful limbs and armor.
Next a mass of timber was brought from Ida's heights
By the men, who then filed in procession round the body.
Timber in plenty they placed around it and plenty of sheep
And finely woven robes, the noblest breeds of cattle
And the horses of Ajax proud of their matchless speed,
Glittering gold and a countless haul of armor,
Which that glorious hero had stripped from those he'd slain.
There too they placed translucent amber, which is said
To be the tears of the all-seeing sun god's daughters,
The tears that once they shed for the death of Phaethon,
Mourning beside the mighty river Eridanos.
As a perpetual honor for his son the sun god
Made amber of their tears, a precious possession for men.
That now was cast upon the spreading funeral pyre
By the men of Argos to honor their fallen hero
Ajax. Round him also, groaning aloud, they placed
Costly ivory, silver with its misty sheen,
Jars containing oil and all the things
That go to make conspicuous wealth that honors a man.

Then fire was thrown on, fierce and strong. A wind sprang up
From the sea, which the goddess Thetis sent to consume
The mighty hero Ajax. All through the night and the day
He burned beside the ships at the urging of that wind.
Just as once by Zeus's deadly thunderbolt
Enkelados was overcome in the restless sea
Beneath Thrinakia, filling all the island with smoke;
Or as his living limbs were consigned to consuming fire
By Herakles under the torment of Nessos' trick,
When he dared a dreadful deed and all Oita echoed his moans
As he was burned alive; his spirit passed into air
To be numbered with the gods, leaving the famous man
Behind, when the earth received his much-enduring body;
Like them amid that fire, his battles all forgotten,
Lay Ajax in his armor. A mighty gathering thronged
The shore, of joyful Trojans and sorrowful Achaians.
When the devouring fire had consumed his handsome body,

They quenched the pyre with wine and gathered up his bones
Into a golden casket. Over that they heaped
A massive mound of earth not far from Cape Rhoiteion.
Thereat they scattered among the ships that leap the waves
Stricken with grief for one they had honored no less than Achilles.
The darkness of night had arrived, the bringer of sleep to men.
They, however, after their dinner waited for dawn
Enjoying little sleep and with only half-closed eyes.
Their minds were filled with fear that during the night the Trojans
Might attack them now that Telamon's son was dead.

BOOK 6 The Arrival of Eurypylos

Dawn left behind the stream of Ocean and the bed
Of Tithonos. Climbing the sky's expanse she scattered light
In all directions and brought a smile to earth and air.
Mortal men, who die so easily, turned to their tasks,
Each attending to his own. The Achaian troops
Came streaming to assembly at Menelaos' summons.
When everyone in the camp had gathered together,
He addressed them from the middle of the host:
"Listen, you princes of noble birth, to the words
I have to say. My heart within me is much distressed
At the deaths of the men who for my sake have come to fight
This bitter war, who won't be welcomed back by homes
Or parents. Many have been cut off by the power of Fate.
I only wish the heavy hand of implacable Death
Had fallen on me before I gathered this army here.
Now heaven has inflicted on me the ceaseless pain
Of seeing a host of evils. Who could know joy in his heart
At seeing the trials of hopeless war prolonged?
Let us who are still alive escape without delay
Aboard our speedy vessels, each to his own land,
Now that Ajax and mighty Achilles are dead.
With them both killed I cannot think that we shall escape
Death and destruction at the hands of the cursed Trojans
For my sake and for shameless Helen's. She is of less
Concern to me than you who are killed before my eyes
In battle. Good riddance to her and her utterly puny
Paramour. Heaven emptied her heart of all good sense
The day she abandoned my home and marriage bed.
Now Priam and Troy shall concern themselves for her affairs.
Let us be on our way at once. It's better by far
To escape the horrors of war than to be destroyed."

He spoke like that to test the Argives, while his heart
Within him was pondering with jealous passion
How to destroy the Trojans and level their lofty walls
To their foundations and glut the god of war with blood,

With noble Alexander fallen among the slain.
Nothing surpasses jealousy for inspiring hate.
Such were Menelaos' thoughts when he sat down.
Next the spearman son of Tydeus rose in their midst
And was quick to rebuke the war god's favorite Menelaos:
"You cowardly son of Atreus, what craven fear has taken
Possession of you to make you talk like that to the Argives,
Like some child or woman, people with puny powers?
You certainly won't be obeyed by the best of Achaia's sons,
Not till Troy's whole crown of walls is razed to the ground.
It's courage that brings men glory; flight brings only shame.
If anyone present actually does obey your orders,
I'll cut his head off on the spot with my dark steel
And throw it out as food for the birds that fly in the sky.
Let those responsible for stirring the spirits of men
Without delay rouse all the troops throughout the camp
To sharpen their spears and get their shields and other equipment
In good order, and also prepare a meal for all,
Both men and horses, now that they are eager for battle.
Out on the plain the war god soon will decide between us."
With that the son of Tydeus returned to his former seat.

But then the son of Thestor addressed these words to them,
Standing in the middle where it's the custom to speak:
"Hear me, beloved sons of Argos firm in the fray,
Who know how well I am able to speak prophetic words.
Long before this I said that in the tenth year we would
Lay waste lofty Ilion. Now that is being fulfilled
By the gods and victory is at the Achaians' very feet.
First, though, Tydeus' son and Odysseus the staunch in battle
Must be dispatched at once to Skyros by dark-colored ship
To use persuasion to bring the sturdy son of Achilles
Back with them, to come as a brilliant light for us all."
These words of prudent Thestor's son were received by the troops
With a shout of joy all round, for in their hearts they felt sure
The statement made by Kalchas would prove to be true.
Then it was Laertes' son who addressed the Achaians:
"My friends, today is not the time for a lengthy speech
To you, who already are chafing in your eagerness.
I know that when people are tired they do not welcome
A speaker or even a singer favored by the immortal

Pierian Muses. Brevity then is what men want.
So now the thing that's approved by all the Argive army
I'm ready to do, especially with the son of Tydeus.
We shall go together and bring the sturdy son
Of Achilles the warrior, using persuasive words,
No matter how much his mother uses her tears
To keep him at home, when she suspects in her heart
That the son of a mighty father must be inclined to war."
His words now brought this shrewd response from Menelaos:
"Odysseus, you are truly a boon to the forces of Argos.
If indeed the sturdy son of greathearted Achilles
Through your persuasion comes from Skyros to give us
The help we long for and one of the gods in heaven grants us
The victory that we pray for and I return to Greece,
Then I will give him as his wife my splendid daughter
Hermione and many precious gifts with her,
Most willingly. I don't suppose he will be so proud
As to disdain so noble a wife and father-in-law."
The Danaans shouted approval of Menelaos' promise.

With the assembly dissolved they dispersed among the ships
Eager for a meal, such as sustains a man.
When they had finished, fully satisfied with food,
The son of Tydeus in company with wise Odysseus
Launched a speedy vessel onto the boundless sea.
Quickly they put provisions and all the tackle on board
And then embarked themselves with a crew of twenty men,
Who had the skill to row whenever winds are adverse
And when the surface of the sea is flattened with calm.
Seated upon their strongly constructed benches
They struck the swelling sea and raised much boiling foam.
They traversed the watery ways, as with their oars
The ship was sped along. The rowing made them sweat.
As when oxen, laboring hard beneath the yoke,
Are keen to pull a wooden cart on its way;
Under the weight of its load the axle creaks as it turns;
Off the necks and shoulders of the hard-pressed pair
Copious sweat runs all the way to the ground;
Such then was the labor of those men at their heavy oars
And very quickly they covered the distance over the sea.

The rest of the Achaians gazed after them as they went,
While they sharpened their deadly darts and spears for fighting.

Behind their walls the Trojans undaunted prepared themselves,
Eager for the fray but beseeching the blessed gods
For respite from slaughter and relief from toil.
To meet their desire the gods brought them a strong protector
From suffering, Eurypylos, mighty Herakles' stock.
He was followed by a host that was skilled in warfare,
All those who had their home around the mouth
Of long Kaikos and put their trust in powerful spears.
Round him thronged the sons of Troy, hearts filled with joy.
As when domestic geese that are kept inside a pen
Catch sight of the man who throws their food to them;
They gather round to fawn on him with cackling beaks
And at the sight of them the heart of the man is warmed;
Like that the sons of Troy were gladdened by the sight
Of mighty Eurypylos, whose valiant heart within him
Rejoiced to see them thronging. Women from their doorways
Admired the noble champion outstanding in the throng,
No less than a lion among some jackals in the mountains.

He was welcomed by Paris and honored as much as Hektor,
Since he was their cousin and of common stock.
He was born of the noble sister of Priam,
Astyoche, when she had lain in the strong embrace
Of Telephos, who was the son of fearless Herakles,
Born of fair-tressed Auge without her father's knowledge.
When he was a baby and in need of milk,
A swift doe fed him, loving him like her own fawn
And giving her udder according to Zeus's plan. It was not
Fitting that Herakles' offspring should die a miserable death.
So Telephos' glorious son was very gladly conducted
By Paris to his own home through Troy's broad streets
Past Assarakos' tomb, the lofty house of Hektor,
And Tritonis' holy temple, near which stood
His home and the inviolate altar of Zeus the Guardian.
Concerning his brothers, his kinsmen, and his parents
He was keenly questioned by Paris and told him everything.
So they conversed with one another as they went.

They entered the spacious and sumptuous house, where Helen sat
Goddesslike and clothed in the beauty of the Graces.
Four serving maids attended busily to her needs,
While others there were outside her splendid chamber
Performing such tasks as befitted domestic slaves.
Helen was filled with wonder on seeing Eurypylos
And he likewise at Helen. They greeted each other
With words of welcome in that fragrant room.
Then attendants placed two chairs beside their mistress,
Whereat Alexander sat down and next to him
Eurypylos.

Their troops were camping outside the walls,
Where the valianthearted Trojan guards were posted.
Quickly they placed their armor on the ground and tethered
Their horses nearby, still panting after their painful toil.
Into the mangers they tossed the food swift horses need.
Night then came upon them darkening earth and sky.
So they took their meal below the towering walls,
Keteians and Trojans together. Much was the talk that rose
As they dined. All over the camp there were strongly blazing fires
Beside the shelters. The sound was heard of strident panpipes
And of oboes fitted with their shrill-toned reeds,
Mingled with the melodious notes of lyres.
From their distant positions the Argives stared in amazement
At the sounds of horses and men, of the oboes and lyres
And panpipes that are played by herdsmen and at feasts.
So the commander at each encampment ordered his men
To guard their ships with relieving watches through to dawn,
For fear the confident Trojans might come and set them on fire,
Since now they were feasting out in front of their towering walls.

Also feasting then in the house of Alexander
With other famous leaders was Telephos' warrior son.
Priam and the other sons of Troy took turns
To make repeated pleas that he should engage the Argives
And inflict a dreadful doom, which he promised to carry out.
After their dinner they departed each to his home.
Eurypylos went to bed nearby in the house,
In a splendid chamber that was the usual resting place
Of noble Alexander himself and his famous wife.

It was an amazing room, the choicest of them all,
Where he went to repose.

The others slept elsewhere
Till the arrival of Dawn enthroned in splendor. Thereat
The son of Telephos rose and rejoined the mighty army
Together with all the other leaders at Ilion.
At once the soldiers eagerly put their armor on,
All of them yearning to labor at the front of the fight.
So also Eurypylos covered his massive frame
With armor that was as bright as flashes of lightning.
His splendid shield was covered with many intricate scenes,
All the deeds once done by Herakles' courage and strength.
On it, with fearsome jaws and flickering tongues,
Were a pair of darting snakes that really seemed to move
With terrible intent. But one on either side
Was being quelled by the infant Herakles. Fearless were
His mind and spirit, because he had the strength of Zeus
From birth. For offspring of the heavenly gods
Are never helpless or ineffectual; they are endowed
With unbounded prowess even in the womb.

On it was depicted the monstrous Nemean lion,
As by the powerful hands of mighty Herakles
It was roughly subdued. Around its fearsome jaws
Blood and foam appeared as it seemed to breathe its last.
Nearby was fashioned the form of the many-headed hydra
With fiercely flickering tongues. Of its deadly heads
Some were lying destroyed on the ground, while others were growing,
A host in place of a few, hard work for Herakles
And brave Iolaos, both of whom had dauntless spirits.
While one was lopping off the menacing heads with rapid
Cuts of a jagged sickle, the other cauterized
With a red-hot iron, stopping the monster's violent attack.
The next depiction was of the great invincible boar
With foaming jaws and carried, as if it was real,
Alive to Eurystheus by Alkaios' mighty grandson.
Finely fashioned also was the fleet-foot hind
That ravaged all the crops of its unhappy neighbors.
By its golden antlers that powerful hero held it,
While it was breathing out a blast of destructive fire.

Nearby were the hated birds of Stymphalos. Some struck
By his arrows were expiring in the dust, while others,
Still trying to escape, were darting through the gray sky.
Aiming at these in his fury Herakles was shooting
One arrow after another, seeming in hottest haste.

There also the massive stables of godlike Augeias
Were skillfully fashioned on that indestructible shield.
Into them the copious stream of the sacred Alpheus
Was being diverted by mighty Herakles, while some nymphs
Admired his marvelous deed. Elsewhere appeared a bull
That breathed out fire. Although it was matchless, Herakles forced it
By its powerful horns to bend. On both his arms
The tireless muscles stood out in his exertion
And the bull appeared to utter a bellow. Not far from that
Upon the shield, arrayed in heavenly beauty, was fashioned
Hippolyte, whom Herakles with his powerful arms,
Eager to strip her of her finely fashioned girdle,
Was dragging off her speeding horse by her hair, while the other
Amazons were fleeing in terror. Near to these,
In the land of Thrace, were Diomedes' baneful horses,
Man-eating mares. Beside their loathsome mangers
Herakles slew them together with that wicked king.
On it appeared the bulk of unresting Geryon
Dead beside his cattle. Sprawling in the dust
Were his bloody heads, destroyed by the force of Herakles' club.
Destroyed in front of him lay that deadliest of dogs
Orthros, his massive strength equal to that of vicious
Kerberos, who was his brother. Nearby there lay
Eurytion his herdsman, all befouled with blood.
Near to those were depicted the gleaming golden apples
Of the Hesperides on their sacred tree, round which
The frightful serpent was lying dead, while on every side
Those maidens were cowering in dread of mighty Zeus's bold son.
There too was a sight that truly frightened even the gods,
Kerberos, whom Echidna bore to tireless Typhoeus
In a cavern of horror close to the home of Night
The black and terrible. He was a hideous monster,
Which at the sinister gate of Hades the bringer of tears
Kept at bay the throng of the dead in that pit of gloom.
The son of Zeus, though, easily overpowered him with blows,

Brought him with drooping heads past Styx's plunging stream,
And dragged him against his will to a world that was strange to him,
By dint of courage.

Separately shown were the long ravines
Of Kaukasos, where in all directions Prometheus' bonds
Had been torn up from the rocks to which they were bolted
For that great Titan's release. Nearby the cruel eagle
Lay, where Herakles' painful arrow had pierced its body.
The powerful Kentaurs were depicted in all their might
Outside the home of Pholos. Goaded by strife and wine
Those monsters dared to fight against Herakles.
Some of them lay there slaughtered among the fir trees,
Holding them in their hands as weapons, while others still
Were fighting furiously with their pine trunks and hadn't abandoned
The battle. The heads of them all were drenched in gore,
Battered in that pitiless struggle that seemed to be real.
Their blood was mixed with the wine and everything was smashed,
The food, the mixing bowls, and the finely polished tables.
In another position, beside the river Euenos, Nessos
In flight from that battle was destroyed by Herakles' arrow
For provoking him over his lovely wife. Shown also
Was mighty Antaios in all his strength, for even he,
The one who was always engaging in bouts of wrestling,
Was lifted high and crushed in Herakles' powerful arms.
Lying beside the mouth of the rapid Hellespont
Was seen a huge and frightful creature struck down by the arrows
Of Herakles to release Hesione from her chains.
Yet further marvelous deeds of Alkaios' valiant grandson
Were on the broad shield of Eurypylos the favored of Zeus.

He looked just like the war god moving among the ranks.
The Trojans who escorted him rejoiced to see
The armor and the man who was clothed in godlike beauty.
Paris then urged him to battle with the following words:
"I'm glad that you have come, for I feel in my heart
That every single Argive will meet a miserable death
Along with their ships, because no man like you has ever
Been seen among the Trojans or the warlike Achaians.
I beg you, by the greatness and might of Herakles,
Whom you resemble in size and strength and splendid appearance,

Set your mind on deeds that will match his memory,
Boldly save the Trojans from being slaughtered
And win us a breathing space. I believe you're the only one
Who can shield our perishing city from an evil doom."
Eurypylos answered those words of strong encouragement:
"Son of Priam, stouthearted and handsome as a god,
It rests upon the knees of the immortals as to
Who will die and who will survive the violent fray.
For my part, as duty bids and my fighting powers permit,
I'll stand in defense of the city and also swear an oath
Not to return before either killing or being killed."
Eurypylos' brave words greatly delighted the Trojans.
He then chose Alexander and valianthearted Aineias,
Polydamas of the ashwood spear and noble Pammon,
Deiphobos too and Aithikos the best of all
The Paphlagonians at holding back the throng on the field.
All these he chose for their skill in the work of war,
In order to fight the foe among the foremost ranks
In battle. Immediately they moved ahead of the throng
And made an eager charge from the city.

They were followed
By a host of soldiers, like a splendid swarm of bees
That follow their leaders out of a covered hive
In a noisy stream when the first day of spring arrives.
Thus were those human leaders followed into the fray.
As they advanced a mighty rumble rose to the sky
From horses and men, and the sound of their armor defied description.
As when the force of a mighty wind swoops down
And stirs the barren sea to its very bottom;
Inky waves come rushing into shore with a roar,
Spewing seaweed out of the booming surf,
And all along the barren beaches the noise resounds;
Such was the wide earth's sound beneath those marching men.
Far off the Argives were streaming out of their fortified camp
Round noble Agamemnon. The cries of soldiers were heard
Encouraging each other to face the deadly fight
And not linger beside their ships in cowardly fear
Of the menacing sounds of those who were eager for combat.
They went to meet the advancing Trojans as gladly as calves
Meet cows returning to a farmstead from the thickets

Of springtime pastures on the hillsides, when the fields
Are thick with abundant crops and the earth is teeming with flowers;
Bowls are brimming with the milk of cows and ewes;
Loud is the lowing that rises on every side
From the mingling cattle, much to their herdsman's joy.
No less was the din that rose from those armies advancing
Toward each other, the fearsome shouting on either side.

Unbridled battle then strained their strength, with Tumult itself
And horrible Slaughter stalking through their midst.
Spears and helmets and oxhide shields were clashing in close
Combat and round them bronze was flashing bright as flames.
The battle bristled with spearheads, while on every side
The rich black soil was soaked with the blood of slaughtered warriors
And of fleet-foot horses sprawling among the chariots,
Some writhing from the wounds of spears and others collapsing
On top of them. Their horrible shrieking rent the air.
Both sides felt the impact of ironhearted Strife.
It was a pitiless battle, some fighting with stones,
Some with freshly sharpened casting spears and arrows,
Others with single- and double-bladed battle-axes
And others with powerful swords and spears for close combat.
Each defended himself with the weapon of his choice.
First it was the Argives who pushed the Trojan lines
Backward a little way. But then the Trojans charged
And drenched the field with blood as they leapt upon the Argives.
Eurypylos in their midst, like some black hurricane,
Ranged the length of the army killing the men of Argos
Fearlessly. For he was endowed with unspeakable strength
By Zeus to promote the glory of Herakles.

Next it was Nireus, a man who rivaled the gods,
Who was struck as he fought the Trojans by Eurypylos' spear,
Just above the navel, which made him fall to the ground.
Out gushed his blood and soaked his splendid armor;
Soaked too was his radiant beauty and luxuriant hair.
There among the slain in the dust and blood he lay,
Like the vigorous shoot of a tender olive sapling
Torn by a flooding river along its roaring course
With the broken bank and all the scattered trench;
Uprooted it lies there heavy with its blossom.

Thus then upon the earth's broad back extended lay
The handsome frame of Nireus in all its loveliness.
Loud was the boast of Eurypylos over the man he had killed:
"Lie there in the dust now that your marvelous beauty
Has failed to protect you as you would have wished. Instead
I've robbed you of your life in spite of your wish to escape.
Poor fool, you didn't know you were meeting a better man.
Beauty is no match for brawn in battle."

That said, he was going to swoop upon his victim and strip
His splendid armor when Machaon blocked his way,
Angry for Nireus, who had suffered his fate nearby.
With a cruel spear Machaon struck his broad
Right shoulder and so caused that strong man's blood to flow.
But even so Eurypylos didn't draw back from the tumult.
Instead, just as a lion or wild boar in the mountains
Rages when surrounded until it destroys its attacker,
Whoever in the throng is first to deal a wound,
Such was his intent as he leapt upon Machaon
And swiftly dealt a wound with his long and heavy spear
Into the right buttock. The other neither retreated
Nor flinched before his attacker despite the flow of blood.
Rather, in a flash he lifted a massive stone
And hit the head of Telephos' valiant son with it.
The other was saved by his helmet from serious harm or death
On the spot. But fury against his powerful foe then filled
Eurypylos the warrior and with raging spirit
Straight through Machaon's breast he drove his rapid spear,
So that its bloody point protruded from his back.
Machaon went down like a bull in the jaws of a lion,
With a loud clatter from the shining armor he wore.

Eurypylos immediately pulled the deadly spearhead
Out of the wounded flesh and shouted these words of triumph:
"Poor wretch, the mind within you can't have been soundly based
When you, a weakling, came out to face a far better man
Than you. That's why you have fallen foul of heaven's doom.
Your reward will be to have the birds dividing
Your flesh up after your death in battle. Or do you expect
To go home after escaping from my mighty hands?

You are a healer with expertise in soothing salves;
Perhaps you expect them to help you escape the evil day.
Not even your father himself from his place on misty Olympos,
Not even he could rescue you this time from death
By pouring his nectar and ambrosia over you."
Machaon answered him with the little breath he had left:
"Your lot too, Eurypylos, is that you haven't long
To live. Your deadly Fate is standing next to you,
Right here on the plain of Troy where you are wreaking havoc."
His life's breath left as he spoke and headed straight for Hades.
The hero addressed him even though now he was no more:
"You lie there on the ground right now. For my part
The future doesn't concern me, even if dismal destruction
Is right at my heels this very day. We mortal men
Don't live forever; death is fated for us all."

With that he stabbed the body, when Teukros gave a great shout
At the sight of Machaon in the dust. Far off from Machaon
He'd been standing hard at work and in between them
The battle was pressing, one man charging at another.
Still Teukros did not disregard that fallen hero,
Nor Nireus either lying beside him, whom he noticed
Only after godlike Machaon, down in the dust.
At once he called to the Argives at the top of his voice:
"Charge, you men of Argos. Don't give ground to the enemy's
Charges. It will mean unspeakable shame for us
If noble Machaon and godlike Nireus are dragged off
By the Trojans and taken away to Ilion.
Come, then, let us fight the enemy with a will,
Till either we carry off our fallen ones or die
Ourselves at their side, because it is the duty of men
To defend their own and stop them becoming the spoil of others.
The greater glory of men is only gained through sweat."
Teukros' words distressed the Danaans. Round those bodies
The ground was reddened by many victims of the war god,
Men fighting on either side in the evenly balanced battle.

The woeful death of Machaon, struck down in the dust, was noticed
By his brother Podaleirios late, because
He was sitting among the swift ships tending the soldiers

Wounded by spears. He dressed himself in all his armor,
Fury for his brother filling his spirit. His breast
Was swelling with a terrible force that made him eager
To enter the woeful battle and his black blood boiled
In his raging heart. In a flash he leapt among the foes
Brandishing in his agile hand his long-headed spear.
Swiftly he slew the noble son of Agamestor,
Kleitos, borne by a fair-tressed nymph beside the river
Parthenios, whose fair-flowing water crosses the land
As smoothly as olive oil on its way to the Euxine Sea.
Beside his brother's body he killed another enemy,
Lassos, Pronoe's godlike son, who was born beside
The river Nymphaios very close to a cave that is
Both wide and wondrous and is said to be sacred
To those same nymphs who haunt the lofty hills
Of the Paphlagonians and those living at wine-producing
Herakleia. Certainly it's a suitable cave
For deities, because it is immense to behold.
Through its stony space a stream of water flows
Which is as cold as ice. In all of its recesses
Stand mixing bowls of stone upon the rugged rocks,
Looking as though they had been made by the hands of men.
Together with these are figures of Pans and lovely nymphs,
Looms and distaffs and every other object
Of human craftsmanship, a truly marvelous sight
For mortal men who go inside that sacred recess.
Two ways there are of descending to it and climbing out,
One of them turned toward the north wind's booming blasts,
The other one toward the watery wind of the south.
Mortals enter the yawning cave of the nymphs from the south,
The other being the way of the blessed gods, where humans
Cannot easily go, since there a chasm yawns
All the way down to the pit of haughty Hades;
Only the blessed gods have the right to look that way.

Meanwhile over Machaon and the famous son of Aglaia
A host of men were killed, men fighting on either side.
At last the Danaans dragged off those two after struggling
Very hard. Straight back to their ships they were brought by just

A few men, for most were still engulfed in the stress
Of bitter battle, compelled to keep on toiling.

When very many men had glutted the gloomy powers
Of death amid the confusion of blood and agony,
The bulk of the Argives retreated into their ships' enclosure,
Caught in the cruel tide of Eurypylos' attack.
A handful led by Ajax and Atreus' two mighty sons
Held their ground in the battle. Soon all of them would have perished
At the enemy's hands, surrounded by their throng,
Had not Oileus' son speared prudent Polydamas
In between his breast and his left shoulder,
Causing his blood to flow and him to recoil a little.
Deiphobos was wounded by far-famed Menelaos
On the right of his breast, but made his escape with nimble feet.
Next noble Agamemnon slew a goodly number
Of the murderous mob and went in pursuit of Aithikos
With frenzied spear, but he slipped away among his friends.
When Eurypylos the rouser of armies noticed
All those men withdrawing from the bitter conflict,
At once he abandoned the troops he had driven among the ships
And swooped full speed upon the two mighty sons of Atreus
And the sturdy-spirited son of Oileus,
Who excelled in speed of foot as well as in fighting.
Swiftly he leapt upon them gripping his spear's long shaft.
With him went both Paris and valianthearted Aineias,
Who was quick to hurl a massive stone at Ajax
And hit his solid helmet. Full length in the dust he was laid
But did not breathe his last, because his day of doom
Was fixed for his return, on the Kapherean Rocks.
His battle-practiced attendants snatched him up
And bore him, scarcely breathing, toward the Achaian ships.

Then indeed those far-famed kings the sons of Atreus
Were left alone with a murderous mob surrounding them
And hurling from every side whatever their hands could find.
Some sent a shower of deadly arrows, some of stones,
And others of spears. Those two were caught in the middle turning
This way and that like boars or lions in an enclosure,

On a day when rulers gather people together
And cruelly shut them in to meet a dreadful death
From the savage beasts that are penned in there with them
To tear apart any slave who happens to come too close.
Enclosed like that those two dealt death to their assailants.
But eager though they were to escape, they couldn't have managed
Without the arrival of Teukros and valiant Idomeneus
With Meriones and Thoas and godlike Thrasymedes,
Who were previously afraid of Eurypylos' strength.
They would have escaped disaster by fleeing to the ships,
If grave concern for the sons of Atreus had not brought them
To face Eurypylos and started a desperate battle.
Teukros of the ashwood spear first thrust his weapon
Into the shield of Aineias but did not wound his flesh,
The cover of four great hides protecting him from harm.
But even so the shock of it made him recoil a little.
Meriones then rushed at noble Laophoon
The son of Paion, borne by fair-tressed Kleomede
Beside the river Axios, who'd gone to holy Ilion
With noble Asteropaios in order to help the Trojans.
Meriones then pierced him with the point of his spear
Just above his private parts and tore out his bowels
In a moment. His spirit sped off into darkness.

Then the warrior comrade of Ajax the son of Oileus,
Alkimedon, made a throw at the throng of sturdy Trojans.
Uttering a prayer he shot at the fearful melee of foes
A lethal stone from his sling. Men ducked to either side
In terror of that stone as it whistled on its way.
A deadly fate directed it at the charioteer
Of Pammon, bold Hippasides. It struck his temple
While he was holding the reins and knocked him straight from his chariot
In front of his own wheels. The rapid chariot's tires
Rolled back over the fallen man's unfortunate body
When his horses started. Dread death overpowered him
Very quickly, his whip and his reins left far behind.
Pammon was plunged in sorrow. Necessity suddenly made him
At once both leader and driver of his rapid chariot.
He would have met on the spot his final day of doom,

Had not one of the Trojans amid the bloody tumult
Taken hold of the reins and rescued his leader,
Hard pressed as he was just then by the enemy's murderous hands.

As godlike Akamas rushed forward to attack,
The sturdy son of Nestor speared him above the knee
And plunged him in piercing pain from the horrible wound.
He drew back from the fighting and left to his friends the struggle
That brought men tears, for fighting no longer concerned him.
Then one of famous Eurypylos' attendants
Struck a comrade of Thoas, prudent Deiopites,
Just below the shoulder. The spear came close to his heart
Inflicting cruel pain and with the blood a cold sweat
Broke out over his body. As he was turning to go,
Eurypylos caught him from behind with all his strength
And severed the tendons that gave him speed. His feet unwillingly
Stopped where he was struck and life immortal left him.
Paris was pierced by a rapid thrust of Thoas' sharp spear
In his right thigh, which made him retreat a little way
To retrieve his bow and speedy arrows left in the rear.
Next Idomeneus with the biggest stone he could lift
Struck Eurypylos on the arm. Down onto the ground
Fell his deadly spear. He had to withdraw at once
For a spear to replace the one that had been knocked from his hand.
So the sons of Atreus enjoyed a little respite from fighting.

But quickly Eurypylos' attendants came and brought him
A long hard spear, with which he undid the strength of many.
He took it and ranged the army with raging strength.
Killing whomever he met he vanquished a crowd of his foes.
No Danaan hand-to-hand fighters, Atreus' sons or others,
Held their ground any longer, gripped as they were by abject
Terror. Bringing a surge of disaster for them all,
Eurypylos attacked and slaughtered from behind.
He made this appeal to the Trojans and his comrade horsemen:
"My friends, with one united spirit in our breasts
Let us deal out death and destruction to the Danaans
Now that they, no better than sheep, are going back
To the shelter of their ships. Let none of us forget
The deadly art of war we have known since we were boys."

They answered by leaping upon the Argives as one man.
These turned in utter terror from the savage melee
With their foes in hot pursuit, like white-fanged hounds
Chasing wild deer through the woods of long ravines.
Many were dashed down in the dust despite their desire
To flee the slaughter that menaced them so grievously.
Killed then by Eurypylos were noble Boukolion,
Nisos, Chromios, and Antiphos, inhabitants
Some of rich Mykene and others of Lakedaimon.
They were the famous men that were put to death by him,
While of the common throng he slew unnumbered hordes.
I could not sing of them all however much I wished to,
Not even if I had a heart of steel in my breast.

Aineias laid low Pheres and Antimachos,
Both of whom had come from Krete with Idomeneus.
The victim of great Agenor was the noble Molos,
Who'd come from Argos under Sthenelos' command.
While he was lagging far behind in his flight from the fray,
He was hit by the freshly sharpened spear in his lower
Right leg. The spearhead cut clean through it, severing
The tendon's thickness and cruelly shattering the bone.
The man was doomed to die a truly painful death.
Then Paris brought down Mosynos and valiant Phorkys,
Two brothers who had journeyed there from Salamis
Aboard the ships of Ajax but did not return on them.
Next he killed Kleolaos, Meges' worthy attendant,
Hitting him on the left of his chest so that deadly darkness
Seized him and his spirit flew away. Though killed,
Inside his breast his pain-pierced heart was still
Producing rapid throbs and shaking the feathered weapon.
Paris quickly shot another arrow, at bold
Eetion, and its bronze head cut straight through
His jaw. He groaned and with his blood were mingled tears.
Each slew a different foe, until much ground was crowded
With whole troops of Argives fallen on one another.

Now the Trojans would have set fire to the ships,
If night had not overtaken them with a shroud of mist.
Eurypylos therefore withdrew, and with him the sons of Troy,

A little way from the ships to the banks of the Simoeis,
Where they bivouacked full of joy. Meanwhile the Argives
With many moans collapsed on the sand among their ships,
Overwhelmed with grief for their dead, for black was the fate
That had befallen so many of them in the dust.

BOOK 7 The Arrival of Neoptolemos

When heaven hid the stars from view and Dawn awoke
With a blaze of light that routed the darkness of night,
The sturdy warrior sons of Argos marched out
In front of their ships determined to face Eurypylos
And fight with all their might, apart from those who stayed
Within the shelter of their ships to bury Machaon
And Nireus, the man who rivaled the blessed immortal beings
With his radiant beauty, but was not strong in body.
The gods don't grant perfection to human beings in all things,
For Fate decrees that evil must accompany good.
So with the radiant loveliness of royal Nireus
Weakness was linked. But the Danaans didn't dishonor him,
For his burial rites and graveside lamentation
Equaled those of noble Machaon, whom they honored
Like an immortal god because of his famous skills.
A single burial mound was raised for the two of them,
While out on the plain the madness of murderous war continued.
From both the armies there came a mighty clatter and din,
The smashing of oxhide shields with stones and spears.

While the exhausting work of war engaged the others,
Unbroken fast was kept by Podaleirios, lying
In the dust and moaning aloud. He would not leave
The graveside of his brother and his reckless mind
Was set on killing himself by his own hands.
Now he put his hands to his sword and now
He looked for a deadly poison, while his comrades restrained him
With many soothing pleas. In his unabating anguish
He would have ended his life then with his own hands,
There upon the new-made tomb of his brave brother,
If Neleus' son had not been told and shown his concern
For him in his fearful affliction. He found him at one time
Throwing himself on the woeful grave and at another
Pouring dust upon his head and beating his breast
With violent blows of his fists while calling out
The name of his brother. Round their master a circle of servants

Joined his comrades in groaning, all in the grip of grief.
To soothe his bitter sorrow Nestor said to him:
"This distressing work of woe must stop, my son.
It is not fitting that a man with your good sense
Should weep like a woman prostrate at a dead man's side.
You will not bring him back to the light now that his spirit
Has taken wing and vanished into air, while his body
Has been consumed by fire and his bones consigned to the earth.
The life that sprouted has withered. But your unspeakable sorrow
Must be endured like mine for a man as good as Machaon,
The son I have lost at the hands of the foe, who with his spear
Excelled no less than with his wisdom. There never was
A man who loved his father as much as he loved me.
He died for me, because of his desire to save
His father. And yet immediately after his killing I was
Able to eat and live to see the light of day,
Knowing as I did that all we men must tread
One common path to Hades and for us all is fixed
By Fate one gloomy goal. So every mortal man
Must learn to accept the gifts of heaven, both good and painful."

Grieving Podaleirios answered Nestor, as tears
Of sorrow still streamed down and soaked his blooming cheeks:
"Father, my heart is overwhelmed by unbearable grief
For a brother who was so wise and who brought me up
As though I were his son when our father had gone to heaven,
Cradling me in his arms and devotedly teaching me
His cures for sicknesses. Both bed and board we shared
And took delight in having all possessions in common.
How, then, can I forget the grief that assails me? His death
Has ended my desire for the lovely light of life."
The old man answered these sorrow-stricken words of his:
"All human beings share this common bane from heaven,
Bereavement. All alike will be covered by the earth,
Although our path to the end of life is not the same
Nor such as each of us desires, because both good
And evil fortunes rest on the knees of the gods above,
By the Fates all mixed together. Not a single
Immortal can see them, for they have been made invisible,
Concealed as they are by a marvelous mist. And Fate alone
Lays hands on them, but she cannot look when from Olympos

She casts them down to earth. They are borne in all directions
As though by gusts of wind, and often a worthy man
Is overwhelmed by disaster, while to a rogue goes wealth
Unwillingly, for human life is truly blind.
And so we do not walk securely, but very often
Our feet are prone to stumble. Appearances change and lead
Sometimes to suffering and distress, at other times
To blessing. No mortal man has been completely happy
From start to finish. The fortunes faced by each are different.
Since our life is short it is not right to live it
In sorrow. Always hope for improvement rather than dwelling
On painful thoughts. There is, moreover, a saying among us
That to an eternal home in heaven go the souls
Of the good but those of the bad to darkness. Two things counted
In your brother's favor, his kindness to fellow mortals
And his immortal father. He has, I believe, gone up
To join the race of the gods through your father's intercession."
With these encouraging words he raised him from the ground,
Though still unwilling, and led him away from that dreadful grave
Repeatedly turning back and groaning painfully.
So they arrived at the ships, where painful toil engaged
The Achaians and Trojans alike with the battle under way.

Eurypylos' stubborn spirit was like the war god's,
As with unwearied hands and furious spear
He slaughtered hordes of his foes. The ground was crammed with the corpses
Of those killed on both sides. He had to step on them
As he fought on undaunted, hands and feet bespattered
With blood. He never ceased his unrelenting warfare.
With his spear he dispatched stouthearted Peneleos
When they met on that merciless field, and many round him
He slaughtered. Far from stopping his hands from fighting
He pursued the Argives with fury, just as earlier
Over the heights of Pholoe mighty Herakles
Unleashed all his furious strength upon the Kentaurs,
Killing every one of them in spite of their speed
And strength and proficiency in deadly combat.
Likewise in quick succession the Danaan spearmen succumbed
To Eurypylos' onslaught, and in all directions
Whole troops of them were strewn in the dust where they had fallen.

As under the pressure of a mighty river
The banks in a sandy region are torn away,
Long stretches on either side; down into the waves of the sea
Rushes the boiling destructive flood; on every hand
Cliffs re-echo the roar of all the rushing waters
And constant collapsing of dykes as they are swept away;
Like that were the famous warrior sons of Argos,
As many went down in the dust at the hands of Eurypylos,
Those caught by him in the bloody battle. Those who escaped
Were only saved by strength of foot. But even so
They managed to drag Peneleos out of the shrieking tumult
Away to their ships in the very attempt, by speed of foot,
To escape the pitiless doom of a dreadful death.
They fled en masse to the shelter of their ships, for they lacked
The strength of spirit to stand against Eurypylos;
They had been put in the grip of a pitiful panic
By Herakles for his stalwart grandson's greater glory.

They stayed there cowering behind their wall
Like goats in the lee of a hill, afraid of a bitter wind
That brings a heavy fall of snow or freezing hail
With its icy squalls; for all their desire to graze
They will not face the blast above the brow of the hill,
But crowded into the shelter of gullies they wait out
The storm, preferring to feed beneath the shady thickets
In throngs until the ill wind's blasts have dropped.
The Danaans likewise stayed beneath their ramparts
Trembling before the attack of Telephos' mighty son.
He was on the point of tearing down the wall
With the strength of his hands and destroying both ships and soldiers,
When Tritogeneia inspired the Argives with courage
At last. So with an incessant barrage of deadly missiles
From the top of their wall they kept on killing their foes
In rapid succession, until the wall grew wet
With loathsome gore amid the moans of smitten men.
In this way the fighting continued night and day,
Keteians and Trojans against the resolute Argive warriors,
Sometimes in front of the ships, at others all along
The wall, a truly desperate struggle. But even so
For just two days the bloodshed of that bitter battle
Was halted, after king Eurypylos had received

A Danaan embassy requesting a truce from fighting
To consign to the funeral pyre those killed in action.
He agreed at once, and the break in the terrible struggle
Was used by both the sides to bury the bodies of those
Who had fallen in the dust. The Achaians' principal mourning
Was for dead Peneleos, over whom they heaped
A barrow broad and high for future men to mark.
The mass of warriors slain they buried separately,
Their spirits sorely afflicted with overwhelming grief,
And for them all they constructed a single pyre
And grave. Likewise, away on their side, the sons of Troy
Buried their slain. But deadly Strife was still alert
And spurring still the courage and strength of Eurypylos
To face his foes. And so he never withdrew from the ships,
But stayed there ever promoting conflict with the Danaans.

Meanwhile the men on the fast black ship had arrived at Skyros.
There they found the son of Achilles in front of his home,
Dividing his time between the shooting of arrows and spears
And exercising with his fleet-foot horses.
They were glad to see him pursuing thus the work
Of unrelenting war in spite of the grief he felt
For the death of his father, already reported to him.
As they hurried to meet him they were amazed to observe
How like brave Achilles he was in his handsome form.
He spoke first and greeted them with these words:
"Strangers, you are very welcome to my home.
Tell me where you come from, who you are, and what
Is the need of me that brings you over the barren waves."
This question of his was answered by noble Odysseus:
"We are friends of Achilles the mighty warrior,
Whose son men say you are by Deidameia the wise.
We ourselves can see that you are the perfect image
Of that man who rivaled the strength of the immortals.
I am from Ithaka, he from Argos the home of horses,
In case you have heard the name of Tydeus' warlike son
Or that of shrewd Odysseus, who is the one who stands
Before you, having come because of a prophecy.
Have pity on us now and rescue the Argive army
By coming to Troy. That way there will be an end to the war
And you will have gifts beyond all telling from the Achaians.

I myself will give you your godlike father's arms,
The bearing of which will truly delight you. They are not like
The arms of mortal men, but are as good as those
Of the god of war. They are covered with a solid layer
Of gold adorned with intricate carvings, being such
That the heart of Hephaistos himself among the gods was warmed
With his divine creation. The sight of them will truly
Amaze you, because the earth, the sky, and the sea
Are fashioned on the shield, round which a mighty circle
Of creatures is depicted looking as though they moved,
A marvel even for immortals. No mortal man
On earth has ever before this seen or borne such arms
Apart from your father, who was honored like Zeus by all
Achaians, while I especially loved him as a friend.
When he was killed, I carried his body to the ships,
After dealing a merciless doom to many a foe.
That's why his famous armor was awarded to me
By the goddess Thetis. But I am only too willing
To hand it over to you when you arrive at Ilion.
Moreover Menelaos, as soon as we have sacked
The city of Priam and sailed back home to Greece,
Will make you his son-in-law, if you are so inclined,
In return for your help. And he will bestow on you
Gold and countless goods to go with his fair-tressed daughter,
All that should accompany a rich princess."

This speech was answered by the sturdy son of Achilles:
"If prophecy is the reason for the Achaians' summons,
We should set out tomorrow across the deep wide sea
To see if I can be the light desired by the Danaans.
But now let us go to a table of welcome in my house,
Such as it is proper to prepare for guests.
As for my marriage, the gods can see to it later."
With that he led the way and they followed full of joy.
When they reached his mansion with its lovely forecourt,
They found there Deidameia overwhelmed with sorrow,
Melting away like snow that melts on mountains
Under the east wind's whistling blasts and the tireless sun.
So she had wasted since her glorious husband's death.
Despite her state of grief those famous kings
Spoke words of greeting to her. Her son approached

And told her clearly the names and lineage of them both,
But their visit's purpose he kept back for the morrow,
For fear that her grief would give way to tears of anguish
And she would plead to stop him leaving as he wished.
As soon as they had dined sleep came to refresh
Everyone who lived in the land of Skyros,
A sea-ringed island round which boomed the rolling waves
Of the Aegean Sea that breaks upon its shores.
Desirable sleep, though, could not capture Deidameia,
Whose memory was stirred by the name of cunning Odysseus
And that of godlike Diomedes, the very men
Who'd widowed her of Achilles the mighty warrior
By persuading his brave heart to go and face
The foe in battle. There relentless Fate had met him
And shattered his hope of return, inflicting measureless grief
Upon his father Peleus as well as Deidameia.
That's why her heart was in the grip of unspeakable dread
Of her son's readiness to leave for the tumult of war,
Lest grief should be added to her appalling grief.

Dawn climbed the lofty heavens, and from their beds
The men were quick to rise. As soon as Deidameia
Noticed this, she threw herself on her son's broad chest,
Wailing painfully and crying aloud to the sky.
Just as a cow in the mountains lows incessantly
While searching the valleys for her calf and loud
Are the echoes from the surrounding mountain heights;
Such were the echoes of her weeping from all the recesses
Of that lofty hall and she voiced her misery thus:
"Oh my child, have your wits taken wing today
To follow strangers to Ilion, that town of tears,
Where many meet their end in the murderous fighting
Despite their expertise in the hideous business of war?
You are still too young to have learned those martial arts
Which can protect a man from the evil day.
Listen to what I say and stay at home,
So that evil tidings from Troy won't reach my ears
That you have been killed in battle. I don't think
That you will ever come back here from the war.
Not even your father could escape the doom of death
But was destroyed in action, who was better than you

And other warriors, with a goddess for his mother,
All because of these men's crafty wiles, who now
Are urging you to go and join that woeful war.
That is why my heart is filled with fear and trembling,
Lest with you, my child, dead also it should prove
My lot to be left abandoned and suffer shamefully.
For no worse misfortune can befall a woman
Than to lose her children on top of her husband's death,
Her home deserted through the ravages of death.
Immediately her neighbors appropriate her lands,
Consuming her property and disregarding her rights.
Truly there is nothing more pitiful and helpless
Than a woman who is left alone in her house."
These words and wails of hers were answered by her son:
"Have courage, mother, and don't speak words of evil omen.
The only deaths in war are those ordained by Fate.
If I am destined to perish for the Achaians' cause,
Let me first do something worthy of Aiakos' bloodline."

That said, the aged Lykomedes came up to his side
And spoke to him in his eagerness for fighting:
"Stouthearted child, so like your mighty father,
I know that you are strong and valiant. But even so
No less than bitter war the deadly waves of the sea
Are cause for fear, for sailors are always close to death.
You should beware, my child, whenever you come to sail
Later from Troy or anywhere else, of the many dangers . . .
When the sun has entered the misty Capricorn
After leaving behind the shooter of arrows,
The Archer, the dangerous time of wind-driven storms,
Or when into Ocean's broad-flowing stream descend
The stars of Orion on their downward course to darkness.
Remember too to beware of the hazardous equinox,
When over the mighty gulf of the sea's wide waters
Sweeping gales appear from somewhere and collide.
Then there is the setting of the Pleiades;
Beware of its fury over the sea as well as of other
Constellations which suffering men have learned to fear
At their rising and setting over the sea's expanse."
With that he kissed his grandson and did not try to stop him
In his desire for the din of war. With a winsome smile

The boy was keen to be off to the ship at once.
But still his mother's tearful conversation kept him
In the palace, though his feet were itching to go.
As when a speedy horse that is yearning for a race
Is held back by its rider, while it neighs and champs
At its restraining bit; its chest is soaked with foam;
Its feet are eager to be away and won't stand still;
Loud is the clatter of its nimble hooves
Constantly shifting on the spot; in all directions
Streams its impatient mane as it tosses high its head
With many snortings, much to its master's delight;
Such was the splendid son of stalwart Achilles
As his mother tried to restrain his impatient feet.
Even in her sorrow she felt proud of her son.

When he had kissed her a thousand times, he left her alone
Weeping painfully in his beloved father's home.
As in some building a swallow overwhelmed by grief
Weeps for her dappled chicks, which despite their desperate cheeping
A dangerous snake has devoured and distressed their loving mother;
Now in desolation she flutters over the nest
And now around the decorated doorway she flies
Bitterly lamenting her young; like that the loving
Deidameia wept, at one time throwing herself
On the bed of her son and wailing loudly and at another
Crying on the doorposts. On her lap she would lay
Any plaything made for him and left in the house,
Which had delighted his tender heart when he was little.
If she caught sight of a javelin he had left behind,
She covered it with kisses and anything else of her son's
That she spotted with a sob. But that young warrior no longer
Could hear his mother's endless grieving, for he was far off
Striding to the swift ship.

Borne by his nimble legs,
He looked as radiant as a star. On either side
Warlike Odysseus and Tydeus' son escorted him.
With them went twenty men of sure and solid sense,
Those whom Deidameia trusted most at home
And gave as ready attendants to her son.
So they hurried along with Achilles' valiant offspring

As he headed through the town for the ship. Among them
He walked exultantly. His joy was shared by Thetis,
The other daughters of Nereus and the dark-haired sea god
At the sight of noble Achilles' sturdy son.
He was already intent on war the cause of tears
Though still a boy, still beardless. It was his courage
And strength that spurred him on. He hurried from his homeland
Looking like the war god entering the bloody fray,
When his heart is filled with fury against the foe;
Fearsome is his scowling brow and all around him
His eyes are flashing as brightly as fire; his cheeks appear
To be always clothed in beauty mingled with chilling terror,
As he charges striking fear in the gods themselves.
Such was the worthy son of Achilles. Through all the city
Prayers went up to the gods to bring their noble leader
Safely back from the dreadful war. Their prayers were heard
By the immortals and he stood out from all his followers.

When they reached the shore of the deep-booming sea,
They found the oarsmen already aboard the polished ship
Preparing the sail and generally busy about the vessel.
So they boarded at once. The men untied the cables
And raised the anchor stones, the constant stay of ships.
Fair sailing weather was granted by Amphitrite's husband
Gladly because of his great concern for the Achaians,
Hard pressed as they were by the Trojans and proud Eurypylos.
On either side of Achilles' son those heroes sat
Regaling him with accounts of his father's deeds,
Those achieved on the lengthy voyage and in the land
Of the hand-to-hand fighter Telephos and those done to Trojans
While he won glory for Atreus' sons round Priam's city.
This warmed his heart and kindled his desire
To gain such might and glory as did his fearless father.
Meanwhile in her chamber, sorrowing for her son,
Noble Deidameia was shedding tears of anguish.
Such was her distress that the heart within her
Melted just like pliable lead on burning coals
Or a lump of wax. She never stopped her groaning
As she gazed across the boundless sea, since mothers
Mourn for their sons if they so much as go out to dine.
Already the ship was far away and its sail

Was starting to disappear and look no different from haze.
But her groaning and moaning lasted all that day.

The ship was speeding over the sea with a following wind,
Scarcely touching the surface of the roaring water.
Loud was the sound of the waves that boiled about its keel.
Quickly it covered a mighty gulf on its deep-sea course.
The darkness of night then overtook it, but with the help
Of wind and helmsman it continued to cross the depths
Of the sea till Dawn in her glory climbed the heavens.
To their eyes appeared the peaks of Ida's mountain,
Chrysa, the Sminthian temple, Cape Sigeion,
And the tomb of Aiakos' warrior grandson. But that
The son of Laertes had the wisdom not to show
To Neoptolemos for fear of filling with sorrow
The spirit within his breast. Then very soon they passed
The Kalydnian Islands and left Tenedos behind.
Now they could see the shrine of Eleous with the tomb
Of Protesilaos under the shade of lofty elms.
When these grew high enough from the ground to catch a glimpse
Of Ilion, very soon their tops began to wither.

Driven by wind and oars the ship came close to Troy,
Reaching the spot where all the other ships had been beached
By the Argives, who were then in the grip of grievous toil,
Fighting along the wall that they themselves had built
As a defense for both the ships and the powerful army
In battle. There and then, at the hands of Eurypylos,
It would have been destroyed and knocked to the ground,
If the son of mighty Tydeus had not been quick to see
That the wall was under attack. He leapt at once from the ship
And shouted encouragement with all the strength in his breast:
"My friends, the Argives are caught in a terrible tide of disaster
Today. So hurry, let us put on our shining armor
And enter the turmoil of this devastating struggle.
The fight has now been brought right onto our ramparts
By the warlike Trojans, who soon will smash the whole
Long wall and cause calamity by burning our ships.
Then we shall have lost the return that is our hearts'
Desire. Instead we'll soon be dead before our time
And lie in Trojan graves far from our wives and children."

In a flash the rest responded by leaping from the ship
Together. His words had filled them all with horror,
Apart from dauntless Neoptolemos whose courage
Equaled his father's. He was possessed by battle lust.
In haste they made their way to Odysseus' quarters,
Which were the nearest to their dark-prowed ship.
There many changes of armor had been laid in store,
Some of them belonging to shrewd Odysseus and others
To godlike comrades of his, all taken from men they had killed.
The brave put on the best of the armor, while the worse
Was donned by those whose breasts contained a feebler spirit.
Odysseus donned what had come with him from Ithaka
And gave to Diomedes the son of Tydeus
A lovely set once stripped by him from mighty Sokos.
The son of Achilles put on the armor of his father,
Which made him look exactly like him. Very lightly,
Because of Hephaistos' handiwork, it fitted his frame,
Though others would have found it enormous. But to him
The armor all seemed light. His head didn't feel the weight
Of the helmet . . .
. . . In spite of its massive bulk in his hands
He wielded with ease the spear that thirsted for blood.

The Argives who caught sight of Neoptolemos could not
Approach him as they would have liked, because they were
Hard pressed by that tumultuous struggle along the wall.
As on an uninhabited island far out at sea
Separation from human beings distresses men
Who have been detained by strong winds in the wrong
Direction for a very long time; in misery
They pace about the ship and their provisions begin
To fail them, when they are relieved by a favoring wind;
So the Achaian army, in distress till then,
Rejoiced at mighty Neoptolemos' arrival
And hoped for a breathing space in their grievous toil.
His eyes were flashing like those of a lion without restraint;
High in the mountains with its spirit severely provoked,
It rushes down to attack some hunters, who are just
About to enter its cave intent on dragging out
Its cubs while they are separated from their parents
In a shady valley; from a height the lion

Spots and charges upon the murderous hunters
With a terrible roar from its savage jaws.
Like that the glorious son of Aiakos' dauntless grandson
Felt his spirit roused against the warlike Trojans.
He led by swooping into the fiercest of the fighting
On the plain, the spot where he thought the Achaian wall
Was the easiest target for the enemy's attacks,
Because its defensive battlements were weakest there.
The rest went with him full of eagerness for war.
There they found stouthearted Eurypylos and his comrades
Scaling one of the towers, exultant in the hope
Of smashing the length of the wall and killing all the Argives
At once. But that was a wish the gods would not fulfill.
Instead of that Odysseus and sturdy Diomedes,
Godlike Neoptolemos and great Leonteus
Quickly pushed them off the wall with a hail of missiles.
As from a farmstead hardy herdsmen and their hounds
Drive off powerful lions, attacking from every side
With shouts and physical force; with glaring eyes the beasts
Keep turning this way and that in their eager lust
To tear the cows and their calves between their teeth;
Even so they are forced to retreat by the courage
Of the dogs and the herdsmen's vigorous attacks;
. . . A little way, as far as a heavy stone could be thrown.

The Trojans were not allowed to pull back far from the ships
By Eurypylos urging them to keep very close
To their foe till he captured the ships and totally destroyed
The Argives, for Zeus had filled him with unbounded strength.
Immediately he seized a hard and jagged rock,
Rushed up and hurled it against that lofty wall.
With a tremendous crash the towering rampart was shaken
To its foundations. Terror took hold of all the Achaians,
Who thought the wall had completely collapsed in the dust.
In spite of that they did not flinch from the fearful turmoil,
But held their ground like jackals or like wolves,
Those shameless ravagers of flocks, when they are driven
From their mountain caves by herdsmen with their hounds
Intent on bringing a cruel and speedy death
To their whelps; despite the pressure of bombardment
They won't retreat, but hold their ground to protect their young.

Thus for the sake of the ships and their own lives
They stood firm in the fight. Then bold Eurypylos
Hurled these loud threats at them all in front of their ships:
"You are cowards with nothing but feeble spirits in you.
Your missiles don't scare me and wouldn't have driven me back
From the ships without a wall to stop my attack.
Now, like dogs that cower before a lion in the forest,
You avoid sheer death by fighting me from inside.
If you came onto the plain of Troy away from your ships,
As eager to fight as you used to be, then nobody
Could save you from a miserable death, for every one
Of you would lie in the dust destroyed by me."
The words he spoke were not fulfilled. He did not know
That a terrible tide of disaster was not far from him,
Brought by the hands of dauntless Neoptolemos,
Who very soon would lay him low with his raging spear.

Even now that hero had plenty of violent work,
The killing of Trojans from the rampart. They tried to escape
Bombardment from above, being driven back in confusion
Round Eurypylos, all in the grip of grievous fear.
Just as little children round their father's knees
Cower in fear of mighty Zeus's thunder causing
The clouds to crack and the sky to rumble frighteningly;
So the sons of Troy took refuge with the Keteians
Round their great king for fear of anything hurled at them
By the hands of Neoptolemos. Death was flying straight
At the heads of the enemy making their warfare cause for tears.
Bewilderment now paralyzed the hearts of the Trojans,
Who thought they saw the towering figure of Achilles
Clad in his own armor. Their painful astonishment
Was kept concealed in their hearts, lest panic should pass from them
To the minds of the Keteians and King Eurypylos.
Despite their excessive fear they stayed wherever they were,
Caught between disaster and horrifying panic.
A sense of shame restrained them as much as their painful fear.
As when men who make their way on foot
Along a rugged road catch sight of a torrent tearing
Down the mountain, making the rocks re-echo all round;
They have no wish at all to enter the roaring stream
In spite of their haste; the sight of destruction before their feet

Fills them with fear and gone is their concern for the journey;
Like that the Trojans remained, avoiding battle,
Beneath the Argive wall, though godlike Eurypylos
Constantly goaded them into the conflict. He cherished the hope
That killing so many in battle would exhaust the strength
Of that towering figure's arm. However, he never desisted.

When the violent work of these men was noticed by Athena,
She left the lofty halls of fragrant Olympos.
Over the tops of mountains she went and never touched
The ground with her feet in her hurry. Borne on the holy air,
She had the appearance of cloud and greater speed than wind.
Soon she arrived at Troy and set her feet on the crest
Of windy Sigeion. From there she viewed the battle
Between those hand-to-hand fighters and gave the Achaians glory.

The son of Achilles possessed in greater measure than others
Both courage and strength, which when they are combined in men
Confer on them great glory. He was endowed with both,
Since his was the blood of Zeus and he was like his father.
Many he killed beneath those towers in his fearlessness.
As a fisherman, keen to make a catch at sea,
Carries for the fishes' doom the fire god's power
On board his boat, and when it is kindled by his breath
The fire shines brightly round the boat; from the inky water
The fish come darting, eager for a glimpse of the gleam
That is their last, for with his trident's barbs the fisher
Kills them as they rush up, gladdened by the catch;
Like that the glorious son of Achilles the mighty warrior
Round that wall of stone kept killing the hostile hordes
As they rushed up. All other Achaians toiled no less,
Wherever they were on the battlements. The din rang far
Across the ships and the shore and loudly groaned the long wall
With its battering. Unspeakable weariness
Overwhelmed both armies, unstringing the bodily strength
Of the men, but on the noble son of stalwart Achilles
It had no hold at all, because his mighty spirit
Was completely tireless. While he fought he remained
Untouched by craven . . . His strength was equal to that of a river
That never fails, which the onset of an enormous fire
Can't put to flight, not even with a raging wind

To stir the fire god's sacred strength, for if it approaches
Those flowing waters the fearful force of it
Is quenched and cannot touch the tireless tide.
So the valiant offspring of Peleus' warlike son
Remained untouched by either fear or grievous tiredness,
As he struggled on and encouraged his companions.
Not even his lovely flesh was scarred by a single missile,
When so many were thrown. Like snowflakes round a rock
They kept on darting down in vain; they all were deflected
By his broad shield and solid helmet, fine gifts of a god.
In these the mighty son of Aiakos' grandson exulted.
Shouting and striding about the wall, he constantly urged
The Argives on to unflinching combat . . . because he was
By far the best of them all. His spirit could never have
Enough of deadly conflict and he was intent
On avenging his father's lamented death. The Myrmidons
Rejoiced in their lord and grim was that struggle round the wall.

Then he slew two sons of Meges the rich in gold,
Who was the offspring of Dymas and had such splendid sons.
They were accomplished at casting the javelin, driving horses
In battle, and at wielding the long spear skillfully.
They were borne at one birth by Periboia beside the river
Sangarios, Keltos and Eubios. They did not enjoy
Their unbounded wealth for long, because the Fates
Imposed on them a life-span that was very short.
As both had seen the light of day together so both
Now died at the hands of dauntless Neoptolemos, one pierced
Through the heart by his spear, the other struck on the head
With a fatal stone, which smashed the solid helmet
Upon his head and with its collapse his brain was crushed.
Around that pair unnumbered hordes of other foes
Were slaughtered then. The war god's work waxed ever greater
Until the hour of oxen's rest, when the heavenly day
Was ended. The army of undaunted Eurypylos
Withdrew a short way from the ships. Those on the ramparts
Enjoyed a little respite, while the sons of Troy
Rested from their exhausting labor, for the fighting
Had been frightful round the wall, and every single
Argive would have perished then beside their ships,
Had not the mighty son of Achilles that very day

Defended them from the foe's great army and their leader
Eurypylos.

Neoptolemos now met aged Phoinix,
Who was amazed at his likeness to the son of Peleus.
Waves of joy and unspeakable sorrow swept over him:
Sorrow because he was reminded of fleet-foot Achilles
And joy at the sight of such a sturdy son.
He wept in his happiness, for human beings are never
Free from sorrow even when they experience joy.
He embraced him as a father would a son,
Who, after suffering for a long time, by the gods' will
Comes back home to his father's great delight.
So Phoinix kissed Neoptolemos' head and chest
As he embraced him and spoke these words of wonderment:
"Oh welcome, worthy child of Achilles, whom I
Once nursed when he was little in these arms of mine
So lovingly. In accordance with the gods' great plan
He quickly grew up like a flourishing sapling, while I
Delighted in his splendid appearance and his voice.
He was truly a blessing to me and I loved him like my own
Dear son and he loved me no less than his own father.
I was a father to him and he a son to me.
He used to say when he saw me 'Our blood must be the same
Because our minds are united.' In prowess he was far
Above me, like a blessed god in build and strength.
You are his very image, so that I seem to see him
Living still among the Argives. But keen is the grief
For him that clouds my days and in my wretched old age
I languish. I wish the earth had been heaped to cover me
While he was still alive. It is a glorious thing
To be buried by the hands of a kinsman who cares for you.
But, child, although this sorrowing heart of mine can never
Forget him, you should not distress yourself with mourning.
You must help the Myrmidons and Achaian horsemen
In their extremity, turning against our foe the fury
You feel for your fine father. Great glory will be yours
For killing Eurypylos, who never tires of fighting.
You are and shall be as much superior to him

As your father was mightier than his miserable parent."
The son of fair-haired Achilles responded thus to his words:
"Old fellow, the judges of my prowess in battle
Will be almighty Fate and the powerful god of war."
That said, he wanted to sally that same day from the wall
Wearing the armor of his father. But he was stopped
By Night, the bringer to men of relief from toil,
Who rose from Ocean covered in her mantle of darkness.

The joyful sons of Argos feted him no less
Than mighty Achilles beside the ships, emboldened
As they were by his readiness to engage in battle.
That is why they honored him magnificently
With countless gifts of the kind that make the wealth of a man.
Some of them gave him gold and silver, some serving
Women, some bronze in great abundance, some iron,
While others presented him with jars of red wine,
With fleet-foot horses and the equipment used for warfare,
With finely woven robes, the lovely work of women.
At these the heart of Neoptolemos glowed with joy.
They now turned their attention to dining in their quarters,
In order to fete the godlike son of Achilles
No less than a heavenly immortal, when Agamemnon
Addressed these words of highest exultation to him:
"Truly you are the son of Aiakos' dauntless grandson,
My child; you have his outstanding strength, appearance, and size,
As well as his courage and inward qualities of mind.
You give my heart a glow of comfort. I have high hopes
That by your hands and the spear they wield we shall destroy
The hostile hordes and the famous city of Priam,
Because you are like your father. Indeed I seem to see him
Beside the ships, at the time when he shouted threats at the Trojans
Furious over the fall of Patroklos. But he is already
With the blessed immortals and from there he has sent you
Today to save the Argives from the brink of destruction."
This speech was answered by the sturdy son of Achilles:
"Agamemnon, I wish I had found him still alive,
So that he could have seen for himself the son he loved
Bringing no shame on his mighty father, as I trust

Will happen if I am preserved by the carefree gods in heaven."
His answer expressed the wisdom firmly fixed in his heart.
The people round him marveled at his noble manhood.

When they had had their fill of dining and feasting,
The sturdy son of Aiakos' dauntless grandson
Rose from his meal and made his way to the quarters
Of his father. There he found much armor stored,
From warriors slain by him. Around him on every side
Widowed captive women were making the quarters ready
As though their lord was living. The sight of the Trojan armor
And servants made him groan with longing for his father.
As when in forest thickets and tangled glens,
After the killing of a ferocious lion by hunters,
The lion's cub comes to its shady cave and keeps on peering
All round the emptiness of the den; the sight of heaped-up
Bones of many a creature killed on former occasions,
Horses and cattle, makes it grieve for its parent intensely;
So then the son of Peleus' valiant offspring felt
The chill of sorrow. Round him the servants were filled with wonder.
Among them Briseis, as she looked at the son of Achilles,
Now was thrilled with joy in her heart, now wrung
With grief at the memory of Achilles. Her heart within her
Was struck with speechless wonder, for it was as if
Aiakos' dauntless grandson himself was still alive.

Meanwhile the Trojans on their side were rejoicing also,
Feting the mighty hero Eurypylos in their quarters
No less than noble Hektor when he was slaying the Argives
In defense of his city and all its property.
Then at the hour when mortals enjoy the sweetness of sleep
The sons of Troy as well as the resolute Argive warriors,
Apart from their sentries, slept a sleep that was truly heavy.

BOOK 8 The Death of Eurypylos

Scattering light across the earth the Sun ascended
From the edge of the world, where the goddess Dawn has her cave.
Then the Trojans and the sturdy sons of Achaia
Armed themselves, on both sides eager for the fray.
One side was encouraged by the worthy son of Achilles
To go and face the Trojans with intrepid spirits,
The other by Telephos' powerful son, who expected
To dash the wall to the ground, destroy the ships
With dreadful fire, and lay his murderous hands on the men.
But all his hope was built upon the air,
Empty. The Fates were standing very close to him,
Laughing in utter scorn of his futile designs.
Then to the Myrmidons the dauntless son of Achilles
Spoke these words of encouragement for their task:
"Listen to me, my men, and steel your hearts for fighting,
That we may be a cure for the pain of war to the Argives
But to the enemy a disaster. Let no one be
Afraid. For courage is the source of strength and prowess
For mortal men, while fear destroys the powers of body
And mind. So let us all be girt with strength for war,
To leave the Trojan army no breathing space and make them
Believe that Achilles is still alive in the Argive ranks."
That said, upon his shoulders he placed his father's armor
All brightly gleaming. The heart of Thetis exulted,
When from the sea she saw her grandson in all his strength.
Swiftly out in front of the lofty wall he swept,
Standing behind the immortal horses of his father.
As up from Ocean's edge the Sun comes into sight
With a sparkle of splendid fire across the earth
And Seirios keeping pace with his horses and chariot,
The star that brings to mortals sickness and pestilence;
Thus on the Trojan army advanced that mighty warrior
The son of Achilles. The deathless team that carried him
Were given to help him drive that horde away from the ships
By Automedon, who was their charioteer.

The horses were happy to carry a master who so resembled
Aiakos' grandson; in their immortal hearts
They sensed he was a hero equal to Achilles.

Great also was the delight of the Argives who gathered
Round mighty Neoptolemos full of eagerness,
Just like troublesome wasps when they are disturbed . . .
Out of their hole they fly desiring to sting the flesh
Of human beings; swarming together round their nest
They are truly a nuisance to people who pass that way.
That was how they came streaming out from the ships and the wall
Eager for battle and wide was the area crowded by them.
Far and wide the whole plain shone with the arms of men
In the glaring light of the sun that came from the sky above.
Like a cloud that crosses the boundless air
When driven by the north wind's mighty blasts
In the season of snow and bitter winter weather,
A shroud of darkness encircling all the sky,
So the land was filled with two converging forces
A short way from the ships. Into the heavens' expanse
Rose the spreading dust. Loud clashed the arms of men
And their multitude of chariots. Charging into battle
Their horses neighed. Each man responded to the call
Of the courage that carried him into that cruel conflict.
As when long rollers are driven by two different winds
That come with a frightful roar across the sea's expanse
From somewhere and break their blasts against each other,
So that a deadly tempest rages over the depths
Of the ocean, making monstrous Amphitrite moan
Amid the murderous waves that surge in all directions
As tall as towering mountains, and terrible is the turmoil
Of billows rising from opposite quarters over the sea;
Like that the opposing armies came together in battle
Frightful in their fury, stirred by Strife herself.
They clashed like peals of thunder and flashes of lightning
That fill the air with mighty crashes, whenever winds
With their fierce contention and their furious blasts
Cause the clouds to crash because of Zeus's anger
With men who flout the honor of Themis in their actions.

That was how they attacked each other, spear colliding
With spear and shield with shield, as man at man came charging.

First of all, the sturdy son of warlike Achilles
Slew worthy Melaneus and glorious Alkidamas,
Sons of the warrior Alexinomos, who lived
In hollow Kaunos, near a crystal-watered lake
At the foot of snowy Imbros and Tarbelos.
He killed Kassandros' nimble-footed offspring Mynes,
Borne by noble Kreousa beside the fair-flowing waters
Of the river Lindos, which is the boundary
Between the warlike Karians and Lykia's famous land.
He then brought down the spearman Morys, who'd come from Phrygia,
And at his side both Polybos and Hippomedon,
Hitting one in the heart and the collarbone of the other.
He killed on every side and the ground groaned under the weight
Of Trojan corpses. They fell before him as tinder-dry bushes
Fall before the blast of a destructive fire,
An easy prey, at the autumn onset of the north wind.
Thus their ranks collapsed before the attack of that man.
Aineias then slew the stalwart Aristolochos,
Hitting him on the head with a stone and crushing his helmet
And skull, which caused the life to leave his bones at once.
Next Tydeus' son killed swift Eumaios, who used to live
At lofty Dardanos, the site of Anchises' bed,
The place where the love goddess once lay in his arms.
Agamemnon then slew Eustratos of Thrace,
Who did not return from the war but perished far from his land.
Meriones laid low the son of Peisenor, Chlemos,
Who was the loved and trusted comrade of Glaukos.
He had his home beside the river Limyros,
And was honored as king by the people of that region
After the death of Glaukos had put an end to his reign,
By all who lived in the land surrounding Phoinix,
The peak of Massikytos and Chimaira's altar.
One man slew another in that fray.

Among them
Eurypylos inflicted evil fates on many

Foemen. The first he killed was the stalwart fighter
Eurytos, followed by brightly belted Menoitios,
Both godlike comrades of Elephenor, then close to these
Harpalos, who was the friend of shrewd Odysseus.
Odysseus, though, was hard at work in a distant position
And could not defend his fallen attendant. But his comrade
Stouthearted Antiphos was angered by his death.
So he aimed a cast at Eurypylos, which failed
To strike him, because his strong spear went a little off course
And landed in the warrior Meilanion, whom his mother
Had borne beside the fair-flowing river Kaikos,
Fair-cheeked Kleite, after lying with Erylaos.
In anger over his comrade's killing Eurypylos
Leapt straight at Antiphos. But his fast feet helped him to flee
Into the friendly throng. He was not killed by the spear
Of Telephos' warlike son, because he was due
To die a dreadful death at the hands of the murderous Kyklops
Afterward, since such was the pleasure of hostile Fate.
Eurypylos aimed his assault elsewhere and under his constant
Attacks a mighty host was brought down by his spear.
Just as lofty trees are felled by the force of steel
On thickly forested hills and fill the ravines,
Laid out on the ground in all directions.

Thus the Achaians
Were laid low by the spear of warlike Eurypylos,
Until the moment when, with pride in his heart, the son
Of Achilles came to face him. Both were brandishing
Their long spears in their eagerness to attack each other.
Eurypylos was first in putting these questions:
"Who are you and where do you come from in order to fight me?
The merciless Fates are surely bringing you to Hades.
No one has got away from me in this cruel conflict.
On every single one who has come here with the aim
Of fighting against me I have inflicted a painful death
Implacably, and beside the waters of Xanthos the flesh
And bones of everyone have been torn to pieces by dogs.
Now tell me who you are and whose are the horses you boast of."
The sturdy son of Achilles answered his questions thus:
"Why, when I am intent on spilling blood in battle,
Like a foe pretending to be a friend, do you ask me

To tell you my lineage, which is known to very many?
I am the son of stalwarthearted Achilles, the one
Who with his long spear's blow once put your parent to flight.
The evil Fates of death would have surely carried him off,
Had not Achilles hastened to heal his deadly pain.
The horses that carry me are those of my godlike father.
A Harpy bore them after mating with the west wind.
They even race across the barren sea on foot,
Touching it with their hoof tips and matching the winds for speed.
Now that you know my horses' lineage and my own,
You must also learn about my tireless spear
By testing it face-to-face. Its lineage belongs
To Pelion's lofty heights, where it left its stump and bed."

With that the glorious hero leapt to the ground from his chariot
Brandishing his great long spear. The other on his side
Seized with his powerful hands a massive rock
And sent it crashing against Neoptolemos' shield
Of gold. But it totally failed to shake him in his attack.
As a lofty mountain's enormous crag stands firm;
Not even the force of all the rain-fed rivers combined
Is able to push it aside, for it is firmly rooted;
So the sturdy son of Achilles stayed unshaken.
Not even then did Eurypylos' strength and courage shrink
Before the invincible son of Achilles, for he was roused
By his own boldness and by the Fates. The hearts of both
Were boiling in their breasts and the brilliant armor they wore
Was clashing. They fell upon each other like terrible
Savage beasts, whose fight grows fiercer in the mountains
When they are stung by painful pangs of hunger
And struggle over an ox or a stag that has been killed;
They hurl themselves at each other and the glens re-echo
With their fighting. Thus those two attacked each other,
Joining in pitiless battle. About them long-drawn lines
Of soldiers in both the armies were fully stretched in the toil
Of fighting; the struggle that rose around them was severe.
With all the force of sudden gusts of wind the two men
Clashed, each eager with his spear to shed the blood
Of the other. They were constantly spurred on by Enyo
Standing beside them. So they never relaxed their onslaught,
But kept on slashing each other's shields and sometimes

Stabbing the greaves and the helmets with their lofty crests,
Sometimes even touching flesh in the deadly task
That drove those valiant warriors. The sight of them
Filled the heart of Strife with joy. Though copious sweat
Flowed from them, they stood their ground and never weakened,
Since both were of immortal stock. The gods on Olympos . . .
For some of them supported the sturdy son of Achilles
And others the godlike Eurypylos. The two of them
Fought on as tirelessly as though they were the peaks
Of lofty mountains. Loudly rang their shields
With spear blows dealt from either side.

At last the great long
Pelian spear cut through the throat of Eurypylos
After all that toil. Out gushed his crimson blood
In a moment. Through the wound his life took flight
From his limbs and the darkness of death enveloped his eyes.
He fell to the ground in his armor like a tall tree,
A pine or a fir, by the north wind's icy force
Falling uprooted. So much space was filled by the fall
Of Eurypylos' body, which made the plain of Troy
Resound with its crash. A livid pallor quickly covered
The corpse destroying all its rosy beauty.
In exultation the mighty warrior expressed his triumph:
"Eurypylos, you thought you would destroy the Danaans
With their ships, inflicting a miserable death
On us all. But the gods would not fulfill your desire.
Instead, for all your tireless strength you have been destroyed
By my father's mighty spear, which none has ever escaped
Of those who came to face me, even if made of bronze."
With that he tore his great long spear from the corpse
In a flash. The Trojans were filled with terror at the sight
Of that brave hero, who quickly stripped his victim's armor
For his nimble comrades to take to the Achaian ships.

Mounting his speedy chariot drawn by a tireless team
He went on his way, as across the boundless heavens goes
A thunderbolt ringed with lightning sent by invincible Zeus,
The fall of which fills even the immortals with fear
Apart from mighty Zeus; in crashing to the ground

It crushes trees and rocky mountain crags.
Thus Neoptolemos rushed at the Trojans raising mayhem.
They fell on all sides, wherever his deathless horses took him.
The ground was filled with them and reddened all with gore.
As when in mountain glens innumerable leaves
Come showering down and thickly cover the earth,
So vast a host of Trojans was laid low on the ground
At the hands of Neoptolemos and the valiant Argives.
Those hands of theirs were running with copious dark-red blood
From men and horses, and the wheel rims of their chariots
Were thoroughly soaked as they revolved on their way.

The sons of Troy would then have gone inside their gates,
Like calves in flight from a lion or swine from a storm,
Had not the grievous war god, in his desire to help
The war-devoted Trojans, descended from Olympos
Without the other gods knowing. His horses bore him to battle,
Whose names were Fire and Flame and Tumult and Fear.
Borne to the noisy north wind by fierce-faced Vengeance,
Their breath is deadly fire. A moan in the sparkling sky
Marked their charge into battle. Quickly the god arrived
At Troy and loudly thundered the ground beneath the feet
Of his supernatural horses. From the edge of the combat
He shook his massive spear and shouted to the Trojans,
Urging them to face their foes in the fray. The sound
Of his supernatural voice astounded them all, unable
To see the god's immortal form or those of his horses,
For they were hidden in mist. But the superhuman voice
That came so clearly to the Trojans' ears from somewhere
Was understood by godlike Helenos' well-known skill.
Delighted he called out loud to the retreating army:
"You cowards, why are you fleeing before the courageous son
Of warlike Achilles? He's only mortal like ourselves
And cannot match the strength of the war god, who is helping
Now that we need him. His loud shout is urging us
To fight the Argives in the melee. So bear up
Bravely, my friends, and fill your breasts with boldness.
I do not think that Troy will ever receive a better
Helper in battle. What can be better than the war god
In war, when he gives support to people under arms,

As he has come to our assistance today? So fix
Your thoughts on battle and banish fear from your minds."

In response the Trojans stood and faced the Argives.
Just as hounds before a wolf in woodland thickets,
Having avoided its strength till then, will turn to fight it
Under the shepherd's repeated calls of encouragement;
So the sons of Troy on that fearful field of war
Threw off all their terror, so that man against man
Battled bravely on. The armor that they wore
Rang with the blows of swords and spears and missiles.
Spearheads pierced their flesh and copious was the blood
That drenched the dreadful war god. One after another they fell
Fighting on both sides. The battle's scales were evenly balanced.
As when young men in an extensive hillside vineyard
Cut down a row of grapes with blades of steel
Competing in hottest haste, and equally their work
Progresses, because they are equal in age and strength;
Thus for those two armies the baneful scales of battle
Were evenly balanced. Holding their ground with heightened strength
Of heart, the Trojans trusted in fearless Ares' power
And the Argives in the son of stalwart Achilles.
So the killing continued and through it deadly Enyo
Roamed at large, her arms and shoulders spattered
With grisly gore, her body streaming with loathsome sweat.
She favored neither side, but reveled in equal combat
Out of respect for Thetis as well as the war god Ares.

Then Neoptolemos laid low famous Perimedes,
Who had his home beside the Sminthian grove.
He next killed Kestros, the stalwart fighter Phaleros,
Strong Perilaos and Menalkes of the ashwood spear,
Borne by Iphianassa at sacred Killa's foot
To skillful Medon, a master of carpentry.
Medon stayed at home in his own fatherland
But had no joy of his son, for his home and the fruit of his work
Were later shared by distant kinsmen after his death.
Deiphobos slew the stalwart fighter Lykon,
Hitting him just above the groin. Around that long spear
All his entrails tumbled out and emptied his belly.
Aineias then killed Dymas, who had previously

Been living at Aulis and had gone with Arkesilaos
To Troy, but he never saw his beloved land again.
Euryalos with a painful blow of his spear brought down
Astraios. Straight through his chest the grievous spearhead
Winged its way and, cutting the passage of his gullet,
Brought him a death that had his food befouled with gore.
A little way from him bravehearted Agenor slew
Hippomenes, the noble comrade of warlike Teukros,
Swiftly striking his collarbone. With his blood his breath
Abandoned his body and the darkness of death enclosed him.
Teukros felt a pang of grief at his comrade's death
And shot a speedy arrow aiming straight at Agenor,
But failed to hit him when he made the slightest swerve.
It landed in warlike Deiophontes at his side,
Entering by the left eye and coming out of the ear
On the right side, splitting the eyeball, because the Fates
Directed the bitter barb at will. Still on his feet
He leapt in the air, until a second arrow was shot
And whistled its way to his throat, where it went straight through
And severed the tendons, sealing a painful doom for him.

So man to man was dealing death, which delighted the Fates
And Doom. Then savage Strife in her enthusiasm
Gave a mighty shout and a frightening answer was made
By Ares, which strongly inspired the Trojans with courage
But frightened the Argives, causing their ranks to turn at once.
He did not daunt, though, the son of Achilles, who stood his ground
And battled on bravely killing one man after another.
As through flies that swarm around a pail of milk
A young boy sweeps his hand and by his feeble blow
The flies are slain; in all directions round the vessel
They breathe their lives away and the deed delights the boy;
Thus the glorious son of merciless Achilles
Rejoiced at those he had slain. He paid no heed to Ares
And his support for the Trojans, but killed them on every side
While their army attacked him, just as the onrush
Of stormy winds is withstood by a lofty mountain peak.
So firm and fearless he stood there and his ardor angered
Ares, who would have fought him face-to-face in person,
His supernatural cloud thrown off, had not Athena
Landed on wooded Ida from somewhere on Olympos.

Trembling seized the sacred earth and the sounding stream
Of Xanthos, shaken by her. The spirits of the nymphs
Were shattered by the fear they felt for the city of Priam.
Round her immortal armor flashes of lightning flew
And from her invincible shield horrific serpents
Breathed constant streams of fire. Above her the clouds were touched
By her miraculous helmet. She would have fought on the spot
Against impetuous Ares, if Zeus in his wisdom
Had not deterred them both with a frightful clap of thunder
From the height of the heavens. Ares withdrew from the battle,
Since it was clear to him that mighty Zeus was angry.
He went to the wintry land of Thrace now that the Trojans
No longer concerned his haughty spirit. Nor did noble
Pallas remain on the plain of Troy, but likewise went
Away to the sacred land of Athens. But still the armies
Were bent on deadly battle. The sons of Troy, however,
Lost courage, whereas the Argives, ever eager for fighting,
Pressed hard on the heels of their retreating foes, like winds
That follow ships under sail upon the heavy swell
Of the sea or furious fire attacking shrubs or swift hounds,
Eager for the chase, pursuing mountain deer.
Like that the Danaans followed their foes encouraged
By the son of Achilles, as with his massive spear
He slaughtered any he met in the melee. The Trojans,
Retreating in rout, took refuge behind their lofty gates.

So the Argives enjoyed a little rest from fighting,
When they had penned the Trojan hordes in Priam's city,
Like shepherds penning lambs inside their solitary sheepfolds.
As oxen recover breath after the heavy toil
Of pulling a load up a difficult rise to a hilltop,
Panting rapidly under their yoke, like that the Achaians
Recovered breath from their toil in armor. But still they were keen
To fight on under the walls and so they encircled the city.
The Trojans, after quickly drawing the bars of their gates,
Waited behind their walls for a forceful attack.
Just as herdsmen inside their folds await
A lowering tempest on a day of violent stormy
Weather, with clouds and lightning and rain in rapid
Succession; though they are eager to reach the pastures,
They will not venture abroad until the violent storm

And the loudly roaring swollen rivers have abated;
Thus the Trojans behind their walls awaited in fear
The attack of their foes, which soon came surging against the city.
As when jackdaws or starlings with outspread wings
Descend in teeming clouds on laden olive trees
Yearning for that delicious food, nor can
The shouting of young men manage to drive them off
Before they have fed, since hunger makes them reckless;
So then the Danaans surged around the city of Priam
In force. They fell on the gates in their desire to demolish
That enormous work of the mighty earthquake god.
The Trojans didn't forget to fight in spite of their fear.
Indeed, they took their stand on the towers and maintained
Their toil. So from their hands inured to labor
Shot forth a stream of arrows, stones, and speeding spears
Into the throng of foes, for Phoibos had given them strength
To resist, his heart being truly set on saving
The warlike Trojans even after the death of Hektor.

Then Meriones let fly a fatal missile
And struck Phylodamas, a friend of strong Polites,
Just under his jaw, so that the arrow stuck in his throat.
He fell just like a vulture knocked down from its rock
By the deadly shot of a young man's keen-barbed arrow.
Such was his sudden fall from the top of the tower.
His armor clashed on the lifeless limbs that his spirit had left.
Exultant over his victim, the son of mighty Molos
Discharged a second arrow in his intense desire
To hit Polites the son of much-enduring Priam.
But he evaded it by a sudden sideways movement
Of his body; his fair flesh stayed unscathed by the arrow.
As on a ship at sea that speeds with a following wind
A sailor sights a jagged reef amid the surge
And, anxious to avoid it, steers the ship away
By moving the rudder with his hand in the direction
He wishes, a little effort averting a great disaster;
So seeing the deadly dart in time saved that man's life.
There was no break in the fighting. Blood was reddening the walls
And lofty towers and battlements, wherever Trojans
Were being killed by the arrows of the mighty Achaians.
Nor were the latter free from trouble, for many of them

Were likewise reddening the ground. And sheer destruction reigned
With both sides slaughtered, to the delight of grim Enyo,
Who was rousing Conflict the sister of Battle.

The gates and walls of Troy would have been broken at that point
By the Argives, their strength being so prodigious,
But for the sudden shout of fabled Ganymedes
Looking down from heaven and filled with dread for his country:
"Oh father Zeus, if I am really related to you
And it was at your bidding that I left far-famed Troy
To live with the immortals, blessed with endless life,
Listen to me now that my heart is so distressed.
I won't be able to bear the sight of my city in flames
And of my people being destroyed in this cruel
Conflict, for there can be no worse pain than that.
But if that is the fixed design of your heart,
Do it away from me, because my pain will then be
Easier to bear if I don't see it with my own eyes.
Nothing can be more hateful and pitiful than the sight
Of one's own country being wrecked by the hands of its foes."
Such were the words and groans of handsome Ganymedes.
Zeus responded in person by completely concealing
Priam's famous city with an enormous cloud.
So the murderous battle was shrouded in mist and no one
Could any longer make out the position of the wall,
So totally was it covered with thickest cloud.
Thunder and lightning in the heavens echoed
Around them.

The Danaans were dismayed by the din
Of Zeus and the son of Neleus called out loudly to them:
"Listen to me, you leaders of the Argives. The strength
Of our limbs will be lost with Zeus now giving so much help
To hearten the Trojans. A truly terrible tide of disaster
Approaches. Let us hurry back now to our ships
And put a stop to toiling in this bitter turmoil,
Or Zeus may burn us all up in his dreadful rage.
We must obey these portents of his, as everybody
Is obliged to obey him, because he is far stronger
Than the mighty gods as well as feeble humans.

Once, when he was angry with the presumptuous Titans,
He poured the force of his fire from the sky and burned up
All the earth beneath it, making Ocean's broad stream
Boil from its lowest depths to its furthest boundaries.
The courses of even the longest rivers were all dried up.
All creatures were destroyed, those nourished by the bounty
Of the earth, by the boundless sea and by the waters
Of ever-flowing rivers. Above them the wondrous sky
Was hidden by smoke and ashes and the earth was distressed.
That is why I fear the fury of Zeus this day.
Let us return to the ships, then, since he is helping the Trojans
Today. Another time he is sure to give glory to us.
One day is a friend and another is a foe.
It cannot yet be our fate to sack this famous city,
Even if the words of Kalchas were correct,
Those he once addressed to all the assembled Achaians,
That in the tenth year we would destroy the city of Priam."
They responded by leaving that far-famed city behind them,
Abandoning the battle for fear of Zeus's threats,
Since they respected that hero's knowledge of ancient wisdom.

Still they did not neglect the men who had fallen in action,
But gave them burial after dragging them off the field.
They were not covered by the cloud, but only the lofty
City with its unscalable walls, round which so many
Sons of Troy and Argos had been the war god's victims.
As soon as they reached their ships they removed their fighting gear
And washed away all the dust and sweat and gore,
Standing in the waves of the rapid Hellespont.
The sun god drove his tireless team into the darkness,
As night spread over the earth and turned men from their tasks.
The Argives honored the valiant son of warlike Achilles
No less than they had his father. In the commanders' quarters
He dined exultantly. No weariness weighed him down,
For Thetis had removed all irksome aches from his limbs
And given him the look of one who knew no tiredness.
When his strong heart was fully satisfied with the meal,
He went to his father's quarters, where he was embraced
By sleep. Meanwhile the Danaans slept in front of their ships
Keeping watch by turns. For they were terribly fearful

That the army of Troy or their hand-to-hand fighting allies
Would burn their ships and rob them all of their return.
Likewise in the city of Priam the Trojan hordes
Were taking turns to sleep beside their gates and walls
For fear of a devastating attack by the Argives.

BOOK 9 The Arrival of Philoktetes

The darkness of night was done and from the horizon Dawn
Awoke to fill the wondrous sky with limitless light.
At once the mighty warrior sons of Argos
Peered out across the plain and saw the height of Ilion
Clear of cloud, the more surprised at yesterday's marvel.
The Trojans now refused to make a stand in battle
Outside their lofty walls, for all were gripped by fear,
Believing that Peleus' glorious son was alive.
Antenor in their midst prayed thus to the chief of the gods:
"Oh Zeus, lord of Ida and the radiant heavens,
Listen to my prayer and turn that mighty man
With his murderous intentions away from this city of ours,
Be he Achilles, who did not after all go to Hades,
Or some other Achaian who has that man's appearance.
In the city of divinely descended Priam
Many people are perishing. There's no rest from the evil,
But death and doom are growing greater every day.
Father Zeus, this slaughter by the Achaians no longer
Concerns you. Even you are forgetful of your own son
Godlike Dardanos, giving all your support to the Argives.
If that is what you have really set your heart on,
That Trojans should perish miserably at the hands of the Argives,
Do it at once; don't make us suffer for a long time."
This passionate prayer of his was heard by Zeus in heaven,
Who quickly granted one request, but the other never.
He certainly gave his assent that many Trojans should perish
Together with their children, but not that the warlike son
Of Achilles should be turned away from Troy's broad streets.
All the more he roused him, prompted by his desire
To favor the prudent daughter of Nereus with glory.
Such was the plan of the greatest of all the gods.

Now between the town and the Hellespont's wide waters
The Argives and the Trojans were burning with their horses
Those who were killed in action. The slaughter of battle had stopped,
Because, on Priam's authority, the herald Menoites

Had gone to Agamemnon and the other Achaians
To ask that the dead should be burned and they had agreed,
Respecting the slain, since no resentment attaches to them.
When the work on the many pyres for them was done,
The Argives all returned to their encampment
And the Trojans to the halls of wealthy Priam,
Consumed with sorrow for the fall of Eurypylos,
For they had honored him no less than the sons of Priam.
So they buried him separately from the other dead,
In front of the Dardanian Gate, where the far-flowing stream . . .
Eddying forth when swollen by the rain of Zeus.
Meanwhile the son of dauntless Achilles visited
His father's enormous tomb. Amid a stream of tears
He kissed the well-made gravestone of his departed parent.
Groaning deeply he addressed these words to him:
"I greet you, father, even under the ground. I won't
Forget you now that you have gone to the house of Hades.
If only I had found you alive among the Argives!
Surely then in the joy of each other's company
We would have taken untold wealth from holy Ilion.
But as it was you never set eyes on your son,
Nor did I see you alive as I longed to do.
But even with you far away among the dead
Your spear and your son in the fray are filling the foe
With terror, while the Danaans rejoice in the sight
Of one who is like you in body and spirit and deeds."
That said, he wiped the scalding tears from his cheeks
And hastened back to the ships of his proudhearted father.
He was not alone, for with him went a dozen
Myrmidons accompanied by the aged Phoinix
Groaning bitterly for the loss of famed Achilles.
Night spread over the earth and stars rose into the sky.
After supper they took their rest till the waking of Dawn.

Then the Argives put on their armor, the gleam of which
Traveled so far that it lighted the sky itself.
They lost no time in hurrying out of their gates
In one great throng, like snowflakes when they come falling
Thick and fast from the clouds in winter's freezing season.
So they streamed out from their wall. The cry they raised
Was frightful, and loud was the groan of the earth beneath their tread.

The Trojans heard that shout and saw that army
And marveled. All their hearts were crushed with a sense
Of coming doom. For round them like a cloud appeared
The enemy army. Their armor clattered with the movement
Of the men and dust rose steadily from their feet.
At that point either some deity filled with boldness the heart
Of Deiphobos, freeing him of fear, or he was spurred
By his own spirit into combat, that from his homeland
He might drive with his spear the foe's destructive forces.
These were the bold words he addressed to the Trojans:
"My friends, fill now your breasts with the spirit of war,
Bearing in mind the miseries that cruel warfare
Inflicts in the end on those who are taken captive.
This struggle of ours is not just about Alexander
Or Helen. It is also for our city, ourselves,
Our wives, our cherished children, and our honored parents,
All the splendor of our possessions and the land
We love, by which I would rather be covered after falling
In combat than see our beloved homeland under the spear
Of our foes. I think the unhappy human race
Cannot experience a worse disaster than that.
So cast accursed fear aside and all with me
Strengthen yourselves for relentless battle. Achilles
No longer lives to fight against us now that he
Has been consumed by fire. It is some other Achaian
Who now has rallied their army. It's shameful that either Achilles
Or any other Achaian should terrify those who defend
Their homeland. So let us not flinch from the war god's work,
However much we have toiled and suffered up to now.
Are you not aware that for the suffering race
Of men hard work is followed by joy and prosperity;
That after the devastating winds of a dreadful storm
Zeus brings on a day of cloudless skies for mortals;
That deadly sickness is followed by health and strength, and war
By peace? There's nothing that does not change in the course of time."

Inflamed by his words, they prepared themselves for battle
In haste. Through all the city was heard the clatter
Of young men arming themselves for the cruel work of war.
For one man his wife, in spite of her fear for the fighting,
Collected his armor and piled it tearfully beside him.

For another his little children hurried to bring
Their father all his equipment. At first he shares
The pain of their sorrow, but then he changes to a smile
Of pride for his children and all the more his heart
Is set on toiling in battle for them and for himself.
For yet another his aged father with expert hands
Puts on pieces to protect him from harm in action,
Constantly urging his cherished son to yield to no one
In combat and showing him the wounds on his chest,
So many reminders of wars fought long ago.
As soon as everyone was ready with his armor,
They streamed from the city filled with desire for deadly
Warfare. Horsemen rushed to encounter speedy
Horsemen, infantry was attacked by hordes on foot,
Chariots came face to face with chariots. The ground resounded
Under the charge to battle. Each to his followers shouted
Orders. Rapidly they engaged and everywhere
Was heard the clash of their armor. From both sides rose a single
Hideous uproar. A stream of speeding missiles flew
In both directions. An indescribable clatter
Of soldiers' shields was made by the blows of spears and swords
And javelins. Many men were wounded by the blows
Of sharpened axes and their armor was befouled
By blood. The women of Troy were watching from the walls
The ghastly struggle of their menfolk, all their bodies
Trembling as they uttered prayers for husbands, sons
And brothers. At their sides sat gray-haired elders
Watching with them, their spirits gripped by anguish
For cherished children. Only Helen stayed at home
With her attendants, kept there by her unspeakable shame.

Those outside toiled on incessantly. Round them Fates
Rejoiced and the shout of deadly Strife was heard afar
Calling to both sides. Dust was reddened with the gore
Of those who were slaughtered in every part of the struggle.
Deiphobos then killed the powerful charioteer
Of . . . , Hippasides, who from his speeding chariot
Fell among the corpses, causing his master distress.
He was afraid that with his hands controlling the reins
He too would be killed by that noble son of Priam.
However, Melanthios noticed him and quickly leapt

Aboard his chariot. Shaking the long reins he commanded
The horses and drove them with his spear for lack of a whip.
So Priam's son abandoned them and went where others
Were thronging. To many men he brought their day of doom
So suddenly, for like a destructive gale he kept on
Boldly attacking the enemy. Those slain by his hands
Could not be counted; they crowded the ground with corpses.
As into a wooded hollow high in the hills
A woodsman plunges and hastens to fell new growth of forest,
In order to manufacture charcoal by turfing over
A mass of burning timber; trees falling on every side
Thickly cover the hillsides and give the man delight;
Thus by Deiphobos' speedy hands Achaians
Were perishing in throngs and falling on one another.
Some of them still engaged the Trojans, while others fled
Toward the broad stream of the Xanthos. Right into the water
Deiphobos herded them and did not stop his slaughter.
As on the shores of the fish-abounding Hellespont
Hardworking fishermen pull a bulging net
Up onto the land, and while it is still in the sea
A young man jumps in with a barbed harpoon in his hand
To deal a dreadful doom to the swordfish, on all sides
Killing any he catches and reddening the water with blood;
So by Deiphobos' hands the Xanthos' flowing water
Was crimsoned with the blood of the corpses that crowded there.

It wasn't, however, a bloodless battle for the Trojans,
As they were being cut down by Achilles' sturdy son
In a different part of their ranks. The sight of her grandson
Gave Thetis joy to equal her grief for the son of Peleus.
For by his spear a mighty host of men was falling
In the dust with their horses, while he pursued them with slaughter.
He cut down famous Amides, who encountered him
On horseback but gained no advantage from his beloved
Horsemanship. He struck him with his shining spear
In the belly, so that the point came out by his spine.
His guts gushed out, and he was quickly seized
By a deadly doom as he fell at the feet of his speedy steed.
Next he killed Askanios and Oinops, striking
One's gullet close to the mouth with his spear and the other below
The throat, which is a specially fatal spot for men.

Every man he met he slaughtered. Who in the world
Could name all those who perished in the battle
By Neoptolemos' hands? His limbs were never wearied.
Just as some young man in a fruitful grove
Labors all day long with his powerful hands
To bring to the ground a boundless crop of olives
With blows of a rod and quickly covers the area;
So by the hands of that man fell a mighty throng.
Elsewhere Agamemnon of the ashwood spear,
The son of Tydeus, and others of the Danaan champions
Toiled zealously in that pitiless struggle. Nor were the valiant
Leaders of the Trojans affected by fear. They too
Fought on with a will and constantly restrained the men
Who tried to draw back. But many ignored their commanders
And fled from the fighting, frightened by the Achaians' strength.

At length the mighty son of Aiakos' grandson noticed
The Danaans being slaughtered on the Skamandros' banks
In rapid succession. Those he had been killing he left
To make their escape to the city and ordered Automedon
To drive to where such a crowd of Achaians was perishing.
At once he obeyed and whipped the strength of his deathless team
Into a charge toward the melee. They flew off
Conveying their mighty master swiftly over the dead men.
As the war god goes into murderous battle,
Standing in his chariot and causing the ground to tremble
With his onrush; the heavenly armor that covers the breast
Of the god resounds and flashes as brightly as fire;
Like that the mighty son of Achilles went to face
Brave Deiphobos. Dust billowed up in clouds
From round his horses' hooves. When valiant Automedon
Caught sight of Deiphobos, he recognized him and quickly
Revealed to his lord the name of the far-famed hero thus:
"My lord, those are Deiphobos' troops and the man himself,
Who previously fled before your father. Now his heart
Has been inspired with courage by some god or power."

Neoptolemos made no reply except
To bid him drive the horses faster, to hasten his rescue
Of the dying Danaans from their sorry doom.
When at last the two drew very close to each other,

Deiphobos, despite his great desire for battle,
Stood still like dreadful fire that reaches water's edge.
He was astounded to see the horses of Aiakos'
Stouthearted grandson with one who matched his father's enormous
Stature. His heart within him wavered between two courses,
Whether to flee or fight that hero face-to-face.
Just as a boar in the mountains chases off jackals
From its newborn young, when suddenly a lion
Appears from elsewhere; the boar then stops its fearsome attack
And, being unwilling either to advance or retreat,
It whets its tusks as foam drips from its jaws;
Thus Priam's offspring waited with his horses and chariot
Pondering many thoughts and turning his spear in his hands.
The son of merciless Achilles then addressed him:
"Son of Priam, why so much fury aimed at Argives
Who are weaker and fled in terror of your threats
And your attacks, which made you think you were by far
The best? Well, if there is any spirit in your breast,
Make trial of my invincible spear in combat."
That said, he charged at him like a lion against a deer,
Standing in the horse-drawn chariot of his father.
His spear would soon have slain both master and charioteer,
Had not Apollo from Olympos quickly cloaked them
With a murky mist and from the deadly fray
Snatched up Deiphobos and set him in Troy, where the other
Trojans were escaping. Into empty air
The grandson of Peleus thrust his spear and uttered these words:
"Dog, you have escaped my power. It wasn't your valor
That saved you as you desired, but one of the gods who concealed you
With darkness dropped from above and snatched you from disaster."

As he spoke, the son of Kronos on high dispersed
The darkness like a mist and scattered it up in the sky.
At once the plain appeared and all the country around.
Neoptolemos saw the Trojans in the distance
Beside the Skaian Gate. As his father would have done,
He went to face the foe who fled before his advance.
Just as sailors tremble before the threatening approach
Of a wave, which by the wind has been built up and bears down
Huge in width and height, when a tempest maddens the sea,
Such craven terror possessed the Trojans at his approach.

He meanwhile spoke thus to urge his comrades on:
"Listen to me, my friends, and fill your breasts with fearless
Courage, the kind that men of valor ought to have
If they want to win for themselves a splendid victory
And glory from the tumult of battle. Let us therefore
Risk our lives and strive beyond our strength, until
We achieve our desire to sack the famous city of Troy.
It is a disgrace to stay here such a long time
Achieving nothing and showing ourselves as weak as women.
I would rather die than be called unfit for war."
Thus roused, they rushed into the work of war with increased
Boldness and leapt upon the Trojans, who no less
Kept fighting zealously, some outside their city and others
Inside the gates upon the ramparts. Unrelenting
Was the dreadful warfare, the Trojans determined to stop
The enemy's threatening forces, the mighty Argives bent
On sacking the city. All of them suffered grievously.

At that juncture, eager to assist the Trojans,
Down from Olympos came leaping and covered in cloud
The son of Leto. Strong winds swept him swiftly along
Adorned with golden armor. All round him shone
The path of his long descent as brightly as lightning.
Great was the clatter of his quiver. The sky resounded
Prodigiously and the earth rang loudly as he planted
His tireless feet by the flowing Xanthos. The terrifying
Shout that he uttered emboldened the Trojans, but made the Achaians
Afraid of maintaining the bloody fray. But noticing this
The mighty earthquake god breathed strength into the Achaians,
Sorely pressed as they were. The battle was thus made murderous
By the immortals' contrivance, killing countless hordes
Of men on both sides. In his anger against the Achaians
Apollo was planning to shoot the valiant son of Achilles
In the spot where before he had shot Achilles. His spirit
Was first restrained by birds of omen that screamed on his left
And many more signs. But then his anger would no longer
Obey the portents. Aware of this the dark-haired sea god
Concealed himself in a marvelous mist. And under the feet
Of that god, as he made his way, the dark earth quaked.
In order to restrain Apollo he called to him thus:

"Stop, son, do not kill the towering son of Achilles.
His killing certainly will not please the lord of Olympos.
And great will be the grief that I and all the deities
Of the sea shall suffer, as before for Achilles.
Get back to the sacred sky, in case you make me angry
And I then open a yawning pit in the boundless earth,
So that Ilion with its walls will all at once
Be swallowed in blackness. You will feel the pain of that."
With these words spoken, out of respect for his father's brother
And fear for the city with its great people, Apollo
Withdrew to the heavens, Poseidon to the sea.

Meanwhile
The slaughter of battle continued, giving delight to Strife,
Till finally, at the bidding of Kalchas, the Achaians
Withdrew to their ships and gave up thoughts of fighting.
It was not fated, it seems, for Ilion's town to fall,
Not till Philoktetes joined the Achaian host
With his strength and skill in the tragic art of war.
Kalchas learned this either from sacred birds of omen
Or by observing victims' entrails, since he was skilled
In divination with godlike knowledge of everything.
It was their trust in Kalchas that made the sons of Atreus
Desist from the cruel war and dispatch to prosperous Lemnos
Tydeus' sturdy son and the stalwart fighter Odysseus
Aboard a speedy ship. They soon arrived at the city
Of Hephaistos across the broad Aegean Sea
On wine-producing Lemnos, where once a dreadful death
Had been contrived for wedded husbands by their wives
Out of extreme resentment, because their husbands did not
Honor them but used to sleep with captive women
From Thrace, acquired by valor with their spears
When they once ravaged the land of the warlike Thracians.
From jealousy's fierce assault the hearts of their wives
Were swollen with anger. With reckless hands they slaughtered
Their own husbands in their homes and had no mercy
On those to whom they were wedded. Denial rules the hearts
Of wife and husband, when the sickness of jealousy
Attacks them and they are stung by pangs of anguish.
So those women inflicted disaster on their husbands

And in a single night they widowed all the city;
Such was the strength of the dauntless spirit that possessed them.

When those two envoys arrived at Lemnos and the rocky
Cavern where the son of noble Poias lay,
They were struck with amazement at the sight
Of the hero moaning in his atrocious pain,
Stretched out upon the rugged ground. All round him
The feathers of many birds were heaped to form his couch,
While others were sewn together to protect his body
From bitter winter. For when he felt the pangs of hunger,
He used to shoot an unerring arrow wherever he willed.
Some birds he would consume and others he applied
To his terrible wound to soothe the blackness of pain.
On either side of his face hung matted locks of hair,
Like those of a savage beast which a hidden and painful trap
Has caught by the foot on its nightly track and, driven by need,
It has bitten off with its cruel teeth the end
Of its foot and so escaped to its cave, and there its spirit
Is distressed by hunger and torturing affliction.
Thus Philoktetes in his great cave was crushed by pain.

His body was wasted all away, with nothing but skin
And bones, and a frightful odor hung about
The filth upon his face. The prey of overwhelming
Suffering, his eyes were sunken beneath his brows
From cruel affliction. His groaning never stopped,
Because his blackened wound went through to the bone,
With downward putrefaction and gnawing pain below.
Just as on a headland out in the surging sea
A rugged rock is conquered by the sea's salt water
Endlessly undermining it in spite of its strength;
Through the violent pounding of the winds and waves
Holes are eaten away and hollowed out by the sea;
Like that the wound in his foot was fed by the putrefying
Poison injected by the jagged fangs of a fearsome
Water snake, a loathsome beast that is said to inflict
Incurable wounds when it has been dried out on the land
By the heat of the sun. That's why the mighty hero
Was overwhelmed by pain that could not be cured.
From his wound some liquid constantly dripped to the ground,

Spattering the floor of that capacious cave,
Something that people of later times would marvel at.
Beside his bed he had laid a quiver that was long
And filled with arrows. Some of these were for his hunting
And others for enemies, smeared with the noxious water snake's
Incurable poison. In front of them a massive bow
Lay close at hand with curving horns attached,
Constructed by the invincible hands of Herakles.

Seeing those two men approaching his spacious cave,
His first reaction was to aim at them both
His cruel arrows, at the thought of the rage he had felt
When long ago they left him behind with his loud groans,
Alone upon a deserted shore of the sea.
He would indeed have fulfilled on the spot his bold heart's wish,
Had not Athena made his bitter anger melt
At the sight of faces that were familiar. They approached him
With the appearance of pained compassion. Then they both
Sat down on either side of him in the hollow cave
And asked him about his deadly wound and the terrible pain
It gave him, and he explained his suffering to them.
They heartened him by promising that his terrible wound
Was going to be healed and his pain and trouble ended,
If he would rejoin the Achaian forces, who, they told him,
Were sitting beside their ships in great distress, including
The sons of Atreus. They told him too that no Achaian
In the army had caused his suffering, only the cruel
Fates, which can't be avoided by any who walk the earth.
Ever unseen, they haunt the hapless race of men
Every single day, at one time breaking the strength
Of mortals by their merciless will and at another
Suddenly giving them glory. For all the fortunes of mortals,
The painful as well as the pleasant, are contrived by them
According to their pleasure. Listening to Odysseus
And to godlike Diomedes he found it easy
To put a stop immediately to his bitter anger,
Though it had been extreme because of all he had suffered.

Straightaway they took him happily to their ship
Upon the booming beach together with his weapons.
Then they wiped his body and the cruel wound

With a porous sponge and washed him with copious water,
Which refreshed him a little. They hastened to prepare
The good meal that he keenly wanted and they shared it
With him on board the ship. Immortal Night came on
And sleep descended upon them. They remained till dawn
Beside the shore of sea-girt Lemnos. When dawn arrived,
They raised the cables and the curving anchors
In haste to be away. Athena sent them a wind
Blowing from behind the long-prowed ship.
At once they spread the sail with both the sheets,
Setting the well-benched ship on course. In the whistling wind
It sped across the level water. A dark wave breaking
Round it murmured and gray foam boiled in all directions.
Round it there were dolphins racing in shoals,
Swiftly making their way along the gray sea's paths.
Soon they reached the fish-abounding Hellespont,
Where they found the rest of the fleet.

The Achaians rejoiced
To see the men the army longed for, who were glad
To disembark from the ship. The valiant son of Poias
Held out his wasted hands to his escorts, and they both
Conveyed him, painfully limping, onto the sacred shore,
Supporting himself on the powerful arms of the two,
Just like an oak tree in a forest cut halfway through
By the strength of a woodcutter or a resinous pine
Still standing on the little timber left by the woodsman,
When he cuts away the resinous trunk to make a torch
By setting the pitch on fire in the hills; the tree is badly
Burdened and, weakened by the wind, supports itself
On strongly growing saplings that can bear its weight.
Thus Philoktetes, burdened by his unbearable pain,
Supported himself on those brave warriors, who conveyed him
To the gathered Argive soldiers. When they saw
That master archer afflicted by his grievous wound,
They all felt pity. But he was made both strong and healthy
More quickly than the speed of thought by Podaleirios,
The equal of the heavenly gods, who skillfully sprinkled
Many balms upon the wound and skillfully summoned
His own father by name. At once the Achaians shouted,
All with one accord, in praise of Asklepios' son.

They washed and anointed him all over with olive oil
Most zealously. His dire prostration and distress
By the will of the gods just disappeared. Their hearts were gladdened
By the sight of his recovery from sickness.
His pallor was followed by rosiness and his distressing
Weakness by vigorous strength and all his limbs filled out.
As ears of grain in a field recover their vigor,
Which were dying before and then were badly flooded
By a heavy rainstorm but, quickened by the breezes,
They flourish and smile upon the much-worked land;
Thus the body of Philoktetes, so stricken before,
Soon recovered completely. In that rounded washtub
He left behind the cares that had overwhelmed his spirit.

Seeing that hero returned, as it seemed, from death
The Argives were astounded. They thought it was the work
Of the gods and it truly was as they supposed.
For his stature and his beauty were spread upon him
By noble Tritogeneia, who restored the appearance
He had among the Argives before his sickness crushed him.
Then it was that all the champions joined in escorting
The son of Poias to wealthy Agamemnon's quarters
And distinguished him with the honor of a banquet.
When they had had their fill of finest food and drink,
Agamemnon of the ashwood spear addressed him:
"My friend, it was by the will of the gods that long ago
We left you behind on sea-girt Lemnos in our delusion.
Don't, then, harbor anger against us in your heart.
We did not act apart from the blessed gods, for it seems
The immortals themselves desired to inflict great evil on us
By keeping you far away, since you have the highest skill
In killing the foe with arrows whenever they fight against you.
Over all lands and seas [the paths of life] are hidden
By the will of the Fates. They have so many branches,
Crowded and tortuous, turning in all directions.
Men are carried along them by the doom of heaven,
No better than leaves that by the blasts of wind
Are driven. A good man finds himself on an evil path
Too often, a bad man on a good one. They can't be avoided,
Nor can any man on earth choose them for himself.
It is the wise man's duty, if carried by the winds

On a painful path, to bear with firmness his misfortune.
Since, then, we were mistaken and wrong in what we did,
Later we will make amends with limitless gifts,
If ever we capture the prosperous city of Troy.
For now take seven women, twenty speedy horses,
Winners of prizes, and a dozen tripods, something
To give you pleasure all your life. And in my quarters
You'll have kingly honor at my table always."
With that he gave the hero gifts of greatest beauty.
Stouthearted Poias' son made this reply to him:
"Good friend, I am no longer angry with you, nor with any
Other Argive, if anyone else has done me wrong.
I know that the mind of a good man should be pliable.
It is not right to be angry and surly forever;
One should be sometimes fierce and sometimes gentle.
Now let us go and rest, for a man who wants to fight
Does better to sleep than to go on feasting for too long."
That said, he rose to leave and went to the quarters
Of his comrades. They then for their warlike king
Hurried to make his bed with happiness filling their hearts.
He was glad to take his rest till the following dawn.

The holy night retreated, the hills were flushed with the light
Of the sun, and mortals busied themselves with their varied tasks.
The Argives in their eagerness for deadly battle
Sharpened some their polished spearheads, some their arrows,
And others their javelins. At dawn they prepared a meal,
For horses as well as men, and all of them ate their food.
The sturdy son of noble Poias then addressed
These words to them to encourage them to work with a will:
"Come, now is the time to think of battle. Let no one
Stay by the ships until we have broken the famous defenses
Of strong-walled Troy and burned the city down."
These words truly warmed the hearts within their breasts.
They put their armor on and their shields. Then from the ships
They charged out in one body equipped with ashwood spears,
With oxhide shields and double-crested helmets.
One man pressed another in their ranks. You'd think
There was no space between those men as they charged;
So closely interlocked were they with one another.

BOOK 10 The Death of Paris

Meanwhile the Trojans were all outside the city of Priam
Wearing their armor and keeping their chariots and speedy horses
With them. For while they were burning those killed in action,
They feared the Achaian army might bear down on them.
Accordingly, when they saw them charging toward the city,
They hastily heaped a burial mound upon the slain,
Spurred on by the terrible fear of what they saw.
To them in their distress of spirit Polydamas,
A man of outstanding wisdom and sense, addressed these words:
"My friends, the war god's fury is now too much for us.
We must find some way of coping with the war;
The Danaans are prevailing by their perseverance.
Let us therefore man the tops of our solid towers
And carry on the fight from there both night and day,
Until the Danaans either return to fertile Sparta
Or grow disheartened with keeping up an inglorious siege
Beside our walls. They will not have sufficient strength
To break these lofty walls however hard they toil,
For there's no weakness in the imperishable work of gods.
Nor do we have any lack of food and drink.
In the palace of wealthy Priam abundant supplies
Are safely stored away, so that even greater numbers
Gathered for a lengthy period would enjoy
Sufficient food, supposing another army three times
As large should come here eager to help us in our need."

These words brought a rebuke from Anchises' valiant son:
"Polydamas, I don't know why they call you sensible
When you urge us to go on suffering inside the city.
A lengthy stay here won't dishearten the Achaians.
They'll bear down the more for our avoiding them,
And we shall have the pain of perishing in our homeland
If they maintain a lengthy operation round us.
No one will come from Thebe to offer us tasty food
If we are cooped up in the city, nor will anyone

Bring us wine from Maionia. Horrible famine will give us
A miserable death however well our walls protect us.
If we are going to avoid the doom of an evil death,
Of perishing wretchedly under a crushing destiny,
We must arm ourselves to fight along with our children
And our respected fathers and see whether Zeus
Will save us because we are sprung from his noble blood.
But if we are going to perish hated by him as well,
It is surely better to die a glorious death
Defending our homeland than to wait for a miserable end."
Everyone shouted in approval of what he said.

At once then with their helmets, shields, and spears they formed
A solid line together. The eyes of almighty Zeus
Looked down from Olympos on the Trojans arming themselves
For battle with the Argives. He stirred up each man's spirit,
To make both armies strain themselves in unrelenting
Battle, since Alexander was soon to die
At Philoktetes' hands in a struggle over his wife.
The armies were brought together by Strife the mistress of tumult,
Whom no one could see because her shoulders were wrapped in a cloud
Of blood. She went about unleashing plentiful tumult,
Now in the Trojan host and now in the Achaian.
Round her Panic and Fear were toiling intrepidly
For the glory of their father's stouthearted sister.
Her ardor made her grow from small to something huge.
Her armor was made of steel all spattered with gore.
She brandished a deadly spear in the air. Beneath her feet
The dark earth quaked and her breath was a terrible blast
Of fire. She kept on shouting loudly in order to rouse
The warriors. Quickly then they came together waging
Battle, brought to their monstrous task by a terrible goddess.
Their shouting was like the sound of violently blowing winds
At the start of spring, when lofty woodland trees
Put forth their leaves, like the roar of fire that blazes
In dried-out thickets or like the wide sea's fury
Beneath a deafening wind, when a mighty whistling sound
Is heard all round and the knees of sailors shake with fear.

So great was the wide earth's rumble beneath those charging troops.
Battle broke out among them and one man leapt at another.

Aineias killed first the Danaan Harpalion,
The son of Arizelos, borne by Amphinome
In the Boiotians' land, who had come to Troy
With noble Prothoenor to support the Argives.
Aineias now struck him in the tender flesh of his belly
And robbed him of his breath and his sweet life.
Close by he slew the son of warlike Thersandros,
Hyllos, hitting him in the throat with his pointed spear;
Arethousa had borne him beside the river Lethaios
On sea-girt Krete, so his death distressed Idomeneus.
Meanwhile the grandson of Peleus had destroyed twelve men
Of Troy in quick succession using his father's spear.
They were Kebros, the first, Harmon, Pasitheos,
Ismenos and Imbrasios, Phlegys and Schedios,
Mnesaios next, Amphinomos and Ennomos,
Then Phalis and Galenos, the last of whom had lived
Upon steep Gargaros and was outstanding in battle
Among the mighty Trojans. He came with a countless force
To Troy, because he had been promised many splendid
And beautiful gifts by Dardanos' descendant Priam.
The foolish man, he had no inkling of his own doom.
For soon that grievous war would be the death of him,
Before he won those wonderful gifts from the house of Priam.

Then it was that destructive Fate set onto the Argives
Eurymenes, companion of stouthearted Aineias,
Filling his heart with ample courage for him to lay low
Many before he fulfilled his fate with his own death.
He killed in all directions like a pitiless Doom.
Men shrank before him at once, as at the end of his life
He raged so fiercely with no thought of his fate.
That man would have wreaked immeasurable havoc in battle,
Had not his arms grown weary and the head of his spear
Been bent a long way back. The hilt of his sword had lost
Its strength and snapped as it was fated. Then he was struck
In the gullet by the spear of Meges. Blood spurted out

From his mouth and pain and Fate were at his side in a flash.
From dead Eurymenes two attendants of Epeios,
Deileon and Amphion, were preparing to strip
The armor, when they in their zeal were dealt a miserable death
Beside that body by the bold and strong Aineias.
As in a vineyard wasps that attack the fruit
Are put to death among the drying bunches
And breathe their last before they can taste the fruit;
So these were quickly dispatched before they plundered the armor.

Tydeus' son slew Menon and Amphinoos,
Both worthy men, while Paris killed Demoleon,
The son of Hippasos, who had lived in Lakonia,
By the banks of the deep-flowing river Eurotas,
And came to Troy with fleet-foot Menelaos as leader.
Paris now dispatched him with an arrow shot
Below his right breast, driving the life from his limbs.
Teukros then killed Zelys, the far-famed son of Medon,
Whose home was in the sheepland region of Phrygia
Below a cave that was sacred to fair-tressed nymphs,
Where once the bird's-eye view of Endymion lying asleep
Beside his cattle made the moon goddess come down
From the heavens. Keen desire for that young man led her,
Immortal and stainless though she was, and to this day
There are traces of her bed beneath some oak trees. Round it
Milk of cows was poured out in the woods, which people
Marvel at even now, for seeing it from a distance
You'd say that it was gray-colored milk, but it is a flow
Of limpid water, and when it has gone a little way
The stream completely congeals and becomes a surface of stone.

Meges the son of Phyleus made a rush at Alkaios
And ran him through below the throbbing heart
With his spear, and quickly the life he loved was gone.
He never returned from the war that caused so many tears
For the welcome of his wretched parents who longed for him,
Lovely-girdled Phyllis and Margasos, who lived
By the crystal waters of Harpasos, which with the dangerous
Maiandros unites its noisy and copious stream,
Constantly swollen as it is with a furious flow.
Glaukos' comrade Skylakeus of the ashwood spear

Was stabbed by the son of Oileus in a close encounter
Just above the shield. The cruel spear was driven
Across the breadth of his shoulder, blood spurting over the shield.
But that did not kill him, because his day of doom
Awaited him when he returned, beneath his native walls.
When lofty Ilion had been sacked by the eager Achaians,
He escaped from the war and returned to Lykia
Without a single comrade. Just outside their city
The women gathered and questioned him about their sons
And husbands. When he'd recounted the deaths of them all,
The women surrounded that man and stoned him to death,
So that he did not profit from the return to his homeland
And his loud groans were stifled by a shroud of stones.
Those missiles formed a murderous burial mound for him
By the sanctuary and tomb of mighty Bellerophon
In famous Tlos, not far from the rock of the Titan's daughter.
Having by that death fulfilled his fated end,
Since then, at the bidding of Leto's glorious son,
He has been worshiped with a god's undying honor.

Next the son of Poias killed both Deioneus
And Akamas of the ashwood spear, Antenor's son.
The other young men brought down by him were a mighty host.
His fury among the foe was equal to that of the war god
Or that of a roaring river which smashes lofty dykes
In flood, when, surging violently round rocks,
It sweeps down dangerously from mountains swollen by rain,
A splendid stream that never fails, and now no barrier
Can hold back its prodigiously boiling waters.
Likewise even a distant glimpse of the valiant son
Of famous Poias left no one with the strength to approach.
The force that filled his breast was overwhelming
And he was equipped with the weapons of warlike Herakles,
Fashioned so finely. All along his gleaming baldric
There were ferocious and shameless bears and next to them
Frightening jackals and leopards smiling grimly
Under their brows. Nearby there were sturdyhearted wolves,
Boars with flashing tusks, and powerful lions,
All terrifyingly lifelike. In every part
There were scenes of battle showing dreadful slaughter.
Such were the intricate scenes all over that baldric.

Other scenes adorned his enormous quiver.
Hermes, the wind-swift son of Zeus, was shown on it
Killing huge Argos beside the river Inachos,
Argos whose many eyes took turns to sleep.
Mighty Phaethon was there in the river Eridanos,
Thrown down from his chariot. From the burning earth
Black smoke hovered in the air as though it were real.
Godlike Perseus was slaying fearsome Medusa
At the bathing place of the stars, at the end of the earth,
Where the deep-flowing Ocean runs and the tireless
Setting Sun is met by Night each evening.
There too the great offspring of invincible Iapetos
Was hanging from a precipitous crag of the Kaukasos
By unbreakable bonds. An eagle was tearing his liver,
Which kept on growing, and he looked as though he was groaning.
These scenes had been wrought by the famous hands of Hephaistos
For mighty Herakles, who gave them to Poias' son
To bear, because they were truly friends who had shared a home.
Proud of this equipment he laid low hosts of men.

At length Paris rushed at him, his deadly arrows
And his supple bow held ready in his hands.
Boldly he was about to meet his final hour.
He shot a rapid shaft from the string, which sang
As the arrow sped from his hands on a course that was not fruitless.
Philoktetes it missed as he moved aside a fraction
And hit instead Kleodoros, a distinguished man,
Just above the breast and drove right through to his shoulder.
He lacked a broad shield, which would have stopped his sorry death.
He was retreating unprotected, because his shield
Was struck from his shoulders when Polydamas severed the baldric
With his heavy ax. He drew back while still fighting
With his cruel spear. This deadly arrow then hit him,
Coming from elsewhere. Some power, it seems, desired
To bring grim death to the wise man Lernos' son,
Whom Amphiale bore in the fertile land of Rhodes.

Just as Paris slew that man with his cruel shaft,
Straightaway the sturdy son of noble Poias
Eagerly stretched his speedy bow and shouted to him:
"You dog, I'll make you a present of death and destruction,

Seeing that you are so keen to measure yourself against me.
That will give relief to all who because of you
Suffer in this grim war. There'll soon be release from destruction
When you have perished here, because you are their bane."
With these words he drew the plaited bowstring close
To his chest, making the bow bend back, and aimed his merciless
Arrow so that its head just peered beyond the bow,
Controlled by his manly strength. The bowstring gave a loud twang
As the arrow sped with a sinister whistle. That great hero
Did not miss, though the other's heart wasn't stilled, some strength
Remaining. The arrow had not struck a vital spot,
But had only grazed the handsome flesh of his hand.
And so once more he could aim his bow. But before he shot
He was struck above the groin with a pointed arrow fired
By the son of Poias. Paris no longer stayed to fight
But beat a hasty retreat, just as a dog draws back
When frightened by a lion, after attacking before.
Likewise he, with sharp pangs piercing his heart,
Drew back from the battle. Meanwhile the melee continued
With mutual slaughter. The fighting was truly bloody,
With killing in either army. Corpses were piled on corpses,
As countless as drops of rain or pellets of hail
Or flakes of snow, which over the lofty wooded hills
At Zeus's behest the west wind sprinkles in winter.
Thus those destroyed by a pitiless doom on either side
Fell dead in hordes and were heaped on one another.

Paris uttered frightful groans because of his wound.
Soon doctors attended to him in his distress of spirit.
The Trojans entered their city, while the Danaans quickly
Returned to their dark-colored ships. Both sides were stopped from fighting
By the darkness of night, which freed their limbs from tiredness
By pouring sleep, the balm of suffering, over their eyes.
But all night long sleep could not capture restless Paris.
He could not get relief from those who tried to help
With cures of every kind, because it was his fate
That escape from death and doom should come from the hands of Oinone,
If she was willing. So now he obeyed the prophecy
And went unwillingly, since dire necessity drove him

To face his wedded wife. Ill-boding birds met him,
Some calling over his head and others darting
Away to the left hand. Sometimes the sight of them
Filled him with fear and sometimes he was convinced their flight
Meant nothing. In fact they revealed a fearful and painful death.

He reached the home of famous Oinone. The sight of him
Astonished all her serving women, as it did
Oinone. Immediately he fell at the feet of his wife.
. . . All blackened on the surface and inside, right through
To the fatty marrow of the bone, the wounded flesh
Of his belly being gangrened by the dreadful poison.
His heart was fainting with the fearful pain that pierced him.
Just as sickness gives a man a raging thirst,
Inflames his chest, and parches his pounding heart;
His overheated bile is seething and his spirit
Hovers languidly over his dried-up lips,
Longing for water and the life that it can give;
Such was the burning pain in the breast of Paris.
So with failing strength he spoke these words to her:
"Honored consort, do not, in my present anguish,
Hate me for having previously left you desolate
At home against my will. For inescapable Fates
Led me to Helen. I wish that before I shared her bed
I had breathed my dying breath in your arms.
But in the name of the gods who have their home in heaven
And in the name of your bed and our wedded love,
Have a merciful heart and stop my terrible pain
By applying healing salves to the mortal wound,
Those that are fated to save my life from suffering
If you are willing. Your heart alone must make the decision
Whether to save me from a miserable death or not.
Make haste, in pity, to cure the venom's power that soon
Will kill me, while my body still has vital strength.
At least don't keep in mind your bitter jealousy
And abandon me to die a merciless death,
Fallen here at your feet. That act would offend the Prayers,
Who are actually daughters of Zeus the god of thunder,
And when they are provoked by the pride of human beings,
They pursue them with a hateful spirit of vengeance

And anger. Hurry, my lady, and stop the evil Fates,
Even though I did you wrong in my folly."

Paris' words had no effect on her dark thoughts;
Her answer only mocked him in his dire distress:
"Why have you come to face me, whereas previously
You abandoned me at home to so much bitter wailing
For the sake of Tyndareus' troublesome daughter, whose bed
Afforded you joy and pleasure, seeing that she's far better
Than your wedded wife and is rumored to be immortal?
Hurry to her with your entreaty; it isn't me
You must persuade with your tears and pitiful tale of woe.
I wish I had the heart and strength of a savage beast,
First to tear your flesh and then to lap your blood
For the way you made me suffer with your willful folly.
You wretch, where now are your fair-crowned goddess of love
And invincible Zeus? Has he forgotten his son-in-law?
Keep them as your saviors and remove yourself
From my house, you utter ruin of gods and men alike.
Your crimes have caused the immortals themselves to grieve,
Some for the killing of sons and some for grandsons.
Get away from my home and go and visit Helen.
Hers is the bed by which, both night and day, you need
To moan and groan in the distress of your piercing pain,
Until she gives you relief from all your suffering."
With that she drove the groaning Paris from her doors.
Poor fool, she little thought of her own death. For surely,
With Paris dead, the Fates would quickly be on her track
As well, according to the doom that Zeus had spun.

Paris made his way through the wooded heights of Ida
On that final journey where his doom was leading,
Limping painfully and inwardly tormented.
Immortal Hera saw him and felt a glow of joy,
While sitting on Olympos in the garden of Zeus.
Seated at her side were four attendant maidens,
To whom the radiant Moon, from her union with the Sun,
Gave birth in the sky's expanse, unwearying sisters
Who were quite unlike each other in appearance.
. . . Another of them has charge of winter and Capricorn.

The life of mortals passes through these four divisions,
Ruled by the maidens in succession. That, however,
Is the concern of Zeus in heaven. The maidens were talking
Of things that sinister Fate in her malicious mind
Was planning: an odious marriage of Tyndareus' daughter
To Deiphobos; Helenos's bitter resentment
And anger with that woman; how the sons of Achaia
Were going to capture him upon the mountain heights,
Still angry with the Trojans, and take him to their swift ships;
How on his advice the son of mighty Tydeus,
Accompanied by Odysseus, would scale the lofty wall,
Inflict a miserable death upon Alkathoos,
And seize the wise goddess Tritogeneia with her consent,
The image that had protected the city and people of Troy,
Because not even a god, however great his anger,
Had strength enough to sack the prosperous city of Priam
As long as that goddess stood inviolate in its defense;
Her immortal image had not been wrought in iron
By humans, but the son of Kronos himself had thrown it
Down from Olympos into the city of wealthy Priam.
These things Zeus's spouse and her attendants talked of
And many other things too.

Meanwhile on Ida Paris
Lost his life and didn't go home to be seen by Helen.
He was surrounded by nymphs who wailed for him loudly,
Their minds no doubt recalling the time when he,
From earliest childhood, shared their company and talk.
Their lament was shared by nimble-footed herdsmen
With stricken spirits. Their groans were echoed by the glens.
Then it was that the spouse of much-enduring Priam
Was told by a herdsman of Alexander's fearful fate.
Her spirit was shaken with the immediate shock of the news,
Her limbs gave way and she uttered this lament:
"You're dead, dear child, and grief on inescapable grief
Is all you have left for me, for you were by far the best
Of all my children after Hektor. And so in sorrow
I'll weep for you, as long as my heart beats in my breast.
The gods have had a hand in our suffering and some Fate
Has thought up these disasters. I wish I had not known them
But had died in the days of peace and prosperity.

Now I can only expect to witness even worse things,
The slaughter of my sons, the city being sacked
And set on fire by the stalwarthearted Danaans,
My daughters and daughters-in-law and the rest of the Trojan women
Dragged away with their children, being compelled as captives."
So she lamented, while her husband still knew nothing.
He sat shedding tears upon the tomb of Hektor.
That was the son whom Priam had held in highest regard,
Because he was bravest and his spear was the country's defense.
His wise heart's grief for Hektor stopped him from learning of Paris.

Helen's lament was long and loud indeed,
Though what she uttered for Trojan ears was different from what
Was troubling her heart, the following words addressed to herself:
"My husband, you were a curse to me, to Troy and yourself,
And now your miserable death has left me in a loathsome
Position, where I can only look for worse to come.
How I wish the Harpies had long ago carried me off,
When I first followed you under some deadly doom of heaven.
Now the gods have brought disaster to you and to my
Ill-fated self. My being is held by everybody
In unspeakable horror and hatred and I have nowhere
To escape to. If I flee to the Danaan army,
They will greet me with physical outrage. If I stay here,
The men and women of Troy will quickly encircle me
And tear me to pieces. My corpse will not be covered by earth,
But will be eaten by dogs and eager flocks of birds.
If only Fate had destroyed me before I suffered all this."
Her words were less a lament for her husband than tearful regret
For the terrible wrong she had done. The Trojan women round her
Moaned as though for Paris but with different thoughts,
For some remembered their own parents, some their husbands,
Others their sons, and others still their cherished kinsmen.

The only one who was pierced to the depths of her noble spirit
Was Oinone. But not with the other women of Troy
Did she lament, but by herself in her own house
She lay intensely bemoaning the bed of her former husband.
As in woodlands on the highest hills ice forms
From snow that has been sprinkled over many valleys
By gusts of wind from the west, but when the surrounding

Mountain heights are soaked with flowing water,
Then the ice in the glens, however thick it is,
Is melted into a stream of ice-cold water;
Like that Oinone, in her terrible pain and anguish,
Melted with grief for the husband she had wed.
Amid her bitter moans she spoke these words to herself:
"Oh my wicked folly, oh life that I hate!
In my misfortune I loved my husband, with whom I hoped
To reach that much-famed final threshold worn out by age,
With hearts united. But heaven decided differently.
I only wish the somber Fates had carried me off
When I found I was to be parted from Alexander.
But though in life he left me, one fearful deed I'll dare,
To die at his side, since I've no joy in the light of day."

While she was speaking, pitiful tears came rolling down
From her eyes, and at the thought that her husband had met
His death, like wax in a fire, she pined away in secret,
In awe as she was of her father and her well-dressed servants,
Till from Ocean's expanse across the sacred earth
Night was extended, bringing mortals release from toil.
Then, as soon as the household was asleep, both father
And servants, she opened up the gate of the house
And went like the wind, as fast as her legs could carry her.
As a mountain heifer filled with desire for a bull
Is driven by her passion to rush with rapid feet,
Full speed, and in her longing to be united she has
No fear of the herdsman, drawn by irresistible instinct,
Hoping to sight in the woods a congenial bull;
Like that Oinone, swiftly running, covered much ground,
Seeking as soon as could be to mount that sinister pyre.
No tiredness in her knees, her speeding feet
Carried her ever more lightly, spurred by a deadly doom
And the Kyprian goddess. She felt no fear of the shaggy beasts
That met her in the night, though terrified of them earlier.
Every rock and crag of those wooded hills
Was trodden by her and every ravine was crossed.
Then it was that a bird's-eye view of her stirred the heart
Of the moon goddess with thoughts of noble Endymion

And, filled with pity for the speeding girl, she shone down
With her fullest brightness and made the long path plain.

She came in haste to the place on the mountain where the rest
Of the nymphs lamented round the body of Alexander.
A vigorous fire enveloped it still, because for him
Shepherds, gathering there from every part of the mountain,
Had heaped a mass of timber as a final favor
Of mourning for one who was to them both comrade and king.
They stood round shedding copious tears. Oinone then,
Seeing him clearly, uttered no sound in spite of her grief,
Used her robe to cover her lovely face
And leapt upon the pyre, which made them all groan aloud.
She was burned at her husband's side. The nymphs on every hand
Were amazed to see her collapse beside her spouse
And each one in her heart spoke words like these:
"Paris really was a scoundrel to have deserted
Such a devoted wife and taken a wanton consort,
Bringing ruin to himself and the people of Troy.
The foolish man, he had no regard for his wise wife's
Injured feelings. She cherished him more than the light of the sun,
Although he loathed her and showed her no love at all."
Such were the inward words of the nymphs, while in the midst
Of the pyre that pair lay burning, daylight all forgotten.
Round them the herdsmen stood in wonder, as once before
The gathered Argives wondered when they saw
Evadne stretched out on the body of Kapaneus,
Her husband killed by the grievous thunderbolt of Zeus.
When the fire's destructive force had consumed them both,
Oinone and Paris, concealed in a single heap of ashes,
Wine was used to quench the pyre and then their bones
Were placed in a golden vessel. Over them a mound
Was quickly constructed, on top of which was set a pair
Of gravestones turned in opposite directions,
Preserving still the bitter enmity between them.

BOOK 11 The Defense of Troy

Troy's women mourned inside the town, because they could not
Reach the grave of Paris, which was very distant
From that lofty city. Outside meanwhile the young men
Kept on toiling without a break in the battle's slaughter,
Even with Alexander fallen, for the Achaians
Were attacking right up to the city and the Trojans
Sallied outside their walls by force of necessity.
There among them Strife and the ghastly goddess of war
Were moving, looking like grievous spirits of vengeance,
Both of them breathing death and destruction from their mouths.
Close to them the Fates that have no shame or respect
Were fiercely raging. Elsewhere Panic and the war god
Were stirring up the armies accompanied by Fear,
Whose appearance, all spattered with crimson gore,
Made some men stronger while others were filled with fright.
Everywhere the warriors' javelins, spears, and arrows
Were streaming in all directions intent on making a kill.
A constant clatter of colliding arms enveloped
Those who fought on either side in that murderous battle.

At that point Neoptolemos slew Laodamas,
Who was raised in Lykia near Xanthos' lovely waters,
Those revealed to humans by Zeus the thunderer's spouse,
The goddess Leto, breaking open with her hands
The rocky ground of far-famed Lykia, at the time
When she was overwhelmed by the long and painful travail
Of giving birth to immortals, by the pangs it caused her.
Next in the fray he laid low Niros with a blow
Of the spear through his jaw, by which the bronze in his mouth
Cut through his tongue still speaking. He gripped the irresistible
Spearhead with a howl and his shrieking cheeks
Were filled with blood. By the force of a powerful hand
That cruel spear pinned him to the surface of the ground
As life was leaving him. The noble Euenor was struck
A little above the flank. Right into his liver the spear
Was driven, bringing a swift and painful death to him.

Next he slew Iphition and Hippomedon,
Mainalos' mighty son, whom the nymph Okyroe
Bore beside the river Sangarios, where she did not
Greet him on his return. The cursed Fates had robbed her
Cruelly of her son and caused her bitter grief.
Aineias now killed Bremon and Andromachos,
Who was raised in Knossos, Bremon in holy Lyktos.
Both fell in one spot from their speedy horse-drawn chariots.
The one convulsed around the long spear that had pierced
His throat. The other had been struck at the sensitive base
Of the temple by a deadly stone from a powerful hand,
And so he breathed his last embraced by the blackest doom.
Their horses were startled and, bereft of their charioteers,
Roamed at random among the piles of corpses,
Until they were caught by noble Aineias' attendants,
Whose spirits were delighted with their precious prize.

Next Philoktetes hit Pyrasos with a lethal arrow
As he was quitting the field. He severed the flexible tendons
At the back of the knee and shattered his power of movement.
When one of the Danaans saw that he was crippled thus,
He quickly deprived the man of his head with a sword cut
Through his sensitive tendon. The ground received his headless
Body. His head went rolling far away
Still eager to speak, while his spirit flew off in a flash.
Polydamas' spear struck Kleon and Eurymachos,
Who'd come from Syme under Nireus' command,
Both of them skilled in the art of fatally fooling fish
By means of a hook, of casting nets in the sacred sea,
And of wielding with expert hands from the side of a boat
A trident with straight and speedy aim at the fish.
But all their sea craft failed to save them then from ruin.
The stalwart fighter Eurypylos struck glorious Hellos,
Whose mother had given him birth beside the Gygaian lake,
Fair-cheeked Kleito. He now lay stretched in the dust
Face downward. Separate from him had fallen, spear and all,
Shorn from his brawny shoulder by a cruel sword,
His arm, which still was eager to raise the spear for combat,
But vainly because it was not guided to work by the man.
It twitched to no effect like the tail of a dangerous snake,
Which jumps up after being cut off, but has no power

In it for the difficult task of killing the man who struck it.
Like that the stouthearted man's right arm was keen
To toil with the spear, but had no longer any strength.

Meanwhile Odysseus brought down Ainos and Polyidos,
Both Keteians, killing one with his spear and one
With a terrible sword stroke. Sthenelos slew noble Abas
With a cast of his spear. Straight through his throat it shot
And reached the sensitive tendon at the back of his head.
The heart of the man was stopped and broken the strength of his limbs.
Tydeus' son killed Laodokos, Agamemnon Melios,
Deiphobos Dryas and Alkimos. Agenor then
Laid low Hippasos, who was a famous warrior
And had come from the river Peneios. He could not pay
The debt of love to his parents now that some power had crushed him.
Then Thoas brought down Lamos and valiant Lynkos,
Meriones Lykon and Menelaos Archelochos,
Whose home was at the foot of the Korykian ridge
And the rock of the clever god Hephaistos, which causes mortals
To marvel. Inside it there burns perpetual fire,
Unabated both night and day. And yet all round it
Flourishing palm trees stand, which bear abundant fruit,
Although in the rocks their roots are burning. The immortals
Seem to have made it as a sight for future ages.

Now Teukros quickly prepared to hit Menoites, the son
Of noble Hippomedon, with an arrow as he attacked.
His mind and hands and eyes were focused in sending the arrow
On its course from the flexible horns. The baneful shaft
Leapt from his nimble hands to the victim. While still the string
Was humming with the shot the man in front convulsed
With the blow, for the Fates themselves went with that arrow
To a vital spot in his heart, which is the seat of human
Thought and strength and is a rapid road to death.
Far from the sturdy hand of Euryalos was thrown
A massive stone, which shook the moving ranks of Trojans.
As when angry with cranes whose cry is heard afar,
A man protecting a field and provoked on account of the crop
With a rapid whirl of his oxhide sling above his head
Dispatches a stone at them and with its whistle scatters

Their long lines spread across the sky; in panic
They spin around and knock against each other,
Making a terrible racket after their orderly flight;
Thus foes all round were frightened by the fearful missile
Of sturdy Euryalos. Not in vain was its heaven-led course,
For both the helmet and the head of mighty Meles
Were shattered by the impact, meeting a horrible doom.
All round that general carnage the ground was groaning.
As when a wind unleashes its enormous force
With violence; under its booming blasts in all directions
Tall trees tumble down, torn up by their roots
Across the width of a wood, and all the ground resounds;
Men fell like that in the dust and terrible was the clatter
Of armor, loud the echoing earth. Their minds were set
On bitter fighting, which brought them mutual ruin.

At that point noble Apollo made an approach to Aineias
And to Eurymachos, Antenor's warrior son.
They were fighting then against the mighty Achaians
Standing close together in combat. Like a pair
Of powerful, age-matched oxen yoked to a wagon they battled
Without respite. The god was quick to speak to them,
Taking the seer Polymestor's likeness, whose mother had borne him
Beside the river Xanthos to serve the archer god:
"Eurymachos and Aineias, offspring of gods, it is not
Fitting for you to yield to the Argives, for even the mighty
War god will not be happy to encounter you
If you are ready to fight in the fray, because the Fates
Have spun for you both a thread of life that is long."
With these words he vanished, mingling with the winds.
They felt within them the strength of the god and immediately
They were flooded with boundless courage. Fury filled
The spirits in their breasts and they leapt upon the Argives,
Just like dangerous wasps when their spirits are seized
By fearsome anger and they bear down upon some bees,
Because they see them swarming out of their hive
Or making for bunches of grapes that are drying in autumn.
Such was the speed with which the sons of Troy leapt onto
The warlike Achaians. The black Fates were delighted
With the fighting, the war god laughed, and the goddess gave
A horrible shriek and loud was the clash of flashing armor.

Then the Trojans slaughtered countless hordes of their foes
With irresistible hands. Soldiers were coming down
Like grain that has ripened in the stifling heat of summer,
At which some nimble-handed reapers work in haste,
Sharing between them a huge estate's broad acres.
Just so at the hands of the Trojans ranks were coming down
Unnumbered. The ground all round was filled with corpses
And running with their blood. The heart of Strife was warmed
By the killing. Never stopping their deadly onslaught,
Like cruel lions attacking sheep . . . The other side's thoughts
Were only of shameful escape as from the deadly battle
They fled, all those with the power of their feet still unimpaired.

The son of Anchises the warrior followed constantly,
Smiting with his spear the backs of the foes in front,
Eurymachos beside him. It warmed the immortal heart
Of the healer god Apollo to see this from on high.
As when a man finds pigs invading his field
Of ripened grain, before it has been cut by the reapers,
And sets his powerful dogs on them; the pigs take fright
At the sight of the dogs' attack and have no further thought
Of food, but turn to ignominious flight
Together; soon the dogs are at their heels
And bite them savagely from behind while they are fleeing
And squealing loudly, much to the landlord's pleasure;
Thus Phoibos felt a glow to see the flight from battle
Of so great an Argive army. They no longer
Cared for the deeds of men, but prayed that the gods would give them
Speed of foot, for only in their feet lay hope
Of reaching home. All felt the fury of the spears
Of Eurymachos and Aineias and their companions.
Now one of the Argives, either too confident in his strength
Or else because his death had been determined by Fate,
Stopped his horse's attempt to flee the din of battle,
Eager to turn it back to the fray, that he might face
And fight the foe. Stouthearted Agenor was, however,
Too quick for him and slashed his sensitive upper arm
With a two-edged battle-ax. The bone of his smitten arm
Yielded to the force of steel, the sinews were severed
Easily and blood came spurting from the veins.
Collapsing over the horse's neck, his body fell

Straight down among the dead, but left the powerful arm
With fingers firmly gripping still the pliant reins,
As when it was part of the living man. It was a wonder,
A bloody arm suspended from a strap,
The war god's way of striking fear in the foe.
You'd think it was working out of a longing for horsemanship.
The horse thus bore a memento of its murdered master.
Aineias brought down Aithalides with a blow of his spear
Above the loins. Its point came out beside the navel,
Bringing bowels with it. The man was stretched in the dust,
Clutching in his hands the spearhead and guts together.
Giving a horrible groan and a roar he dug his teeth
Into the ground. But the pain was ended with his life.

The Argives then were seized by panic, just like oxen
Straining steadily under the yoke of a plow,
When they are struck in the flank by the slender sting of a gadfly
Thirsting for blood; in their unspeakable torment
They abandon their task and so the man is distressed,
Both at the loss of their labor and in fear for the oxen,
That while the plow is bounding along behind them
Its pitiless steel might catch their feet and sever the sinews.
Such was the Danaans' terror and that distressed the heart
Of the son of Achilles, who shouted loudly to stop the army:
"You cowards, why are you running away, no better than worthless
Starlings when they are frightened by the attack of a hawk?
But let us now take courage, for it is far better
To perish in battle than to opt for feeble flight."
In response to his words their breasts were rapidly filled
With boldness. Confidently he leapt upon the Trojans
Brandishing his swift spear in his hand and with him
Went the Myrmidon forces with all the strength
Of a storm wind in their breasts, which gave the Argives respite
From the turmoil. Endued with his father's spirit he slew
In rapid succession in the melee. So the attackers
Retreated, like waves that with the north wind's blast
Come rolling and boiling into shore unnumbered,
Rising out at sea, but then another wind,
Rushing the opposite way with a furious gale,
Pushes them back despite the north wind's feeble breath.
So the Trojans, who before were attacking the Danaans,

Were now pushed back by the son of godlike Achilles,
But only a little, because the strength of dauntless Aineias
Compelled them not to retreat, but boldly to hold their ground
In the cruel conflict. The goddess of war held both the sides
Equally balanced. But never against Aineias
Did the son of Achilles wield his father's spear.
He turned his fury in other directions, since fair-robed Thetis,
Out of respect for the goddess of love, directed her grandson's
Fury and mighty strength to other parts of the army.

While he was killing many Trojans, Aineias laid low
Countless hordes of Achaians. The slaughter in that battle
Gave delight to the birds in their eagerness to devour
The guts and flesh of men, but only grief to the nymphs,
The daughters of fair-flowing Simoeis and Xanthos.
While they were toiling thus, the restless winds stirred up
A vast amount of dust, which darkened all the unbounded
Upper air destroying vision as much as a mist.
Not even the ground could be seen, so blinded were people's eyes.
But still the fighting continued. Whoever they laid their hands on
Was killed, regardless of whether he was a much-loved friend.
One could not tell in the turmoil if any who approached
Was foe or friend, so great was the armies' helplessness.
Confusion would have reigned and all alike have perished
Miserably, falling to the murderous swords
Of both sides, had not Kronos' son from the top of Olympos
Saved them from their distress by driving away the dust
From the battlefield and soothed the pernicious winds.
They continued the fighting, but their work was rendered
Far less arduous, now that they could see which man
Was a foe to be killed in the melee and which to be avoided.

Sometimes the Danaans drove the throng of Trojans back;
Sometimes the Trojans drove the Danaan lines. The battle
Was grim and like a blizzard was the fall of missiles
That came from both sides. Terror took hold of the shepherds
Who were watching the tumult from the heights of Ida.
They were raising their hands in prayer to the heavenly gods,
That all their foes should be destroyed by the god of war
And that the Trojans should have relief from the woeful war
And see at last their day of freedom. But no heed

Was paid them. Cruel Fate was harboring different intentions,
She who has no respect for mighty Zeus or any
Immortal. There's no turning aside for that merciless mind
Of hers, whatever lot for men when they are born,
For men or for cities, is spun by her inescapable thread.
It is through her that all things wax and wane
And at her behest that the work of war arose
For the Trojan horsemen and the Achaian hand-to-hand fighters.
A pitiless doom of slaughter they wrought for one another
Without remission. None knew any fear and they fought
With fervor. Courage draws men to the point of a spear.

But when many had died there in the dust,
It was the courage of the Argives that prevailed
At the behest of the warrior goddess Pallas, who came then
Close to the fighting and gave the Argives strong support,
Keen as she was to sack the famous city of Priam,
Which then was bitterly mourning the death of Alexander.
Now famed Aineias was snatched by the goddess Aphrodite
In person away from the battle and the deadly fighting
With all speed, covered by her in a shroud of mist,
Because it was not that hero's fate to fight in the fray
Any more against the Argives in front of the lofty walls.
That's why she shunned the prudent goddess Tritogeneia,
Who had set her heart on helping the Danaans then
And might have killed him in spite of the Fates, for once she had not
Spared the war god and he was stronger than Aineias.
The Trojans no longer held their ground at the front of the fighting,
But retreated in a state of stunned amazement.
For then with the fury of savage beasts the Argives
Leapt upon them, burning with the war god's zeal.
The slaughter of them was such that their corpses choked the rivers
And filled the plain. So many they were who fell in the dust,
Both men and horses, so many chariots overturned
Of those struck down. The blood was streaming everywhere
Like copious rain, as a deadly Doom ranged over the fray.
The Trojans who had been run through by swords or spears
Were lying there like timbers scattered along a beach,
When upon a shore of the deeply booming sea,
After untying countless knots on the durable pegs,
Some men have detached and left long planks of timber

From a massive raft, so that all the width of the beach
Is filled and they are washed by the sea's dark swell.
Like that the slain were lying in the dust and blood,
Forgotten now the battle and all its tears.

The few who had escaped from the merciless fighting
Entered the city, scarcely avoiding utter disaster.
From the blood-stained limbs of these their wives and children
Took the armor all befouled with horrible gore.
Hot baths were prepared for them all and through all the city
Doctors hurried to the homes of the wounded men,
Busying themselves with the treatment of their wounds.
The moaning of wives and children surrounded those who'd returned
From battle, while for many absent there was wailing.
Those whose hearts were afflicted by dreadful suffering
Lay there groaning in their pain, nor did they turn
To supper after their toil. Swift horses made a commotion,
Neighing loudly for their food. The Achaians on their side,
Among their huts and ships, were engaged in similar tasks.

Out across the stream of Ocean the shining horses
Of Dawn were driven and the races of men awoke.
Now of the mighty warrior sons of Argos
Some marched out to the lofty city of Priam,
While others remained in their quarters with the wounded men,
For fear that some dangerous force might attack and capture
Their ships in order to help the Trojans. They from their towers
Resisted the Argives and a bitter struggle ensued.
In front of the Skaian Gate the son of Kapaneus battled
Next to godlike Diomedes. They from above
Were held back by the stalwart fighter Deiphobos,
Strong Polites, and their companions, first with arrows
And then with boulders. Loud was the clatter of those men's
Helmets and shields as they were struck, protecting
The warriors from a painful death and a pitiful doom.
Close to the Dardanian Gate was fighting
The son of Achilles and round him were toiling his host
Of Myrmidons, experts all in arduous warfare.
They were repelled from the wall with innumerable missiles
Boldly thrown by Helenos and stouthearted Agenor,
Who called the Trojans to action, though of their own accord

They fought with zeal to defend the walls of their fatherland.
At the gate that led to the plain and the speedy ships
Odysseus and Eurypylos were laboring
Without respite, while from the lofty rampart
Noble Aineias confidently repelled them with rocks.
Opposite Simoeis Teukros of the ashwood spear
Was having a hard task. Each had trouble where he was.

Then it was that warlike Odysseus' worthy men,
Following a clever idea of his, arranged their shields
For the war god's business, placing them above their heads
To overlap with each other, all joined with a single movement.
You would have thought it was the protecting roof of a hall,
Solid enough to stop the mighty blast
Of a wet wind coming through or a deluge of rain from Zeus.
So strengthened by their solid covering of shields
Were those ranks of Argives. Their valiant hearts were united
As they were joined in a unit. The sons of Troy above them
Pelted them with stones, but as from a rugged rock
They rolled off onto the solid ground. A mass of spears,
Of painful javelins and other dangerous missiles
Stuck in either the shields or the earth, while others were carried
Far away with no effect, deflected by missiles
Thrown from every side. The enormous clatter
Caused neither fear nor withdrawal, any more than the sound
Of raindrops. Up to the wall they steadily marched. Not one
Of them was separated. They kept their close formation,
Like a somber cloud that in the depths of winter
Is drawn by the son of Kronos far and high in the sky.
Those lines of men moved on with a mighty clatter
And crunch of marching feet. The dust that they raised
Only a little above the ground was borne by breezes
Far back behind them. The sound of their mingled voices
Was like the buzzing of bees inside their hives.
The breath that billowed up from those panting soldiers
Formed a mist around them. Immense was the delight
And the pride in them that was felt by the sons of Atreus,
To see this unwavering wall amid the din of battle.

Their plan was now to approach in a body the gates
Of divinely descended Priam, with their two-edged axes

Smash the lofty walls and dash the gates to the ground,
Tearing them from their hinges. The splendid plan had hope
Of being achieved. But neither their sharpened axes
Nor their shields were sufficient when mighty Aineias
Took hold of a massive rock with both his hands
And hurled it with all his strength, inflicting a sorry doom
On all the men that it caught beneath the shields, like mountain
Goats that pasture under a cliff when caught by the force
Of a shattered crag, which frightens those that feed nearby.
Such was the Danaans' shock. Aineias kept hurling down
Stone after stone and threw those ranks into utter confusion.
As when mountain crags adhering to different faces
Of a single peak are smashed by Olympian Zeus
With thunder and with blazing bolts from the sky;
Neighboring shepherds and all . . . take fright;
Such panic possessed the sons of Achaia due to the way
Aineias had quickly upset their bulwark of battle,
Which they had made with their solid shields, because some god
Had given him such enormous courage. No man of them
Was able to lift his eyes against him in combat,
Now that the armor that covered his powerful limbs
Was gleaming as brightly as supernatural lightning.
Close to him, his form concealed in darkness, stood
The dreadful god of war directing all his missiles,
So that they brought both death and dread to the Argives.

He fought like Olympian Zeus himself, when in the sky
He furiously slaughtered the insolent race of Giants,
That terrible deed which caused the boundless earth to shake,
With Tethys and Ocean and the heavens, while the surrounding
Limbs of Atlas trembled at tireless Zeus's assault.
Such at the hands of Aineias was the collapse of the lines
Of Argives in that battle. All along the walls
He darted furious with his foes, and by his hands
Whatever he lighted upon in his eagerness to fight
Was thrown, for there was plenty of defensive material
Lying on the walls of those steadfast Dardanian warriors.
With such Aineias, amok with all his prodigious might,
Repelled a numerous enemy army and gave new strength
To the Trojans who were with him. Severe was the trouble suffered
All round the city. Many were the deaths of Achaians

As well as of Trojans. Loud were the shouts in both the armies,
With Aineias exhorting the warlike Trojans
To fight to save their city, their wives, and their own lives
With all their zeal, while the son of the steadfast fighter Achilles
Was exhorting the Argives to stay by the famous walls
Of Troy until they had taken and burned the city down.
Both armies were engulfed in an indescribable uproar,
While they struggled all day long in the battle. There was
No rest from fighting, since the hearts of one side were set
On taking the city by storm, of the other on saving it.

At some distance from stalwarthearted Aineias Ajax
Was fighting and inflicting death and doom on Trojans
By long-distance shooting. Sometimes it was an arrow
That he sent flying straight through the air; sometimes they were
Destructive javelins, killing one man after another.
Cowering in fear before that noble hero's might,
The Trojans no longer held their ground but deserted the wall.
Now a soldier of his, the best of the Lokrian fighters,
Bravehearted Alkimedon, confident in his king,
In his own strength, and in his youthful boldness,
Was so impatient for war that he set his nimble feet
On a ladder to open a way to the city for his men,
A way of ruin. As a protection for his head
He held his shield aloft and climbed that fatal path,
His heart possessed by intrepid resolve. Alternately
He brandished a formidable spear in his hand and then
Continued climbing rapidly on his lofty way.
He would have caused the Trojans trouble, had it not been
That as he appeared on top and peered inside the city
For the first and final time from the height of the rampart,
Aineias leapt toward him, having noticed his move
Even from a distance. Hitting him on the head
With a sizable stone, so great was the stouthearted hero's strength
That the ladder was smashed with the man. His downward speed was like
An arrow from a bowstring. His fated death pursued him
As round and round he span. His spirit groaned and mingled
With the air before he reached the stony ground.
He hit the earth with only his breastplate, for far from him
Had gone astray his hefty spear, his ample shield

And solid helmet. The Lokrian soldiers round him gave
A groan to see him come to such a sorry end.
The brain from in that head of flowing hair
Was splashed in all directions. Every bone was broken
And his nimble limbs were horribly spattered with gore.

Then it was that the noble son of godlike Poias
Caught sight of Aineias storming up and down on the wall
Like a mighty savage beast and quickly aimed and shot
An arrow at that far-famed hero. It did not miss
Its mark, but failed to pierce the sturdy shield
And reach his handsome flesh, turned by the goddess of love
So that it barely grazed the oxhide on the shield.
But instead of falling vainly to the ground
It struck Mimas between his shield and his horsehair-crested
Helmet. He tumbled from the tower, as from a rock
A wild goat falls that is hit by a hunter's cruel shaft.
He fell full length, abandoned by his precious life.
In fury for his friend Aineias threw a stone,
Which killed a brave companion of Philoktetes,
Toxaichmes, by crushing every bone of his head,
Together with the helmet, and stopping his noble heart.
At that the son of glorious Poias raised a shout:
"Aineias, do you imagine that you are the bravest,
When all your work is from the towers, the place
Where feeble women fight their foes? If you are someone,
Come down from the wall with your arms and make the acquaintance
Of Poias' valiant son by the use of spears and arrows."
The valiant son of Anchises made no reply
To these words of his, although he wished to, because the fighting
Was so desperate all along the city walls,
Without a break. They did not stop the bitter struggle,
And though hard-pressed by the god of war, for a very long time
They had no rest from toil, while all their work was useless.

BOOK 12 The Wooden Horse

Despite their endless efforts round the walls of Troy
The Danaan spearmen failed to achieve their goal in the war.
So then a meeting of the leaders was called by Kalchas,
To whom the archer god had given understanding
Of the flight of birds, the stars, and all the other
Signs available to men by the grace of the gods.
These were his words to those who had gathered there:
"Waste no more labor on besieging the city,
But rather try to devise some different device
Or stratagem that can benefit us and our ships.
Yesterday I myself observed a sign right here.
A hawk was chasing a dove, until the dove in her haste
Escaped into a hole in the rock. The angry hawk
First had a very long and unpleasant wait beside
The hole while the dove stayed clear. But then he thought of the trick
Of hiding in a bush. When the dove in her folly rushed out,
Believing the hawk was far away, he made a swoop
And inflicted a cruel death on that pitiful pigeon.
Let us therefore not try force to sack the city
Of Troy, but see what a trick or stratagem can achieve."

Not one of them could respond by thinking of a way
Of stopping the miserable warfare, for all their efforts to find
Some means. The only one with a clever idea
Was the son of Laertes, who answered with this speech:
"Friend held in highest honor by the heavenly gods,
If it is really fated that the warlike Achaians
Should sack the city of Priam by means of trickery,
A horse must be constructed to contain the leaders,
An ambush that we will welcome. The troops must go away
To Tenedos with the fleet when everyone has burned
Their barracks, so that the Trojans will see this from the city
And come out streaming fearlessly onto the plain. One man
Of courage, unknown to anybody in Troy,
Must stay here next to the horse and steel his warrior heart.
He must pretend the Achaians wanted to sacrifice him

For their return, but that he escaped their brutal violence
By cowering under the splendid horse that had been made
To appease the anger that Pallas felt for the spearmen of Troy.
He must stick to his story as long as they question him,
Until they are convinced, in spite of their cruelty,
And hurry him into the city in a pitiful state,
So that he can give us the signal for deadly warfare,
For the army quickly raising a blazing torch
And alerting the leaders to leave their spacious horse,
While Troy's sons lie in unsuspecting sleep."

His words were greeted with general applause, especially winning
Kalchas' admiration of how he advised the Achaians,
A good device and stratagem that would secure
A victory for the Argives, but total disaster for Troy.
He therefore addressed these words to those leading warriors:
"Don't try to devise any other stratagem now,
My friends, but be persuaded by warlike Odysseus.
His clever idea won't fail to achieve its end.
Already the Danaans' wish is being fulfilled by the gods,
With signs of certain fulfillment appearing on every side.
Through the limpid sky above us loudly sound
The thunder and lightning of Zeus, while on the right of the army
Birds go darting by emitting long-drawn cries.
So let us at once give up this endless waiting
Round the city. Necessity has inspired the Trojans
With courage, which rouses even a worthless man to war.
The time that men are strongest in action is when they hazard
Their lives in recklessness of utter destruction,
As now the sons of Troy are fighting dauntlessly
To defend their city, their hearts at the height of fury."
His words were answered by the sturdy son of Achilles:
"Kalchas, strong men stand and face their foes
When they fight, while those who skulk inside and struggle
Only on their walls are the worthless victims of fear.
Let us not, then, look for a trick or any kind
Of stratagem. Work with the spear is the one true test
Of champions. Brave men always prevail in battle."

His words were answered by the mighty son of Laertes:
"Stouthearted son of Aiakos' fearless grandson,

Every confident word that you have spoken trusting
In your strength is worthy of a true and brave man.
Yet neither the dauntless valor of your invincible father
Was sufficient to sack the wealthy city of Priam,
Nor were all our endless efforts. Without delay, then,
As Kalchas advises, let us return to our swift ships
And there construct a horse by means of Epeios' hands,
The man who is by far the best of all the Argives
In carpentry, whose skill was taught to him by Athena."
Odysseus' argument persuaded all the leaders
Except the warlike Neoptolemos. Nor was the worthy
And audacious mind of Philoktetes convinced,
For both of them were hungry still for the horrors of battle.
Intent as they were on resuming the fighting, they ordered
Their own forces to bring to those enormous walls
All the engines of war that could assist them.
They counted on destroying the prosperous city,
Because they both had come to the war by the will of the gods.
Soon they would have accomplished all that their hearts desired,
Had Zeus not shown his anger from the heavens by shaking
The ground beneath the feet of the Argives, convulsing all
The air above and hurling a mighty thunderbolt
In front of those warriors, so that all Dardania
Resounded. Quickly their brave thoughts were changed
To fear, forgetting all their splendid strength.
So they followed famous Kalchas, though grudgingly.
They returned to their ships with the rest of the Argives,
Respecting the prophet who they said was the son of Zeus,
Either of Zeus or of Phoibos; his every word they obeyed.

When the glowing sky was crowned with stars that shone
In every quarter making men forget their labors,
Athena left the lofty seat of the blessed gods
And in the form of a tender maiden she approached
The army at the ships. She stood there over the head
Of warlike Epeios, in a dream, and commanded him
To make a wooden horse. She promised that if he hastened
She herself would help him and enter his mind at once,
Spurring him to the task. On hearing the goddess's words
He woke with a start from his happy dream, exultant because
He had recognized the immortal goddess. His heart now had

No other intention, for his mind was constantly fixed
On the wondrous work, suffused as it was with subtle skill.
At her arrival Dawn drove the blessed darkness down
To Erebos and filled the air with brilliant light.
Epeios then recounted to the expectant Argives
His dream of the goddess, just as he had seen and heard it.
As they listened to him their joy was unbounded.

Thereupon the sons of Atreus sent out men
In haste to the verdant gorges of Ida's wooded heights.
Laying into the pines of the forest they cut down
The tallest trees, and all around the valleys echoed
Their blows. The extensive ridges of the lofty mountains
Were stripped of their forest. Every valley was opened to view,
Its former attractiveness to animals now lost.
The trunks of trees lay drying, nostalgic for powerful winds.
Once the Achaians had cut these up with their axes,
They quickly carried them down to the shore of the Hellespont
From the wooded mountain. They put their hearts into the work,
The men and the mules alike. Some here and others there,
The army labored under Epeios' direction.
Some were cutting timbers with their jagged saws
And measuring into planks, while others with axes
Were lopping branches from logs that were still unsawn.
They all worked hard at their different tasks. Epeios
First constructed legs for the wooden horse and next
Its belly, onto which he fitted the back,
The hindquarters, and the throat in front. And then he attached
A mane on top of the towering neck, which moved
As though it was real, a shaggy head, a long-haired tail,
Translucent eyes and ears and everything else
With which a horse is adorned. The superhuman structure
Grew as though it was living. Such was the precious skill
The goddess had given him. In three days it was finished
Through Pallas' prompting. Joy possessed the mighty host
Of Argives and wonder that from wood both life and speed
Of foot had been produced, the look of a neighing horse.
Then noble Epeios on behalf of his giant horse
Prayed with hands outstretched to invincible Tritonis:
"Listen, greathearted goddess; keep me and your horse from harm."
In response to his prayer Athena the goddess of wisdom

Made his work an object of wonder to people on earth,
Both those who saw it and those who learned of it later.

The sight of Epeios' work was giving the Danaans
Joy, and the routed Trojans stayed inside their walls
In order to avoid the pitiless doom of death.
Just then lordly Zeus, alone of all the deities,
Went off to the stream of Ocean and the caves of Tethys
And strife broke out among the immortals. Their hearts were divided
By conflicting passions. Riding on stormy winds
And sweeping down from heaven to earth, they made the air
Resound. They approached the banks of the Xanthos and took
Their stand in opposing camps, some favoring the Achaians
And others the Trojans, their spirits possessed by lust for battle.
There they were joined by those whose domain was the sea's expanse.
In their anger some were bent on destroying
The treacherous horse with the ships and others the lovely city
Of Ilion. Resourceful Fate, though, stopped them and turned the minds
Of the gods to mutual conflict. Ares started the fighting
By leaping straight at Athena and the others likewise
Fell upon each other. The immortals' golden armor
Rang loudly with every movement, the neighboring sea's expanse
Gave a responsive roar and the black earth trembled
Beneath the deities' feet. All gave a great shout together
And the terrible sound went all the way up to the span of the sky
And all the way down to the pit of haughty Hades,
Giving the Titans below a great fright. Nearby the whole
Of lofty Ida groaned in response and the noisy courses
Of ever-flowing rivers, as well as the long ravines,
The Argives' ships and the far-famed city of Priam.
Humans alone were free from fear, being by the deities'
Own decree unaware of the strife. Meanwhile whole peaks
From Mount Ida were being broken off with their hands
And hurled at one another. But as easily
As sand they were shattered over the gods' invincible limbs
Into tiny fragments.

This didn't escape the attention
Of Zeus at the end of the earth. At once he left the stream
Of Ocean and mounted the sky's expanse. He was conveyed

By the east wind and the north, the west wind and the south,
When brilliant Iris had brought them under the wondrous yoke
Of his eternal chariot, which endless Time had made
Of indestructible steel with his untiring hands.
When he reached the great peak of Olympos, his anger caused
All the upper air to tremble. In every direction
Loud was the crash of his thunder and lightning; thick and fast
His thunderbolts streamed to the ground; immense was the blaze
Of the air. The immortals' hearts were seized by terror
And their limbs all trembled, deathless though they were.
In fear for their safety glorious Themis quick as a thought
Went leaping through the clouds and soon approached them.
She alone had kept aloof from the grievous conflict.
These were the words with which she tried to stop them fighting:
"Put a stop to this noisy brawling. It is not right,
When Zeus is angry, that you who live forever should fight
For the sake of short-lived men. If you won't stop, you'll all soon
Disappear. He'll tear up all the mountains and pile them
Together on top of you, not sparing either his sons
Or his daughters. He'll cover you all alike beneath
A vast amount of earth. There won't be any escape
Into the light. The horrible darkness will hold you forever."
They followed her advice for fear of Zeus's threat.
Refraining from further fighting, they cast aside their troublesome
Anger and made a pact of peaceful friendship.
Then some of them returned to heaven, some to the sea,
While others stayed on earth.

Meanwhile the warlike Achaians
Received this shrewd advice from the son of Laertes:
"Hear me, you stalwarthearted commanders of the Argives.
Show me now what I long to know, which ones among you
Have extraordinary strength and caliber. The time has come
For a deed of destiny. With the war god filling our thoughts,
Let us go inside the polished horse in order to find
An end to this confusion of war. It will be better
For us if we can use the deceit of a deadly device
To sack the great city, our purpose in coming here
And the cause of so much suffering far from the land we love.
Come then, strengthen your hearts with valor good and true.
Anybody who under the dire compulsion of war

Fills his heart with courage can kill a better man
Despite his disadvantage. The heart grows truly great
Through courage, which is far the better part of a man.
You leaders, then, must form an effective ambush,
While the rest of you go and wait at the holy town
Of Tenedos, till we leaders are hauled inside the city
By foes who suppose that they are bringing Tritonis a gift.
Some brave young man who is not known to the Trojans
Must stay beside the horse with a heart as strong as steel.
He must fix his attention very firmly on all
That I have said, admitting no other thought to his mind,
So as not to reveal to the Trojans what the Achaians are doing."
Odysseus' appeal was answered by Sinon, a splendid warrior,
All others being afraid, for the deed he was to perform
Was truly great. The steadiness of his spirit
Astonished that great army as he spoke in their midst:
"Odysseus and all you champion sons of Achaia,
I will carry out this deed as you desire,
However they misuse me, even if they decide
To throw me alive in a fire. My heart is firmly resolved
Either to die at the hands of the foe or, by escaping,
To win great glory for the Argives in their need."
His daring words delighted the Argives greatly
And brought this comment: "Truly some god has given him courage
Today. He wasn't previously so brave. Some power
Is goading him to be the undoing of every Trojan,
Or ours. I think that very quickly now
The end of this cruel war will be revealed."
Such was the comment from the army of warlike Achaians.

Then Nestor from where he was seated roused the company thus:
"Now we have need, dear children, of strength and courage.
Now the gods are placing in our very hands
The rest from toil and the honorable victory we desire.
Go with courage, therefore, inside the capacious horse,
Because great glory is mortal men's reward for courage.
I only wish my body still had such great strength
As at the time when Aison's son invited the princes
Aboard his speedy ship the Argo and I myself
Intended to be the first of the princes to embark,
Until I was stopped against my will by godlike Pelias.

Now, though, burdensome age besets me. But even so,
As though in the pink of youth, I'll go on board the horse
With courage. A god will give me both strength and glory."
The son of fair-haired Achilles responded thus to his words:
"Nestor, for intelligence you are the greatest of all men.
But merciless old age has you in its grip,
Nor is your strength sufficient for the work you desire.
So you must withdraw to the shores of Tenedos.
As for the ambush, we the young men, hungry for battle,
Will enter it eager to do your bidding, old sire."

The son of Neleus answered his words by approaching him
And kissing both his hands as well as his head
For undertaking first to enter the spacious horse
Himself, while urging the older man to stay outside
With the other Danaans, in his desire for toil.
In view of his keenness for battle Nestor addressed him thus:
"In strength as well as wise words you are the son of your father
Godlike Achilles. I hope that with the help of your hands
We Argives will lay waste the famous city of Priam.
At last our toil will be rewarded with great glory,
After so much painful work in the war.
Painful things are placed by the gods at the feet of men,
But good things far away, with toil set in between.
That is why the road to wretched ruin
Is an easy one for men, while that to glory is hard,
Where feet must tread through tedious toil at first."
The glorious son of Achilles answered Nestor's words:
"Old fellow, may your expectation be fulfilled,
Since that is our prayer and that is to be preferred.
But if the gods choose otherwise, so be it also.
I would rather be the war god's glorious victim
Than escape from Troy with a burden of disgrace."
That said, upon his shoulders he placed the immortal armor
Of his father. Thereupon the rest of the champion
Warriors armed themselves, all those with dauntless spirits.

Muses, I ask you to tell me precisely, one by one,
The names of all who went inside the capacious horse.
You were the ones who filled my mind with poetry,
Even before the down was spread across my cheeks,

When I was tending my noble sheep in the land of Smyrna,
Three times as far as shouting distance from the Hermos,
Near Artemis' temple, in the Garden of Liberty,
On a hill that is not particularly high or low.

The first to go inside the monstrous horse
Was the son of Achilles and with him mighty Menelaos,
Odysseus, Sthenelos, and godlike Diomedes.
Then went Philoktetes, Antiklos, and Menestheus
And with them valiant Thoas, fair-haired Polypoites,
Ajax, Eurypylos, and godlike Thrasymedes
And Meriones and Idomeneus, a distinguished pair;
Then Podaleirios of the ash spear, Eurymachos,
Godlike Teukros, and stouthearted Ialmenos,
Thalpios, Amphimachos, and the steadfast fighter Leonteus
And with them Eumelos, like a god, Euryalos,
Demophoon, Amphilochos, and mighty Agapenor,
With Akamas and Meges the son of sturdy Phyleus.
All the other outstanding champions entered also,
As many as that polished horse could hold.
The last of them to go inside was noble Epeios,
The man who had made the horse. He knew the secret
Of how to open and close the horse's shutters.
That's why he went in last of all and drew inside
The ladders on which they had mounted. With everything safely shut,
He sat down next to the bolt. In silence then
They all sat poised midway between success and death.

The rest of the army was sailing across the open sea
After burning the quarters in which they used to sleep.
In command of them was a pair of stalwarthearted
Leaders, Nestor and the spearman Agamemnon.
Despite their desire to enter the horse they had been
Detained by the Argives in order to stay with the fleet and command
The rest of the army, in view of the fact that men perform
Their tasks far better when their leaders are watching them.
So they stayed outside although they were champions.
Very soon they arrived at the shores of Tenedos.
Dropping their anchors there in the depths and disembarking
As quickly as they could, they fastened the cables
To the shore and did not move from where they were,

Waiting anxiously for the appearance of the torch.
Meanwhile the men in the horse were near their foes, sometimes
Expecting to perish, sometimes that they would destroy the city.
Such were still their thoughts when dawn arrived.

The Trojans now noticed along the shore of the Hellespont
Smoke still rising through the air. The ships, however,
Which had brought them such ruin from Greece, they could not see.
Joyfully then they all went running onto the beach,
After arming themselves, for fear still gripped their hearts.
There they noticed the polished horse and, surrounding it,
They stood in amazement at the vastness of the structure.
The next thing that they noticed was hapless Sinon nearby.
Firing questions about the Danaans from all sides
They formed a circle round him. With gentle words
They questioned him at first, but afterward they turned
To frightful threats and went on stabbing the crafty fellow
For a very long time. But he, as firm as a rock,
Was armed with limbs that never flinched. They ended
By cutting from his body his ears as well as his nose,
Completely disfiguring him to make him tell the truth,
Where the Danaan ships had gone and whether the horse
Held some of them inside. But such was his resolute spirit
That, disregarding their shameful treatment, he bore up
Firmly under their blows and under terrible torture
By fire; so great was the strength breathed into him by Hera.

The deceptive words he uttered in their midst were these:
"The Argives have fled across the sea in their ships,
Discouraged by the suffering of protracted war.
It was at Kalchas' bidding that they constructed this horse
For warlike Tritogeneia, as a means of appeasing
The fury that goddess feels because of Troy. To ensure
Their return they planned to kill me on the advice of Odysseus,
Sacrificing me beside the sounding sea
To the gods of the deep. But seeing this I made a dash
Away from their wicked libations and sacred barley grains,
And by the immortals' will I fell at the feet of the horse.
There they were forced, against their will, to abandon me,
Out of respect for mighty Zeus's stouthearted daughter."
Such were his cunning words, his spirit untamed by pain.

A strong man will endure the evil he cannot avoid.
Some of the Trojan army believed him, while others maintained
That he was a clever deceiver. To these the advice
Of Laokoon appealed, who argued prudently
It was some terrible trick concocted by the Achaians.
He urged them all to set the horse on fire at once,
To find out whether its timbers contained some secret.

They would indeed have obeyed him and escaped destruction
Had not Tritogeneia, in her furious anger
With him and with the Trojan people and city, shaken
The sacred ground beneath the feet of Laokoon.
At once he was seized by terror and trembling shattered
The strength of the proud man's limbs. Around his head was spread
The blackness of night. A horrible pain shot through his eyelids
And disordered the eyes beneath his shaggy brows.
Stabbed with piercing pangs up from their roots,
His pupils grew confused. His eyeballs started rolling
With the deep affliction, and agonizing pain
Penetrated the membranes at the base of his brain.
His eyes appeared alternately extremely bloodshot
And, in contrast, covered with a sickly glaze.
From them came a frequent discharge, just like water
Sprinkled with snow which flows from a rugged rock in the hills.
He seemed to be demented, seeing everything double
And uttering dreadful groans. But still he exhorted the Trojans,
Disregarding his misery. Robbed of their blessed light
By the goddess, his eyes grew fixed and white beneath their lids
After the fatal bleeding. Round him the people groaned,
Pitying the man they loved and fearing they might
Have foolishly offended the goddess who gathers booty.
Their minds were changed in a way that led to their own destruction,
Because they had maltreated the body of wretched Sinon
In the hope that he would tell them all the truth.
So they welcomed him into the city of Troy,
Pitying him too late.

When all the people had gathered,
They hastily threw a rope around that enormous horse,
Which they fastened on top, seeing that worthy Epeios
Had fitted its massive feet with smooth-running wooden wheels,

So that with human propulsion it could enter the city,
When pulled by the hands of the Trojans. Combining all
Their efforts at once, they started to pull it, as when a ship
Is pulled by toiling men into the sounding sea;
The solid rollers give a loud groan under the pressure
And from the keel there comes a horrible squeal,
As the ship goes sliding on its way to the swelling water.
Like that they dragged Epeios' work, their own destruction,
Into the city by toiling together. They covered it
With the adornment of countless blooming garlands
And crowned their own heads likewise. Loud were the cries of the people
Encouraging one another. The goddess of warfare laughed
To see that war's bad outcome, while on high
Athena and Hera were both delighted. When the Trojans
Arrived at their own great city, they breached its crown of walls
And brought the baneful horse inside. The women of Troy
All raised a cry and, as they gathered round to look,
Admired that mighty work in which their ruin was hidden.

Laokoon persisted in exhorting his comrades
To destroy the horse with blazing fire. But they
Ignored him for fear of incurring the immortals' censure.
Something even worse the greathearted goddess Athena
Had in store for the luckless sons of Laokoon.
A cave there was said to be beneath a rugged rock,
Dark and inaccessible to mortals, where frightful
Creatures lived at that time, of the deadly stock
Of Typhon, in the recesses of an island that bears
The name Kalydna, facing Troy from the sea.
There it was that the goddess woke two mighty serpents
And summoned them to Troy. Their sudden stirring
Made all the island shake. Their passage caused the sea
To roar and the waves to part before them. They sped along
With fearfully flickering tongues, which made the sea's beasts shudder.
On all sides loud moans came from the nymphs, the daughters
Of Xanthos and Simoeis, while on Olympos grief struck
The Kyprian goddess. The serpents soon reached Athena's target,
Whetting the deadly fangs in their terrible mouths
To attack those luckless children. Cowardly panic took hold
Of Trojans at the sight of such monsters in their city.

Not a man, however strong and fearless he was,
Was able to face them. All were possessed by abject fear
And anguish, as they dodged those creatures. The women wailed,
Some of them even forgetting their children in trying to dodge
The death they dreaded for themselves. The whole of Troy
Groaned at their approach. Amid the sudden concourse
Skin was torn from the limbs of those who packed the streets
And cowered on every side.

One lonely figure was left,
Laokoon with his boys, held fast by his deadly doom
And by the goddess. Shrinking from death those sons of his
Were both snatched up in the serpents' lethal jaws.
They stretched their arms to their father, but he was powerless
To save them. The Trojans watched from a distance and wept,
Inwardly paralyzed as they were. The serpents gladly
Fulfilled Athena's bidding that was so loathsome to Troy
And vanished together under the ground. A visible trace
Remained at the spot where they entered the shrine of Apollo
On sacred Pergamon. Before it the sons of Troy
Assembled and for the boys of Laokoon who died
So cruelly they built a cenotaph, upon which tears
Were shed from their father's sightless eyes. Beside him their mother
Uttered over the cenotaph many tearful words.
Expecting even worse to come, she moaned for the loss
Her husband's folly had caused, while fearing the wrath of the gods.
As round her ravaged nest, deep in some shaded valley,
Stricken by sharpest grief a nightingale laments,
Whose helpless young, before they have learned melodious song,
Have been destroyed in the jaws of a fearsome snake,
Causing their mother anguish; in her unspeakable sorrow
She fills her empty home with cries of lamentation;
So sadly now that mother lamented her children's death,
Weeping over their empty tomb. A further cause
Of bitter grief for her was the blindness of her husband.
Such was her lament for her children and her husband,
Children slain and husband robbed of the light of the sun.

The Trojans started sacrificing to the immortals
With libations of sweet wine, hoping in their hearts
To be relieved of the heavy weight of woeful war.

Their victims, though, refused to burn and the fires went out,
No less than if a heavy shower of rain had fallen.
The smoke that rose was bloodstained, every thigh piece
Fell quivering to the ground and the altars collapsed.
Libations turned to blood, the statues of gods shed tears,
And temples were wet with gore. The sound of groans came out
From unexpected places. The high walls round them shuddered
And towers rumbled loudly, as though they really . . .
Of their own accord the bars of gates sprang open
With frightening noises, while mournful moaning came
From birds of the night that uttered cries of desolation.
Every star above that divinely constructed city
Was hidden in haze, although the sky was clear of clouds
And shining brightly. The laurel bushes beside the temple
Of Phoibos withered, which till then were lush and green.
Then also wolves and jackals came howling fearlessly
Inside the gates. Unnumbered other portents appeared,
Presaging ruin for Dardanos' people and city.
No daunting fear, however, impinged on the Trojans' minds,
Despite the sight of all these daunting marvels among them.
The Fates had robbed them all of sense, so that after the banquet
They might meet their doom of death at the hands of the Argives.

One heart alone was constant, one mind was lucid,
Kassandra's. No word of hers was ever unfulfilled.
In spite of its truth, though, to her hearers, through some fate,
It always seemed empty, so that the Trojans could suffer.
So when she saw these sinister portents in Troy converging
To one conclusion, she cried aloud like a lioness,
When in a woodland thicket it has been stabbed or shot
By an eager hunter, so that her heart within her is maddened. . . .
All through the lofty hills with irresistible might.
Kassandra like that, her prophetic heart within her raging,
Came out of the palace. Her hair was streaming out
Over her silvery shoulders all the way down her back.
Her eyes were flashing fearlessly. Under her head her neck,
Like the stem of a tree in a gale, kept writhing this way and that.
The noble maiden gave a great groan and cried aloud:
"Poor fools, we've entered the realm of darkness. Round us
The city is filled with fire and blood and a doom

That is horrible. Everywhere marvels that should make us weep
Are shown by the gods and at the feet of Death we lie.
Unhappy people not to know your doom. You all
Rejoice in your folly. A great disaster is hidden here.
However, you won't believe me, no matter what I say,
Because the spirits of vengeance, angry with us for Helen's
Fatal marriage, and the pitiless Fates are darting
Everywhere in the city. This miserable banquet of yours,
Fouled as it is with gore, is the last that you will enjoy.
The path you are on makes ghosts your companions now."

Then someone uttered these pernicious words of abuse:
"Daughter of Priam, your raving tongue and insane mind
Make everything you say as empty as air.
No pure and maidenly modesty possesses you.
You are the victim of deadly madness. That's why you're always
Held in contempt by everybody for talking too much.
Be off and make your evil forebodings to the Argives
And to yourself. Perhaps a punishment even more painful
Than shameless Laokoon's awaits you. It isn't right
To destroy the kindly gifts of the gods so rashly."
Some Trojan in the city said that and others likewise
Blamed the girl for saying what they considered inept.
That was because disaster and Fate's cruel force
Were standing close to them. So, ignorant of their doom,
With words of abuse they turned her from the spacious horse.
For she was eager either to shatter all its timbers
Or to burn it with blazing fire. With that intention
She'd snatched a burning brand of pinewood from the hearth
And made a frenzied dash. In her other hand she carried
A two-edged ax and was making for the baneful horse,
To reveal its dreadful ambush to the very eyes
Of the Trojans. They, though, quickly removed from her hands
Both fire and destructive steel and without a care they prepared
That fatal feast, for their final night would shortly begin.

Meanwhile the Argives in the horse were happy to hear
The noise of feasting in Ilion in disregard
Of Kassandra, who commanded their own admiration,
How accurately she knew the Achaians' purpose and plan.

Her anguish was that of a leopard running through the mountains,
When from a farmstead toiling herdsmen with their hounds
Have quickly driven it off and the savage-spirited creature
Retreats with many a turn and anguish in its heart.
Like that Kassandra left the spacious horse, in grief
For the slaughter of Trojans, the great disaster that she foresaw.

BOOK 13 The Sack of Troy

The Trojans were feasting throughout the city amid the mingled
And strident sounds of oboes and panpipes. In every direction
There was singing and dancing and a confusion
Of diners' voices, such as goes with food and wine.
With brimming goblets uplifted in their hands
They drank without a care. And so their wits grew heavy
And their eyes began to roll. In rapid succession
A babble of broken words came pouring from their lips.
The furniture in their homes and the buildings themselves
Appeared to be in motion. They had the impression
The whole of the city was spinning round and their eyes were veiled
In mist. The eyesight and the intelligence of men
Are harmed when undiluted wine is swallowed in gulps.
Such words as these were spoken by those heavy heads:
"In vain the Danaans gathered their great army here.
The wretches never accomplished what they planned to do.
They have decamped from our city just like that,
No better than foolish children or weak women."
So spoke the Trojans with their minds impaired by wine.
The poor fools could not see destruction at their doors.

As soon as sleep had stopped them everywhere in the city,
Sated as they were with food and copious wine,
Sinon held aloft a blazing torch,
A bright fire signal for the Argives. Immense concern
Engaged his heart within in case it should be seen
By strong-armed Trojans and all should be at once revealed.
But they were in their beds and sleeping their final sleep,
Weighed down by much strong wine. Meanwhile the fleet
At Tenedos on seeing the signal prepared to sail.
Now Sinon approached the horse and called out softly,
Very softly, so that none of the Trojans should hear him
But only the Danaan leaders, whom the wings of sleep
Had left far behind in their eagerness for work.
When those inside had heard the message, to Odysseus
They all inclined their ears. His advice to them

Was to go out quietly and with caution. In obeying
His call to battle they wanted to leap from the horse to the ground
And begin their work. However, in his wisdom
He stopped the general onrush and with nimble hands
He quietly opened both the flanks of the wooden horse,
Guided by Epeios of the ashwood spear.
Raising his head a little above the planks, he peered
All round to see if any Trojan was awake.
As when it feels the pangs of grievous hunger,
A wolf comes down from the hills in urgent need of food
Straight for a spacious sheepfold, steering clear of men
And dogs whose purpose is to guard the flock,
And crosses the fence of the fold with feet unhindered;
Like that Odysseus came down from the horse. And close behind him
Came the other mighty rulers of Greater Greece,
Filing in columns down the ladders which Epeios
Had constructed for those strong-armed leaders
To enter and to exit from the horse.
So now they descended by these on either side,
Just like intrepid wasps when they have been disturbed
By a woodcutter; all the swarm, with their tempers roused,
Come streaming down from their branch in response to the noise.
With such eagerness those men streamed out of the horse
Into the Trojans' prosperous city, and their hearts
Were pounding in their breasts.

These quickly started killing
The enemy while the others were still at sea. Their ships
Were speeding over the waters, with Thetis directing their course
And sending a following wind, which warmed the Achaians' hearts.
Rapidly reaching the shores of the Hellespont
And beaching their vessels there once more, with expertise
They packed away the tackle always carried by ships.
As soon as they disembarked they headed for Ilion,
As noiselessly as sheep that hasten to their fold
Back from woodland pastures on an autumn evening.
So silently they made their way to the city of Troy,
Eager every one to support their leaders.
Just as famished leopards, charging from all directions,
Fall on a fold high up among the wooded hills
While the toil-worn shepherd is sleeping; one after another

The sheep are slaughtered there in the dark and everywhere . . .
With blood and corpses. A fearful massacre had begun,
Even though most of the Danaan forces were still outside.

All of them now arrived at the walls of Troy,
Whereupon with fury unrestrained they streamed
Into the city of Priam breathing the war god's spirit.
That city, though, they found already full of fighting
And corpses, everywhere the sorrowful sight of buildings
Burning furiously, a joy indeed to their hearts.
They too then leapt upon the Trojans with grim intent.
The god and baneful goddess of war raged in their midst.
Everywhere black blood was running and drenching the ground
From the slaughter of Trojans and their foreign allies.
Some, already in the chilling grip of death,
Were strewn around the city in their blood, and on them
Others fell gasping out their life force. Some had their entrails
Clutched in their hands and in that piteous state were roaming
Round their houses. Some had both their feet cut off
And crawled among the corpses with wails that beggar description.
Many who were eager to fight, after biting the dust,
Had their hands and heads hacked from them all at once.
Others, attempting to flee, had spears run through their backs
Out to the breast. In other cases they penetrated
Down to the groin, above the genitals, where the spear
Of the tireless war god is most agonizing of all.

In every part of the city was heard the anguished howling
Of dogs together with the pitiful moaning of men
In the throes of death. The sounds that echoed through every house
Could not be described. The mournful wailing of women
Was like the cries of cranes when they catch sight of an eagle
Swooping down from the sky above them, for their breasts
Are empty of any courage and they simply
Shriek aloud in terror of that sacred bird.
Such everywhere were the loud laments of Trojan women,
Some of them wakened from their beds and others leaping
To the ground. Their girdles forgotten in their distress,
They wandered aimlessly with nothing more
Than a tunic on them. Some did not even have time to dress
Themselves in either a long dress or a veil. Their dread

Of attacking enemies rooted them helplessly to the ground
With palpitating hearts. The wretches simply hastened
To cover their nakedness with their hands. In anguish
Some of them tore the hair from their heads and beat their breasts
With their hands, while wailing loudly. Yet others were bold
Enough to face the foe in action, quite forgetting
All fear in their frantic desire to help those facing death,
Their husbands or their sons, for great was the courage they drew
From their dire need. The wails woke children from their sleep,
Children whose tender spirits had never yet known cares.
Crowded together they breathed their last, some lying sprawled
Who'd only seen their death in their dreams. Surrounding them
The dismal Fates delighted in their miserable deaths.
Just like pigs in the palace of a wealthy prince
When he prepares an abundant banquet for his people,
They were killed in thousands and with their grisly gore was mingled
The wine that was left in the mixing bowls. No one at all
Could then have carried his steel unstained by bloodshed,
However feeble a fighter. The Trojans were simply slaughtered.
As sheep are destroyed by jackals or by wolves
At the time of the onset of stifling midday heat,
When the shepherd is absent, and in a shady spot
They are crowded together in a compact mass,
Waiting while the shepherd carries their milk to the farm . . .
To fill their capacious bellies; they attack them all
And lap up their dark blood, persisting until they've destroyed
The whole flock, a sorry feast for the wretched herdsman;
Like that the Danaans killed one after another in Priam's
City in the onslaught of that final battle.
Not one Trojan was left unwounded, but all whose limbs
Still moved were darkly dashed with copious blood.

For the Argives also the fighting was not free from wounds.
Some of them were struck by goblets, some by tables;
Others were hit beside the hearths by brands still burning.
Yet others expired there after being run through by spits
On which the innards of pigs remained, still warm
And sizzling from the fire god's blazing breath.
Others had been cut down by sharpened axes and hatchets
And lay convulsing in their blood. From the hands of some
The fingers had been cut off, just as they reached for a sword

In their desire to defend themselves from a hateful fate.
Another crushed the brow and brain of someone else
With a stone cast during that melee. Like savage beasts
When wounded inside a solitary shepherd's fold,
Their anger was roused to the pitch of frenzied fury
During that night of horror. In their great lust for battle
They carried the fighting to Priam's palace, driving their foes
In all directions. But many of the Argives also
Were killed with spears. For the Trojans who were quick enough
To pick up a sword or a long spear in their homes
Proceeded to kill their foes, although they were heavy with wine.
A marvelous brightness suffused the city because of the many
Achaians who carried fiery flares, so that in the conflict
They might clearly distinguish their friends from the foes.

Now the son of Tydeus met amid the melee
The spearman Koroibos, son of glorious Mygdon,
And with a spear thrust pierced his hollow gullet,
The passage through which food and drink pass quickly.
Upon that spear his dark doom came to him,
As down in dark blood and the crowds of corpses he fell.
The fool did not enjoy the marriage for which he'd come
The previous day to Priam's city and promised to drive
The Achaians from Ilion. Heaven did not fulfill
His hope, for the Fates forestalled him by sending death.
Near him his killer met and slew Eurydamas
Of the ashwood spear, a son-in-law of Antenor, the man
Who was the wisesthearted of all the Trojans.
There too he encountered Ilioneus, an elder statesman,
And drew his terrible sword against him. Thereupon
His aged legs completely gave way beneath him.
Trembling with terror and holding out both his hands,
With one he grasped the sharp sword, with the other the knees
Of that man-slaying warrior. Despite his passion for combat,
Either forgetting his anger or at some god's prompting,
He briefly withdrew his sword from the old man, letting him utter
A prayer to that swift and mighty man. It was a hasty
Expression of anguish, gripped as he was by abject fear:
"I beg you, whoever you are of Argos' mighty men,
Respect these hands which supplicate you and abate
Your frightful anger. Great is the glory that is won

By killing a man who is young and strong. But if you kill
An old man, no renown for prowess will attend you.
So turn your hands away from me and aim at the young ones,
As you hope one day to reach an old age like mine."
His words were answered thus by the son of mighty Tydeus:
"Old man, I certainly hope to reach a happy old age.
But while my strength is undiminished I shall not spare
An enemy of my person; I'll hurl them all to Hades.
It is the brave man's mark to avenge himself on his foes."
With that the fearsome hero drove his deadly sword
Into his throat, at the point where the life of mortal men
Is quickly ended, through the bloodstream's vital passages.
While he succumbed to the dreadful doom of being slain
By the hands of Tydeus' son, the latter, to kill more Trojans,
Charged through the city venting the fury of his strength.
He brought down noble Abas and with his long spear struck
Renowned Eurykoon, the son of Perimnestos.
Ajax killed Amphimedon, Agamemnon the son of Damastor;
Idomeneus killed Mimas and Meges Deiopites.

Now the son of Achilles with his invincible spear
Slew noble Pammon, struck Polites as he attacked,
And next laid low Tisiphonos, all three of them
Being sons of Priam. Then he encountered in the conflict
Noble Agenor and killed him. One warrior after another
He dispatched, and everywhere black Death attended
The killing. Clothed in his father's might, Neoptolemos
Furiously slaughtered all those he met. There too he encountered,
In this murderous mood, the enemy king himself
By Zeus the Guardian's altar. Priam recognized
At once the son of Achilles but felt no fear, because
His spirit yearned to die at the side of his own sons.
So he expressed to him his eagerness to die:
"Stouthearted son of Achilles the mighty warrior,
Kill me without mercy in my misfortune. I certainly,
After all that I've suffered, have no desire to see
The light of the all-seeing sun. My one wish now
Is to perish with my children and so to forget my grievous
Pain and the ugly din of war. If only
Your father had killed me before I had to see the burning
Of Ilion, when I brought him a ransom for the body

Of Hektor, after your father had slain him. But such is the thread
The Fates have spun for me. So glut your mighty sword
By shedding my blood and letting me forget my anguish."
His words were answered by the sturdy son of Achilles:
"Old man, you are bidding one who is only too eager.
As you're my foe I shall not leave you among the living,
For nothing else is dearer to mortal men than life."
That said, he cut off the old man's gray-haired head,
As easily as one reaps an ear of grain
In a ripened field during the heat of summer.
With a loud moan his head went rolling over the ground,
Far away from the limbs that enable a man to move.
In his black blood he lay among the rest of the slain . . .
For his wealth and lineage and his numerous offspring.
The glory of man is never undiminished for long
And disgrace can quickly catch one unawares.
So Priam was caught by his doom and forgot his many troubles.

Just then Astyanax was thrown by Danaan horsemen
Down from a lofty tower and robbed of his precious life.
They snatched him from his mother's arms where he lay,
In anger at Hektor for all the trouble he had caused them
During his life, which made them hate his offspring also.
So they hurled his son from the height of that rampart,
An infant who had no knowledge yet of warfare.
Just as mountain wolves in need of food with cruel
Cunning will drive a calf over an echoing cliff
After cutting it off from its mother's milky udder;
The mother bemoaning her precious offspring runs to and fro
With loud and plaintive cries, till she herself is caught
By another evil, lions that come from behind her;
So in the intensity of the grief that she felt for her son
The daughter of noble Eetion, bitterly wailing,
Was led with other captive women by her foes.
The thought of the dreadful deaths of her child, her husband,
And her father made Eetion's fair-ankled daughter
Contemplate her own death, because for royal persons
Death in battle is better than serving their inferiors.
From her deeply grieving heart she uttered these plaintive words:
"Hurry now and throw my body also
From this dreadful wall, from rocks or into a fire,

You Argives, for my woes are beyond all telling.
My worthy father was put to death by the son of Peleus
In holy Thebe, as in Troy was my glorious husband,
Who was everything to me that my heart could desire.
He left me then with one little son in our home,
In whom I took unbounded pride and entertained
High hopes, of which a malicious Fate has cheated me.
Remove me therefore at once, in my distress, from a life
That is a burden to me. Don't take me to your homes
With other prisoners of war, because my heart no longer
Has pleasure in human company now that heaven
Has destroyed my family. Dire distress awaits me
If I am removed from Troy, on top of my other anguish."
She spoke in her desire to be buried, since life is shameful
For those whose former glory has been swallowed up
By humiliation. The scorn of men is a terrible thing.
But into bondage they forced her to go against her will.

In houses of every description men were losing
Their lives and from them all the sound of weeping rose,
But not in the home of Antenor, because the Argives
Were mindful of his welcoming hospitality.
In the past he had received and sheltered in Troy
Godlike Menelaos when he'd arrived with Odysseus.
As a favor to him, then, the foremost sons of Achaia
Spared his life and left him all his possessions,
Thereby respecting a true friend and all-seeing Themis.

Then it was that the valiant son of noble Anchises,
After much courageous spear work round the town
Of divinely descended Priam taking the lives of many,
When he saw the city set on fire by the enemy's
Devastating hands, the destruction of the people
En masse with all their possessions and from their homes
The wives and children dragged away, no longer
Did he hope in his heart to see his homeland with its fine walls.
Instead, he pondered how to escape that great disaster.
As over the salt sea's depths a man who controls the helm
Of a ship and skillfully dodges the winds and waves

That come from every point in the hateful season of storms,
As hand and spirit grow tired and the ship begins to sink
Beneath the surface, then he abandons the helm and boards
A little boat on his own, no longer concerned for the merchant
Vessel; like that the valiant son of wise Anchises
Abandoned to his foes the town that was blazing fiercely,
Snatched his son and his father and made off with them.
With his strong hands he seated his father, impaired
As he was by harsh old age, upon his broad shoulders,
But took his son by his tender hand, just touching the ground
With his feet and terrified by the deadly deeds and noise
Of the battle from which he was led. Compelled as he was,
The delicate child hung on by clinging closely, while tears
Flowed down his tender cheeks. Aineias leapt over
Many corpses with nimble feet, but in the darkness
Unwillingly trampled on many. The Kyprian goddess guided
Her grandson, son, and husband, eager to rescue them
From the dreadful disaster. Under Aineias' hurrying feet
Everywhere flames receded, and the fire god's
Blazing blasts were parted. The spears and arrows of men
Landed harmlessly on the ground, all those the Achaians
Aimed at Aineias in that woeful battle.

Then Kalchas gave a loud shout to restrain the army:
"Stop making the head of mighty Aineias the target
Of your deadly arrows and your murderous spears.
It is destined by the glorious will of the gods
That he shall go from the Xanthos to the broad-flowing Tiber
To found a sacred city, an object of awe to future
Generations, and be the king of widely scattered
People. The rule of the line descended from him shall later
Extend to the rising sun and its eternal setting.
It is his right to join the ranks of the immortals,
Because he is the offspring of fair-tressed Aphrodite.
Another reason why we should not lay hands on this man
Is that in preference to gold or any other possessions
That can protect an exile in a foreign land,
To all that he has preferred his father and his son.
This one night has shown us a son who is wonderfully kind

To his aged father as well as a parent above reproach."
Everyone heeded Kalchas' words and looked on Aineias
As a god. He quickly made his way through the city
To where his eager feet were leading, while the Argives
Persisted with the sack of the prosperous city of Troy.

At this point Menelaos used his deadly sword
To kill the unhappy Deiphobos, whom he found,
Heavy with wine, in the bed of Helen. She had fled
And hidden in the palace. At the shedding of blood
The killer uttered these words of exultation:
"You dog, you have been dealt a miserable death by me
Today. Tomorrow's splendid dawn will not find you
Alive in Troy, in spite of your claim to be son-in-law
Of Zeus the thunderer. Black Death has become your host,
Now that in the bed of my wife you have met your end
Unpleasantly. I wish that earlier I had encountered
Cursed Alexander in battle and robbed him also
Of his life. That would have given relief to my anguish.
He, however, quickly went down to death's chill darkness,
His just punishment. Clearly you wouldn't have profited
From that wife of mine, because inviolate Themis
Never lets sinful men escape. Her eyes are trained
On them both night and day and everywhere
She wings her airy way through the nations of men
Helping Zeus to punish the doers of evil deeds."
With that he went on dealing merciless death to his foes.
The ever-growing fury in his heart was fed
By jealousy. His valiant spirit was filled with evil
Designs against the Trojans, which the venerable goddess
Justice accomplished. They were the first to commit the outrage
Concerning Helen, the first to violate their oaths,
The scoundrels, when, in spite of the sacrificial blood,
They ignored the immortals in their perversity.
So later the spirits of vengeance inflicted suffering on them.
Some of them perished outside their walls and others inside,
Amid the pleasures of feasting with their fair-tressed wives.

At length, in the innermost part of the palace, Menelaos
Discovered his consort trembling in fear of the danger

From her boldhearted lawful husband. When he saw her,
In his jealous state of mind he was going to kill her.
His violence, though, was restrained by lovely Aphrodite,
Who made his sword fall from his hand and stopped his onrush.
She dispelled his black jealousy and deep inside
His heart and his eyes she stirred up sweet desire.
Strange amazement came over him, and seeing her brilliant
Beauty he could no longer put his sword to her throat.
He stood there like a trunk of dead wood in a mountain
Forest, which neither the swift blasts of the north wind
Can shake when they hurtle through the air nor those of the south.
Like that, astonished, he stayed a long time, his strength quite broken
By the sight of his consort. Suddenly gone from his mind
Were all the wrongs that she had done to their marriage bed.
Every one had been wiped away by the Kyprian goddess,
Who conquers the reason of gods as well as of mortal men.
Even so he picked his sharp sword up from the ground
And made a rush at his wife, but acted now with a different
Aim in mind; it was a trick to beguile the Achaians.
This time his zeal was restrained by his brother Agamemnon,
Who used many soothing words to change his mind,
For fear that all their efforts should have been for nothing:
"Come, Menelaos, control your anger. You haven't the right
To put to death the wedded wife for the sake of whom
We've suffered so much, contriving the ruin of Priam.
Helen is not the one to blame as you suppose,
But Paris for ignoring your table and Zeus the protector
Of host and guest. So heaven has punished him painfully."
Menelaos promptly obeyed him.

The gods then mourned
For far-famed Troy, concealing themselves in gloomy clouds,
All except fair-tressed Tritonis and Hera,
Whose hearts were filled with exultation at the sight
Of divinely descended Priam's famous town being sacked.
However, not even the wise goddess Tritogeneia herself
Was wholly free from tears, since in her very temple
Kassandra was defiled by the sturdy son of Oileus
When blinded in his heart and reason. Later the goddess
Made him pay for the crime by striking him down with disaster.

She would not look at the infamous deed, but covered herself
In shame and indignation, averting her terrible eyes
To the lofty roof of the temple. Her holy image resounded
And the floor of her temple gave a great shudder. But Ajax did not
Stop the outrage, deluded by the Kyprian goddess.

All over the town tall buildings were collapsing
On every side and choking dust was mixed with the smoke.
The noise was frightful and the shock was felt in the streets.
Aineias' home was burning and burning too was all
The house of Antimachos. Immense was the blaze that engulfed
The height of lovely Pergamon, the shrine of Apollo,
Tritonis' holy temple and the altar of Zeus
The Guardian. Fire had consumed the lovely chambers
Of Priam's offspring. The city was totally destroyed.
Some of the Trojans were done to death by the sons of Argos,
Others by the destructive fire and their own buildings,
Which formed at once their fated end and their tomb.
Some of them drove swords through their own throats,
When fire and foes were seen together in front of their doors.
Others put to death their children with their wives
And fell dead after the monstrous deed to which they were driven.
Another, supposing that he was well away from the foe,
Quickly seized a pitcher out of the fire god's flames,
Ready to go in search of water. But an Argive
Found him first and with a spear blow took his life,
Heavy with strong wine as he was. Inside his house
He fell and the empty pitcher fell beside him.
Another was fleeing through his hall when the central beam
Collapsed in flames on him and brought immediate death.
Many were the women who took to anguished flight,
And as they ran they remembered their precious children
Left in their beds at home. So, turning at once in their tracks,
They perished with their children under the fallen building.
All through the city horses and dogs in panic
Fled from the furious fire that they feared. Beneath their feet
They trampled the dead and on the living inflicted harm
By constantly dashing against them. A cry rang through the town,
As some young man went running through the flames

And shouting. The people in Troy all met a pitiless doom,
But varied ways took them to their miserable deaths.

The flames rose into the holy heavens spreading a marvelous
Brightness, which was seen by the peoples who lived all round,
From as far away as the lofty peaks of Mount Ida,
Of Thracian Samos, and of sea-girt Tenedos.
Someone sailing out on the deep sea spoke these words:
"Those stouthearted Argives have finished their great undertaking
After enduring so much for the sake of bright-eyed Helen.
Troy that was once so prosperous is now consumed
With fire and no god gave the help that was desired.
All mortals' affairs are watched by irresistible Fate.
Many undistinguished and inconspicuous things
Are raised to glory, while the exalted are brought to little.
Often out of good comes evil and from evil
Something good with the changes of our harsh life."
Such were the words of someone who saw from afar that marvelous
Brightness.

The Trojans were still in the grip of grievous distress.
The Argives fought on through the city, just as winds,
When roused to violence, stir the boundless sea
When opposite Arktouros, the star of evil winds,
The Altar rises into the starry firmament,
Turned toward the misty south, and at its rising
Many vessels founder and are lost at sea
While the winds are stormy. Like these the sons of Achaia
Ravaged lofty Ilion, while the great fire consumed it.
As a mountain densely cloaked with woods
Is rapidly consumed in a fire that is fanned
By winds; the long surrounding ridges resound
And all the wild creatures there are terribly tormented,
Encircled as they are in the wood by the fire god's force;
Such was the Trojans' death in the city. Not one of the gods
In heaven saved them now that the Fates had encircled them
All round with that great net which mortals never escape.

Just then in the city Demophoon and steadfast
Akamas met Aithra, the mother of mighty Theseus.
Longing to see them she was guided by some god

Who brought her face-to-face with them. She fled bewildered
From the fighting and the fire. When those two saw
The woman's build and stature against the fire god's glare,
They thought it could only be the spouse, so like a goddess,
Of divinely descended Priam. Immediately they rushed
To lay their hands on her in their desire to take her
To the Danaans. With a piteous moan she said:
"No, you splendid sons of Argive warriors,
Don't drag me off like an enemy to your ships.
I am not by birth a Trojan. Mine is noble
Danaan blood of highest renown, for Pittheus was
My father in Troizen. I was given in marriage to noble
Aigeus and the famous son I bore was Theseus.
So, for the sake of great Zeus and your beloved parents,
If it is true that the sons of noble Theseus have come here
With the sons of Atreus, show me in your camp
To his dear offspring. They will be eager and I think
They are about your age. My life will be renewed,
If I can see them alive and champions both."

On hearing Aithra's words they remembered their own father,
All that he did to Helen and how Aphidnai was sacked
By Zeus the thunderer's sons, at the time when they themselves
Were secretly removed from the fighting by their nurses,
For they were then just infants. They also remembered illustrious
Aithra, all that she suffered when compelled as a captive,
Being at the same time mother-in-law and servant
Of Helen the goddesslike. They both were speechless with joy.
Then worthy Demophoon answered her eager request:
"The gods have brought fulfillment to your heart's desire
Already, for those you see are the sons of your noble son,
Ourselves. We'll pick you up in our loving arms,
To carry you to the ships and then to take you gladly
To Greece's sacred soil, where once you were a queen."
When she heard that the mother of his great father threw
Her arms round him and held him, kissing his broad shoulders
And also his head, his chest, and his bearded cheeks.
Then in the same way she kissed Akamas. Tears of joy
Came streaming from the weeping eyes of the three.
As when a man has been away in foreign lands
People report his death; but later from somewhere

He returns to his home and there his sons see him
And weep in their great gladness; he in turn
Weeps too in front of his children at home; all through the house
Is spread the mournful sound of their joyful weeping;
Like that was the blaze of sweet sound from their weeping now.

Now also the daughter of much-enduring Priam,
Laodike, is said to have raised her hands to the sky,
Praying to the invincible blessed ones that the earth
Might swallow her before she put her hand to slaves' work.
Some god heard her and promptly caused the boundless earth
To break apart beneath her. At that god's behest
The earth received the royal maiden into a chasm,
When Ilion was destroyed. They say that for that city
Long-robed Elektra actually concealed her form
In mist and cloud, renouncing the company of the other
Pleiades, which are her sister stars.
The others are clearly visible to toiling mortals,
Rising into the sky as a troop, while she alone
Is always hidden from sight, because it was her good son
Dardanos whose sacred city fell with no help
From great Zeus himself in heaven; to the Fates
Even mighty Zeus's power must yield. These things
Were either the work of the gods' wise will or not.
Still the Argives' fury against the Trojans increased
Throughout the city. Strife controlled the conflict's outcome.

BOOK 14 The Departure of the Greeks

Now the goddess Dawn enthroned in gold leapt up
From Ocean into the heavens, while Night was welcomed by Chaos.
The strong-walled city of Troy had been stormed and destroyed
By the Argives and immense was the booty they had taken.
Just like storm-fed rivers that come rushing down
With a roar from the mountains when it rains in torrents;
Many tall trees with everything that grows on the slopes
And even mountain crags are carried into the sea;
Like that the Danaans, after sacking and burning Troy,
Carried all its wealth to the ships that leap the waves.
With it they brought the women of Troy from all directions,
Some of them virgins ignorant still of their promised marriage,
Some recently subjected to the love of husbands,
Others whose hair was gray and others still who were younger
Than those, whose children had been snatched from their breasts
While seeking milk with eager lips for one last time.
Also one of that crowd was Menelaos himself
Leading his consort out of the burning city,
His great undertaking finished but feeling shame with his joy.
Agamemnon of the ashwood spear led noble Kassandra
And Achilles' brave son Andromache. Odysseus, though,
Was forcibly dragging Hekabe. From her eyes tears flowed
In floods as though from a spring. Her limbs were trembling,
Her heart distraught with terror. She had torn
The gray hair from her head and covered herself with ash,
No doubt taken from her hearth and poured in handfuls
When she saw Priam killed and the city burning.
Loud was the groan she uttered at the moment when bondage
Made her its unwilling subject. Each man forced a different
Wailing Trojan woman to go with him to his ships.
Intense was the wailing of those women on every side,
And bitter indeed the lamentation over their infants.
As when tiny piglets with their white-tusked mothers
Are taken from their familiar pen to a new one
By men at the onset of winter; in their distress
They keep up a constant exchange of squealing with one another;

That's how the Trojan women bewailed the Danaans' conquest.
Both mistress and servant suffered the same compulsion then.

Helen did not give way to lamenting. Shame it was
That settled upon her dark-hued eyes and caused the skin
Of her lovely cheeks to redden. The heart within her
Was tortured by the thought that when she reached
Their dark-colored ships the Achaians might mishandle her.
That was why her spirit was full of fear and trembling.
So, with her head concealed beneath a veil,
She followed in the footsteps of her husband,
Showing the glow of shame on her cheeks, like the Kyprian goddess
The day the heavenly deities saw with their own eyes
How in the arms of Ares she disgraced her bed,
When in the fine-meshed fetters made by skilled Hephaistos
She lay trapped and felt the anguish of her shame
Before that troop of blessed gods assembled there
With Hephaistos. It is a fearful thing for a woman
To be seen in open shame by her husband's eyes.
Like that was Helen's appearance and unmixed shame,
As she made her way with the captive Trojan women
To the Argives' well-oared ships. Round her the soldiers
Marveled at the sight of that flawless woman's
Splendid beauty and loveliness. Not one of them dared
Attack her with abusive words even in secret,
Still less openly. They stared as though at a goddess,
With delight, for she was a sight they all had longed for.
As when men have wandered over the restless sea
And glimpsed at last the homeland they have prayed for;
Now that they are safe from death in the deep
They stretch their hands to their land with infinite joy in their hearts;
Such was the joy of all the Danaans. They no longer
Recollected the toil and pain of warfare;
Such was the mood the goddess of love produced in them all
As a favor to bright-eyed Helen and father Zeus.

Meanwhile the sight of his beloved city in ruins
Made Xanthos, still recovering from the bloody battles,
Weep with his water nymphs, since Troy had suffered such sudden
Disaster and Priam's city was razed to the ground.
As when a storm of hail bears down on a ripened grainfield

And cuts it to pieces, destroying all the ears
With its cruel onset; the stalks lie flattened on the ground,
Useless now that the fruit is rotting on the soil
So woefully, to the owner's overwhelming grief;
Such was the grief that afflicted the heart of Xanthos then
For Ilion's desolation. His sorrow was unremitting,
Though he was deathless. Lofty Ida also mourned
With Simoeis, and all the distant streams of Ida
Shed tears of lamentation for the city of Priam.

The Argives returned to their ships with exultation,
Singing by turns of glorious Victory's mighty power,
Of the hallowed race of blessed immortals, of their own
Daring and courage, and of Epeios' undying achievement.
Their singing rose through the air to the heavens, like the cries
Of countless jackdaws at the dawn of a clear calm day,
When after a ruining storm there is no breath of wind.
Such song beside the ships from their exultant hearts . . .
Gave pleasure to those immortals in heaven who had been
Wholehearted supporters of the warlike Argives.
Those, however, who had defended the Trojans were angry
At the sight of Priam's city consumed by fire.
But, despite their desire, they could not override Fate
To help. It wouldn't be easy to turn aside Fate from her course
Even for Kronos' son himself, whose power is greater
Than that of the other immortals and Zeus is the source of all things.

The Argives laid out many ox thighs with kindling wood
And burned them together. Then, as they moved around the altars,
They poured sweet wine upon the blazing sacrifices
To thank the deities for that great accomplishment.
During their merry feast they loudly celebrated
All those who with their weapons had entered the wooden horse.
They held in wonder far-famed Sinon for having endured
The grievous torture of the enemy. All of them
Kept honoring him with song and with an endless flood
Of gifts. His hardy spirit took pleasure in the Argives'
Triumph, with no complaint for his own disfigurement.
By a wise and sensible person glory is greatly
Preferred to gold or physical beauty or other
Good things that human beings may own or hope for.

So, feasting beside their ships, their hearts now free from fear,
They repeated the following words to one another:
"We have reached the goal of this long war, won glory
Far and wide by destroying our foes and their great city.
Now grant us, Zeus, the return that we desire."
In answer the Father didn't grant return to them all.

In their midst those skilled in the art . . .
. . . For they were no longer
Afraid of the noisy battlefield and so they turned
To the things of ordered life, to joyous festivity.
The singers met their wishes by telling first of all
How the army gathered on the sacred soil of Aulis;
Then how the invincible strength of Peleus' son
Sacked a dozen cities in raids by sea
And eleven on the boundless mainland; all his deeds
Against king Telephos and mighty Eetion
And how he killed proud Kyknos; all the Achaians' trials
In the fighting that followed the anger of Achilles;
How he then dragged Hektor round his hometown's walls;
How he took Penthesileia's life in battle and vanquished
The son of Tithonos; how mighty Ajax laid low Glaukos
Of the ashwood spear and how the famous hero
Eurypylos was slain by the son of swift Achilles;
How Paris was vanquished by the arrows of Philoktetes;
The names of all the heroes who went inside that horse
Of deception; how, after sacking divinely descended Priam's
City, they were feasting far from warfare's evils.
The subjects of their singing followed their different fancies.

The feasting had lasted until the middle of the night,
When at last the eating and drinking of unmixed wine
Had stopped and the Danaans turned to sleep's release from cares.
The previous day's hard work now overpowered them all.
Although they would gladly have reveled all night long,
They were stopped by sleep despite their great unwillingness.
So others slept wherever they were, but in his quarters
Atreus' son was conversing with his fair-tressed spouse.
Upon the eyes of those two sleep had not yet fallen;
The Kyprian goddess hovered over their hearts, to make them
Remember their former love bed and drive away all anguish.

Helen broke their silence with the following words:
"Don't start being angry, Menelaos, with me.
I did not leave your home and bed of my own accord,
But mighty Alexander and the sons of Troy
Came and snatched me away while you were far from home.
I was constantly seeking to die a miserable death,
By means of the cruel noose or else by the lethal sword,
But people in the palace used soothing words to stop me,
In spite of the grief I felt for you and our dear daughter.
For her sake, for our wedded joy and for your own sake
I beg you to forget the terrible trouble I've caused you."
Menelaos in his wisdom made this answer:
"Stop thinking now about the suffering of our hearts.
Let that all be locked inside the black abode
Of oblivion. It's wrong to keep recalling evil deeds."
His words filled her with joy and freed her heart from fear,
Sensing as she did that her husband's bitter anger
Had ended. She threw her arms round him and from the eyes
Of both of them flowed tears of pleasant lamentation.
Joyfully then they lay down side by side
And their hearts recalled how they were joined in marriage.
Just as ivy and a grapevine intertwine
Their stems so closely together that no wind is ever
Strong enough to separate them, thus those two
Clung closely in the passionate embrace of love.

When blissful sleep had finally come to those two also,
Godlike Achilles the valianthearted hero
Stood above the head of his son in the living form
That was the bane of the Trojans and the Achaians' joy.
After kissing his neck and his sparkling eyes
Affectionately, he exhorted him with these words:
"Greetings, my son. Don't let your spirit be torn by sorrow
Over the death of your father, for with the blessed gods
I now share a home. So stop distressing your heart
On my account and fill your spirit with all my strength.
Be always the foremost Argive champion, yielding to none
In valor. In council, though, be led by those who are
Your elders. Then everyone will acknowledge your good sense.

Honor men whose constancy is above reproach.
Good men are naturally friends, as are the evil-minded.
If your thoughts are right, so too will be your deeds.
The goal of Virtue is never attained by the man
Whose thinking is not honorable, because her trunk
Is difficult to climb and high up in the air
Her branches extend. But those whose strength is combined
With toil will reap delightful fruit from their work
When they have scaled the famous tree of fair-crowned Virtue.
So cover yourself with glory and have sufficient wisdom
Neither to tear your spirit with grief because of misfortune
Nor to be too happy with luck. Show gentleness
Toward the friends you love, to your sons and to your wife,
Keeping in mind that human beings are never far
From the gates of their accursed fate and the house of the dead.
The human race is like the grasses that flower,
That flower in spring; some waste away while others grow.
That's why you must be gentle. Now tell this to the Argives,
Especially to Atreus' son Agamemnon: if truly
They remember all my work round Priam's walls
And all that I plundered before we reached the land of Troy,
Now let them meet my desire by bringing to my tomb,
Out of Priam's treasure, well-dressed Polyxena
To sacrifice her at once, because my anger with them
Is even greater than earlier over Briseis. The swell
Of the sea I'll stir into motion, sending storm after storm,
Until through their own folly they waste away,
Obliged to linger here so long that, in their yearning
For a return, they pour libations to honor me.
As for the maiden, if they wish it after taking
Her life, I don't object to her burial at a distance."
With that he darted off as swiftly as a breeze
And soon arrived at the Elysian Plain, where a path
That leads both up and down to highest heaven is used
By the blessed immortals. When sleep had left Achilles' son,
His noble heart was warmed by the memory of his father.

The goddess Dawn rose into the heavens' expanse
Scattering night and causing earth and air to appear.

Then the sons of Achaia sprang from their beds
Eager for their return. Toward the deep sea they started
Dragging their ships with exultant spirits. But then
Their haste was halted by the sturdy son of Achilles,
Who called them to assembly and told them his father's command:
"Hear from me, dear sons of Argos firm in the fray,
The command my far-famed father gave to me
In last night's darkness when I was asleep in bed,
Saying that he was one of the everlasting immortals.
He ordered you and your king, the son of Atreus,
To bring, as this war's prize of greatest beauty,
To his enormous tomb well-dressed Polyxena,
To sacrifice her and then bury her at a distance.
If you put to sea in disregard of him,
He threatened that, by raising contrary waves on the sea,
He'd keep the ships and army here a very long time."
His speech persuaded them and they prayed as though to a god.
Already the waves of the deep were growing with a gale,
Larger and in quicker succession than before
Beneath a raging wind. The whole wide sea was stirred
By the hands of Poseidon, showing favor to mighty
Achilles. Suddenly all the winds swooped down
On the waters. The Danaans with one voice made fervent prayer
To Achilles, using words like these to one another:
"Truly Achilles was the offspring of great Zeus.
So now he is a god, though previously one of us.
Endless Time can't kill the stock of the blessed gods."

That said, they left for the tomb of Achilles leading
Polyxena like a heifer for sacrifice to a god,
Torn by herdsmen from its mother in the woods,
Which in its heart's distress calls loudly and pitifully.
Such then was the lamentation of Priam's daughter,
In the hands of her enemies shedding copious tears.
As under a heavy millstone the fruit of an olive tree,
Which has not been blackened by the rains of winter,
Pours out copious oil accompanied by loud creaking
Of rollers, while men are straining at the ropes;
So now, as the daughter of much-enduring Priam
Was dragged toward the tomb of merciless Achilles,

Cruel tears flowed from her eyes accompanied by her groaning.
The tears were filling the fold of her dress and soaking her skin,
Which truly was as white as precious ivory.

Then, crowning her other bitter sorrows, a sharper pain
Afflicted the heart of suffering Hekabe. For now
She called to mind a sad and painful dream,
A vision in her sleep the previous night.
She thought she was standing beside the tomb of godlike
Achilles moaning. Her hair was streaming from her head
All the way down to the ground; from both her breasts
Crimson blood flowed to the earth and soaked the grave.
Frightened by that and foreboding some great disaster,
Amid her pitiful wailing she shouted out in grief.
Just as a dog that whimpers in front of a house
Will bark out loud, when her teats start swelling with milk,
Because her puppies, before they see the light of day,
Have been thrown away by her masters as prey for birds;
Sometimes she whimpers and barks and other times
She howls, and the air is filled with a horrible noise;
Like that Hekabe moaned and shouted over her daughter.
"Alas for me, what first, what last shall I lament
In my heart's anguish and the fullness of my woes?
The unimagined suffering of my sons, of my husband,
Of Troy or of my wretched daughters or my own
Present compulsion into bondage? For the Fates
Have cruelly wrapped me up in a host of ills.
My daughter, for you also they have spun such dire
And unimagined woe. They've taken away your bridal
Song, which was so close, and have decreed a death
That is intolerable and unspeakable. Achilles,
Even in death, still gladdens his heart with our blood.
I only wish that with you, my cherished child, today
The earth would swallow me up before I see your doom."
That said, down from her eyes there flowed a ceaseless stream
Of tears, for woe on top of grievous woe she had.

When they arrived at the tomb of deified Achilles,
His beloved son first drew his whetted sword,
Then with his left hand held the maiden, while his right

Was placed on the tomb as he spoke the following words:
"Father, hear the prayer of your son and of the other
Argives and be no longer harsh and angry with us.
Soon we shall have carried out everything
That you have set your heart on. So be gracious to us
And quickly grant the sweet return for which we pray."
With that he plunged his lethal sword into the throat
Of the maiden. Quickly the life that she loved left her,
As she uttered a pitiful wail on the threshold of death.
She fell to the ground face downward and her neck
All the way round was reddened, just as snow in the mountains,
When a boar or a bear has been pierced by a javelin,
Is quickly reddened on top by the beast's dark blood.
The Argives handed her over at once to be borne to the city,
To the house of godlike Antenor, since he was the Trojan
Who had been taking care of her in his home
As the future wife of his noble son Eurymachos.
Accordingly he buried that famous daughter of Priam
Close to his house, by the sanctuary of Ganymedes
Facing the temple of Athena Atrytone.
Then at last the swell abated, the terrible gale
Died down and the waters were lulled into a calm.

The Argives quickly returned to their ships with exultation,
Praising in song the race of the blessed gods and Achilles.
Immediately they feasted, after cutting the ox thighs
For the immortals, a joyful sacrifice for them all.
Now from goblets of both silver and gold, no doubt,
They drank the sweet wine which they'd drawn off, their spirits
High in expectation of reaching their native countries.
When they had had their fill of feasting and revelry,
The son Neleus spoke thus to their eager ears:
"My friends, now that we're free from the war's long menace, listen
While I say something to delight your longing hearts.
Now is the hour of heart's delight, the hour of return.
Let's be off. It seems that Achilles' powerful spirit
Has stopped its irksome anger and the heavy swell
Has been stilled by the earthquake god. The breezes that blow
Are gentle, the waves no longer crested. So let us drag

Our ships into the sea with thoughts fixed on return."
His words fell on eager ears and they prepared to sail.

Then a portent appeared for mortal men to admire:
It was the spouse of Priam, that king of tears, who changed
Her human form to that of a miserable dog. The army
Gathered in wonder as her whole frame was turned to stone
By a god, a mighty marvel for future generations.
At Kalchas' bidding the Achaians took it by ship
And placed it on the other side of the Hellespont.
Hastily now they dragged their ships into the sea
And stowed on board the booty they had taken earlier,
On their way to Troy, from conquered neighboring peoples
And all that they'd brought from Ilion itself, which gave them
Greatest pleasure, being truly enormous. Many
Captive women followed with deeply grieving hearts.
So they went on board their ships. But Kalchas did not
Follow their eager rush to sea and even tried
To stop the other Argives. He feared that a dreadful death
Was coming to the Danaans at the Kapherean Rocks.
They, though, didn't believe him, because their minds were deluded
By evil Fate. It was only noble Amphiaraos'
Swift son Amphilochos, with his knowledge of prophecy,
Who stayed behind with prudent Kalchas. Both of them
Were fated to travel far away from their own land
To the cities of the Pamphylians and Kilikians.
Those things were later arranged by the gods.

Meanwhile the Achaians
Cast their cables loose from the shore and hastily
Raised the anchor stones. The Hellespont resounded
Beneath their speeding ships, as they were washed by the sea.
To either side of the prows much armor was attached
From foes whom they had slain. Aloft there were countless trophies
Of victory suspended. They garlanded the ships
As well as their heads and the spears and shields with which they had fought
Against the enemy. From the prows their leaders
Poured wine into the dark-blue sea, with many a prayer

To the blessed gods to grant them a trouble-free return.
Those prayers were mingled with the winds and far from the ships
Were carried fruitlessly into the clouds and the air.

With aching hearts the captive women kept gazing back
At Ilion, with many a sob and moan concealed
From the Argives, for great was the inward grief they felt.
Some of them clasped their knees with their hands; in misery some
Supported their brows upon their hands, while in the arms
Of others children were held, which were too young to bemoan
Their bondage or their country's disasters. Their thoughts were fixed
Upon the breast, for an infant's heart is removed from cares.
All the women's hair hung loose and their pitiful breasts
Were torn by their fingernails. Upon the dried-up tears
Still covering their cheeks fresh tears flowed thick
And fast from their eyes. They saw their hapless hometown
Burning strongly still and clouds of smoke still rising.
Toward far-famed Kassandra all now turned their gaze
In admiration, as they remembered her prophecy
Of doom. She laughed in scorn at the moaning women,
In spite of the grief she felt for her country's hateful woes.
Such Trojans as had escaped the pitiless war
Now gathered in the city, keen to busy themselves
In burying the corpses. To this dismal task
Antenor led them. Those few built a pyre for many.

The Argives, in a constant state of exultation,
At first made headway through the dark sea water with oars.
But then with eager haste they hoisted the sails
Of their ships and soon they left behind the whole Dardanian
Coast and with it the tomb of Achilles. To their spirits,
Despite the gladness, memories of their comrades slain
Brought sharp pangs of sorrow. So to that alien land
They cast their eyes back as they saw it retreating
Far from the vessels. Soon they were sailing past the breakers
Of sea-girt Tenedos. Then they passed by Chrysa,
The seat of Sminthian Phoibos and that of holy Killa.
As windy Lesbos came into sight, they quickly rounded
The cape of Lekton, which is the end of Ida's range.
Their sails now billowed and boomed and round their prows

The dark swell made a roar. Their shadows were cast along
The waves and their paths across the sea showed white.

The Argives would all have reached the sacred soil of Greece,
Crossing the depths of the sea unscathed, had not Athena,
Zeus the thunderer's daughter, been so angry with them.
Just as they were approaching Euboia's windy coast,
She conceived a crushing and merciless doom
For the king of the Lokrians. Giving free rein to her wrath
She went to Zeus, the immortals' chief, and spoke to him
Away from the others, unable to contain her anger:
"Father Zeus, unbearable now are men's offenses
Against the gods. They don't respect either you yourself
Or the other deities, since punishment no longer attends
Those who are wicked. Often the good man is involved
In suffering more than the bad and has no end of woe.
That's why there's no more respect for justice and men
Have lost all sense of shame. I shall not stay on Olympos
Or any longer be called your daughter, unless I can punish
The sacrilege of the Achaians. Inside my very temple
The son of Oileus offended me gravely by showing no mercy
When Kassandra raised her innocent hands to me
Repeatedly. He had no fear of my power, no respect
For my divinity, but did an intolerable deed.
Let not, therefore, your immortal will refuse
To carry out my heart's desire, in order that other
People may tremble when gods display their displeasure."
Her father answered her with these gentle words:
"My child, I certainly won't oppose you for love of Achaians.
I'll even give you the weapons which once, as a favor to me,
Were wrought by the tireless hands of the Kyklopes,
If you want them. You then, with your intractable spirit,
Can by yourself unleash a disastrous storm on the Argives."
That said, his rapid lightning, his deadly thunderbolt,
And his destructive thunder were placed beside his dauntless
Daughter, which greatly cheered the spirit within her.
At once she put on her terrible, brightly flashing aegis,
Unbreakable, massive, which even immortals hold in awe.
On it was depicted the horrible head of fearsome
Medusa. Mighty serpents breathing a furious blast

Of inextinguishable fire were shown at its top.
The whole of the aegis on the goddess's breast resounded,
As loud as the crash of lightning in the wondrous sky.
She grasped her father's weapons, which no god can carry
Other than great Zeus. She made high Olympos shake
And caused confusion of clouds all through the upper air.
The earth was covered in night and the sea in darkness.
Zeus was delighted at the sight. The heavens' expanse
Was shaken by the goddess's steps and the sky resounded,
As when invincible Zeus goes charging into battle.

Athena at once dispatched immortal Iris from heaven
To fly across the misty sea to Aiolos,
To make him send all winds together in full force,
For them to bear down constantly upon the heights
Of rocky Kaphereus and for the sea to rise
With the fury of their deadly blasts. When Iris heard her,
She darted off full speed in an arc across the clouds.
You'd think it was fire combined with air and dark-colored water.
She reached Aiolia, where the winds that blow with force
Are kept in caverns and a ring of rugged rocks
Secures the echoing hollows. Nearby stands the house
Of Aiolos son of Hippotes. She found him at home
With his wife and their twelve children and she told him
What Athena had planned for the Danaans' homeward voyage.
Obeying her he went outside and with a trident
In his tireless hands he struck the massive mountain,
Where the noisy blustering winds were lodged
Inside their hollow lair, round which the constant sound
Of their terrible roar was heard. He broke the hill with his blow
And they came streaming out in a flash. He ordered them all
To form the blackest storm with their breath and cause the sea
To rise with a dangerous swell that would cover Kaphereus' crags.

They rose so quickly that they did not hear the end
Of their king's orders. They rushed across the sea, which made
A monstrous moaning. Waves like mountainous cliffs
Came from all directions. The spirits of the Achaians
Were shattered within them, as their ships were borne by the waves
At one moment high in the air and at another
Were carried rolling, as down a precipice,

Into a dark abyss, while the irresistible force
Of the parting waves kept causing the sand to boil.
Struck as they were with helplessness, they were too shocked
To manage to put their hands to oars, nor did they have
The strength to reef their wind-torn sails around the yards,
Much as they wished to, nor could they set them again
Onto their course; so hard was the buffeting of the blasts.
The helmsmen no longer had the power to guide the vessels'
Rudders with rapid movements of their skillful hands.
For those ill winds were scattering everything everywhere.
All hope of survival had left them, now that the immortals'
Dreadful wrath was combined with the blackness of night
And a violent storm. Poseidon was stirring the pitiless sea
As a favor to his brother's glorious daughter,
Who was also, in her merciless fury, darting
With lightning up in the sky, where Zeus responded with thunder,
Wanting to glorify his daughter. All the surrounding
Islands and mainland coast were washed by the flooding sea
In the vicinity of Euboia, where above all
The powers were producing woe on unrelenting woe
For the Argives. Aboard the ships were heard the moans
And wails of perishing men and the crashing timbers of ships
That were breaking up, for they were continually colliding
Against each other and all efforts were in vain.
Some of them strove with their oars to repel the ships
That were swept against them, but took a terrible tumble,
Oars and all, into the depths. A pitiful death
They died. For as they were caught between the collision
Of their ships' long timbers, the bodies of them all
Were horribly crushed. Some of them fell inside their ships
And lay there just like dead men. Some were compelled
To swim while clinging to their polished oars,
While others floated about on planks. The roar that rose
From the depths was such that sea and sky and land
Appeared as though they all were fused together.

With her Olympian thunder Athena Atrytone
Proved worthy of her father's power, as round her the air
Resounded. Now, to bring death and disaster to Ajax, she hurled
A thunderbolt at his ship and with the impact scattered
Its fragments in all directions. Earth and air resounded

And Amphitrite's surrounding waters rose in one surge.
The men were all thrown out of the ship. On every side
Towering waves bore down, while from the goddess's lightning
Brilliant flashes were darting through the darkness.
Gulping the roaring sea's disgusting brine and gasping
Their lives away, those men went drifting over the surface.
The captive women felt joy then, even while dying themselves.
Some of them sank into the sea with arms thrown round
Their children, unhappy wretches, while others in their distress
Held in their arms the heads of their foes, with whom they were keen
To share their miserable deaths, to make the Danaans pay
A fitting price for their outrage. This delighted the heart
Of haughty Tritogeneia as she watched from above.
Ajax first of all stayed afloat on a plank of his ship,
Then used his arms to make his way through the salty depths,
With all the prodigious strength of a tireless Titan.
The salt-sea swell was cleft by the sinewy arms
Of the valiant hero. The gods who were watching him
Marveled at his strength and courage. At one moment
He was lifted through the air by a monstrous wave
As high as a lofty mountain peak, and at another
Went down to be hidden as in a ravine. But even so
His enduring arms weren't wearied. All round him
Countless thunderbolts crashed and were quenched in the sea.

His fated destruction was not planned just yet
By Zeus the thunderer's daughter, despite her anger,
Not till his pain and suffering had been multiplied.
So his distress in the deep was slow in subduing him,
Assailed though he was by the numberless ills with which the Fates
Beset that hero. He drew strength from necessity.
He boasted that even if all the Olympians should combine
Their wrath and stir up all the sea against him,
He would escape. But he couldn't evade the gods' assault.
The mighty earthquake god was filled with indignation
When he saw him grasping with one hand the rock
Of Gyrai, and in his furious anger he shook
The sea and the boundless earth together. All the cliffs
Of Kaphereus were shaken from their foundations and the beaches
Roared beneath the fearful blows of the furious swell
Produced by the angry god, who broke off into the sea

The very slab of rock that Ajax clutched with his hands.
He twisted and turned upon that rock for a very long time,
So that his hands were torn and blood ran out from his nails.
The constant shower of foam that came from the boiling surf
Made his head and shaggy beard completely white.
He would still have escaped his evil doom, had not the god
Torn open the bowels of the earth and hurled a whole hill on him.
As long ago upon the giant Enkelados warlike
Pallas lifted Sicily and hurled it down,
So that still it burns with the invincible giant's
Fiery breath below the ground; like that
The mountain crag then buried the hapless lord of the Lokrians,
When it fell from above and crushed the mighty hero.
Thus the black destruction of death caught up with him,
Overwhelmed as he was by the land and the barren sea.

The other Achaians were likewise swept across the great gulf,
Some still on board in a state of shock, while others had fallen
Out of their vessels, all the prey of dire distress.
Some of the ships were carried sideways over the sea,
While others went with keels turned upward. Some had their masts
Broken off at the bottom by the force of the wind,
Some had all their timbers scattered by the blasts,
While others foundered and sank into the mighty deep
Under the weight of deluging rain, unable to bear
The wind and the furious water from both sea and sky
In combination. The heavens were streaming like a river,
Without a break, and the wondrous sea below was raging.
This comment was made: "Just such a storm must have harried
mankind
At the time of Deukalion's prodigious fall of rain,
When land was turned to sea, deep water everywhere."
These were the words of a Danaan deeply shocked by the terrible
Tempest. Many perished and their bodies filled
A wide expanse of sea all round and crowded all
The beaches, for many were cast ashore by the surf.
Amphitrite's roaring waters were totally covered
By timbers of vessels. Not a wave appeared between them.

The dooms of death that befell them differed. Some of them perished
Miserably from the unstoppable force of the open sea

And others when their ships were shattered on rocks,
Misled by Nauplios in his anger over his son.
When the storm rose and the Argives were perishing,
He felt great joy amid his sorrow, because a god
Had granted him speedy revenge with the sight of that hated host
In distress on the deep. He made an urgent prayer
To his father to sink their ships and drown them all.
Poseidon answered his prayer in part; the rest was carried
Away by the sea's dark swell. With his tireless hand he raised
A blazing torch of pine wood and so deceived the Achaians,
Who thought they had found safe anchorage in a harbor.
They came to a dreadful end upon a jagged reef,
They and their ships. They crowned one ill with an even worse
Disaster, when they were shattered on those cruel rocks
In a night of horror. Death was avoided by few, those saved
By a favoring god or power.

Athena, however,
Was torn between great joy in her heart and apprehension
On account of prudent Odysseus, because he was destined
To suffer many woes through Poseidon's hostility.
Now, though, the jealousy in that god's invincible heart
Was aimed at the walls and towers which the Argive forces
Had built to defend them against the baneful Trojan attacks.
So he swiftly caused a flood of all the sea
That comes from the Euxine down the Hellespont
And drove it onto the Trojan beaches. Rain from the sky
Was sent by Zeus in support of the glorious earthquake god.
Nor indeed did the archer god remain inactive.
All the streams that flow from the heights of Ida were channeled
By him to a single spot to flood the Achaians' work.
This was the combined effect of sea and roaring
Torrents, when they were terribly swollen by Zeus's rain.
They were stopped by moaning Amphitrite's dark swell
From entering the sea till all the Danaans' walls
Had been relentlessly razed. Poseidon himself tore open
The bowels of the earth and caused a great upward gush of water
Together with slime and sand. With all his might he shook
Sigeion, making the beaches rumble, and Dardania
From its foundations. So that enormous fortress vanished
Under the sea and sank down into the ground

When it yawned asunder. Only sand could still be seen,
When the sea had retreated, under the echoing cliffs,
And far along the shore it extended. That no doubt
Resulted from the gods' resentment. Meanwhile those Argives
Who had been scattered by the storm continued their voyage.
They landed in different places, where heaven guided each one,
As many as had escaped the disastrous storm at sea.

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Critical Summary

Book 1. Penthesileia

Penthesileia, queen of the Amazons, a fabulous race of warrior women, arrives with her army and is welcomed by the Trojans as their savior from the Greeks. Their high hopes appear justified by her initial success in battle, but they are dashed as soon as Achilles enters the field, when she falls an all too easy prey to him. The main focus of interest is Penthesileia's vivid characterization as a brave young woman who suffers the consequences of excessive self-confidence. Linked with this is the general moral question of whether it is right for women to break the bounds of their proper sphere and vie with men in warfare, an issue that is explicitly debated with dramatic effect.

1–17 After the death of Hektor the Trojans are too frightened of Achilles to leave the protection of their walls. Though lacking the traditional form of an epic proem with invocation and announcement of subject, the passage effectively has the same function. The narrative's commencement from the point at which the *Iliad* ends is clearly indicated, and the whole preceding course of the war is presented dramatically in terms of the Trojans' memories. The closing statement of their state of mind foreshadows the war's end, the destruction of Troy.

18–61 The unannounced arrival of Penthesileia and her Amazons at Troy is described. We are told that, in addition to helping in the war, her intention is to seek expiation for the accidental killing of her sister, but the connection between these two purposes is not explained. Her beauty, outshining that of her twelve companions, is highlighted with two thematically related similes of the moon and dawn goddesses. The latter foreshadows the role of Dawn in book 2.

62–92 The Trojans' relief at the sight of Penthesileia is likened to the promise of rain for a parched land. In contrast Priam welcomes her with mixed feelings, like a man who has only partly recovered from blindness. She is entertained in a manner more suitable for celebrating victory.

93–117 The foreshadowing of Penthesileia's death at the hands of Achilles is dramatically underlined by the spoken thoughts of Andromache, Hektor's widow, for whom it is in character to point out Penthesileia's inferiority to Hektor.

118–37 Further sinister foreshadowing comes in the form of Penthesileia's dream, sent by Athena to give her false hope for the following day.

138–81 Penthesileia's arming for battle is described in the detail customary for a hero. Items that distinguish her as an Amazon are her battle-ax and horse, both gifts from minor deities. The Trojan and Amazon forces follow her like sheep.

182–204 Priam prays publicly to Zeus for Penthesileia's success and for relief from the war, but receives an unfavorable omen that destroys his hope.

205–26 The Greeks react with amazement to the sight of the Trojan army with its fighting spirit seemingly restored. A general engagement begins.

227–66 Penthesileia kills several Greeks, including notably Podarkes after he has killed her companion Klonie. Other companions of Penthesileia are killed by Idomeneus, Meriones, Lokrian Ajax, and Diomedes.

267–90 The killing of a Greek by Paris provokes Meges to kill several on the Trojan side. The list of his victims includes a description of the river Maiandros.

291–306 The killing of Dresaios by Polypoites prompts an elaborate description of the Niobe Rock in the vicinity of Smyrna.

307–41 The spirits of war triumph during the onslaught of Penthesileia, who is compared to a lioness and a wave. She boasts that the Greek champions are afraid of her—a note of dramatic irony, as she kills with battle-ax and spear.

341–402 While men and horses are slaughtered on the Greek side, the sight of Penthesileia encourages a Trojan to express the belief that she is a goddess and that with her they will finally defeat the Greeks. Penthesileia's continued success in battle is explained by the absence of Achilles and Telamonian Ajax. Fate gives her a final triumph before her death, as she destroys like a heifer loose in a garden. Dramatic irony is underlined by this sequence.

403–76 Meanwhile in Troy the women are roused to eagerness to join the battle, like a swarm of bees in spring, by Hippodameia, who argues that they are not much inferior to men, and that Penthesileia puts them to shame when she is fighting with no home to defend. But they are restrained by Theano's argument that, unlike the Amazons, they have no training in warfare, and there is no desperate need for them to leave their proper sphere as women.

476–537 The Greek army is completely routed by Penthesileia, like a forest devastated by a gale. On hearing the noise of battle, Telamonian Ajax urges Achilles to go with him and save the situation for the Greeks. They both enter the battle looking like two giants and spread destruction like two lions, killing a number of Trojans and Amazons.

538–72 Penthesileia faces Achilles and Ajax like a leopard facing armed hunters. The first spear that she throws is shattered by Achilles' shield, but, boasting that she will relieve the Trojans by killing them both, she throws a second, which simply hits Ajax's silver greave. Ajax leaves Achilles to deal with her alone.

573–629 After telling Penthesileia that she will follow the fate of Hektor and other victims, Achilles severely wounds her in the chest with his spear. While she debates whether to resist or beg for mercy, Achilles impales both her and her horse with a spear thrust. Struck dead, she falls forward gracefully like a tall fir tree.

630–74 At Penthesileia's death the Trojans escape to their city like shipwrecked sailors. Achilles mocks her for her presumptuous ambition, but when her head is uncovered, both he and the other Greeks are amazed by her beauty, like that of a goddess, and he cannot avoid regret that she is not his bride.

675–715 On hearing of Penthesileia's death, her father, the war god Ares, lands on Mount Ida and makes it shake. Rushing like a boulder to destroy Achilles and his Myrmidons,

Ares is stopped by the threatening thunderbolts of Zeus, whom he obeys with some hesitation.

716–81 Achilles' grief for Penthesileia prompts Thersites to insult him grossly for giving way to lust for a female enemy, hinting that he is no better than Paris. Enraged, Achilles strikes him dead with his fist, which produces approving comment from the Greeks. Achilles justifies his action in view of Thersites' habitual abusiveness. Diomedes alone, as a kinsman of Thersites, is ready to challenge Achilles to combat, but both are persuaded to bury their anger. One might have expected Quintus to play down the sexual aspect of the Amazon legend, given his general euphemistic tendency. But here it is given prominence and is made to serve a moral lesson by being put in the mouth of a disreputable character who is promptly punished.

782–830 With the Greek leaders' cooperation the Trojans burn and bury the dead Amazons, giving Penthesileia the honor of sharing a royal tomb. The Greeks bury their dead, singling out Podarkes and Thersites respectively for special honor and shame. After nightfall the leaders feast.

Book 2. Memnon

The next would-be savior of Troy and Achilles' last adversary, Memnon, king of the Aithiopians and son of the goddess Dawn, is an even more fabulous figure than Penthesileia, emerging briefly from a mysterious world and miraculously returning to it. The narrative follows a pattern similar to that of book 1, with Memnon's initial success in battle followed by his death at the hands of Achilles. But this parallelism is offset by striking differences. Unlike Penthesileia Memnon is not excessively self-confident. His pride shows itself only in his encounter with Achilles, in which he proves himself a worthy match, not an easy prey. Different too are the attitudes of others to Memnon, Priam's total confidence, and the partisan involvement of the deities, among whom Zeus has to restore peace.

1–99 The Trojans deliberate the situation, and their increased fear of Achilles is echoed by Thymoites, who suggests the possibility of abandoning the city. Priam tries to encourage them with the news that he expects the arrival of Memnon and his Aithiopian army very soon. Polydamas argues that the best course is to end the war by returning Helen and paying compensation to the Greeks. In answer to Paris' accusation of cowardice Polydamas says he will have none of the courage that has ruined Troy, to which Paris has no reply.

100–63 The arrival of Memnon with his great army fills the Trojans, including Priam, with hope of victory. Dining together, Priam tells of the war and Memnon of his home and adventures on the journey to Troy. Priam expresses his confidence in Memnon and pledges friendship with a golden cup, of which the pedigree of owners is detailed. Memnon avoids extravagant promises and obtains Priam's consent to early retirement to rest.

164–82 Zeus presides over a meeting of the Olympian deities and forbids any intervention

on behalf of favored mortals in the forthcoming battle. This conventional expression of divine concern foreshadows an event of climactic importance.

183–234 Memnon rises despite the unwillingness of his mother the dawn goddess. The Trojan and Aithiopian forces surge forward like a cloud of hungry locusts. The Greeks prepare themselves, trusting in Achilles at the approach of the army led by Memnon. The armies clash with the force of swollen rivers, and Achilles starts killing.

235–344 Antilochos defends his father Nestor against Memnon's attack, killing a companion of Memnon and hitting his helmet with a rock, but then is killed by Memnon. Grief-stricken, Nestor calls his son Thrasymedes to rescue Antilochos' body. Thrasymedes and his companion Phereus approach Memnon as he strips the corpse, but then they draw back. As Nestor desperately faces him, Memnon, respecting his age, advises him to withdraw. Nestor does so only after defiantly regretting his loss of former prowess.

345–87 Like a river in spate Memnon drives the Greeks with much slaughter back to the Hellespont. The death of a companion at the hands of Nestor only rouses Memnon to further killing.

388–410 Achilles responds to Nestor's appeal to rescue Antilochos' body and approaches Memnon. Memnon hits Achilles' shield with a rock, and at the first encounter they inflict slight wounds on each other.

410–51 Memnon claims superiority over Achilles on the ground that his mother the dawn goddess is superior to Achilles' marine mother Thetis. Achilles replies that Thetis is held in special honor by the Olympians and that he will avenge Antilochos by killing Memnon just as he avenged Patroklos with the death of Hektor. This puts Achilles' last heroic deed in the context of the *Iliad*.

452–89 Both combatants being protected by divine armor and strengthened by Zeus, for a long time neither can wound the other. For a while the fighting armies are impeded by thick dust, but then it is dispersed.

490–513 The anxiety of Thetis and Dawn respectively for Achilles and Memnon is shared by all deities, whose partisan involvement is resolved when Zeus sends a dark Fate to Memnon and a bright one to Achilles.

514–48 Meanwhile both the duel and the whole battle continue equally balanced, and corpses cover the ground as thickly as storm clouds or autumn leaves. Finally the scales are tipped in favor of Achilles, and he strikes Memnon dead with his sword.

549–92 At Dawn's bidding the winds carry away the body of Memnon, and his blood is turned into a memorial river. The whole Aithiopian army flies away mourning their master like faithful hounds. The tomb and grove of Memnon are beside the river Aisepos.

593–633 Dawn is accompanied in her lamentation by the Sun's twelve daughters, the Heliades, and by the Pleiades. She tells her dead son that she will follow his spirit to the underworld and no longer give light to the world above. The Trojans share her grief for Memnon, while the Greeks mourn for Antilochos.

634–66 For a time Dawn refuses to rise into the sky. She changes the mourning Aithiopians into the Memnon birds that still honor her son. Finally she rises, accompanied by the Seasons and the Pleiades. The last part of the legend of Memnon is a remarkable blend of personification, metamorphosis, and the fiction of sympathetic nature.

Book 3. The Death of Achilles

The narrative falls into two equal halves: first, the death of Achilles in battle and the battle over his body; and, second, the mourning and funeral of Achilles, much of which is occupied by a series of laments. The battle narrative differs from those of the first two books in the overwhelming focus of attention on its protagonists. Also the unique status of Achilles is emphasized by the fact that his death is caused exclusively by the intervention of a god, Apollo, not by Paris, with or without Apollo's aid, the alternative version rejected by Quintus. Achilles' immediate replacement is Telamonian Ajax, and in the ensuing struggle most of the heroic achievement is his. Intensity of action in the first half is replaced by intensity of emotion in the second, expressed primarily by the speeches of lament, in which repetition is counterbalanced by reflection of the speakers' different characters.

1–9 The burial of Antilochos links books 2 and 3, because it was his death that led to the killing of Memnon by Achilles (2.447–8) and it still motivates Achilles now (3.10–1).

10–85 The two armies meet, and after much killing Achilles drives the enemy in rout back to Troy. There Apollo, angered by the slaughter, comes down and warns Achilles to back off. But Achilles defiantly tells the god to back off himself. Making himself invisible, Apollo shoots an arrow into one of Achilles' ankles and makes him fall. Achilles pulls out the arrow, suspecting that it was shot by Apollo and that his doom is sealed.

86–138 Apollo rejoins the other Olympians, who are divided in their support of the armies. Hera reproaches Apollo for forgetting his previous support of Achilles' parents and his suffering at the hands of the Trojan Laomedon. She accuses him of jealousy and warns him that Achilles will soon be replaced by his son. Apollo is silent.

138–85 Despite his mortal wound Achilles has enough strength left to kill three foes who face him and many others in flight. Even the threat uttered with his dying breath inspires terror, and when he has dropped dead, the Trojans still recoil like frightened sheep.

186–216 Hoping to profit by Achilles' death, Paris exhorts his men to win glory and gratitude by helping to take the body to Troy. There is a ready response.

217–95 Telamonian Ajax defends Achilles' body, killing attackers like so many bees. Incensed by a comrade's death, the Lykian Glaukos attacks and boastfully challenges Ajax, who warns him that he will not escape alive as he did once from Diomedes, before killing him and many others. After rescuing Glaukos' body, Aineias is wounded by Ajax and returns to Troy for treatment.

296–321 Nearby Odysseus kills many of the enemy. Even when wounded in the knee by Alkon, he manages to kill Alkon and struggles on.

321–81 After further slaughter inflicted by those defending Achilles' body, Ajax sees Paris in the act of shooting at him and knocks Paris down with a rock that hits his helmet. Ajax is vexed at the rescue of Paris and his arrows. His continued onslaught causes the Trojans to panic and flee like frightened birds to the protection of their walls. He returns across the plain, which is strewn with corpses like sheaves of harvested grain.

381–426 Achilles' body is carried into the camp and laid out before the grieving army,

looking as impressive as the giant Tityos killed by Apollo. While the rest of the army remember their families and mourn like people whose city is being sacked, the Myrmidons do so remembering Achilles' kindness to them.

427–59 Telamonian Ajax, Achilles' cousin, wanders distraught and throws himself down to lament. He bemoans the fact that Achilles was shot in a cowardly way and fears that Zeus will give victory to the Trojans. He says it would be better for Achilles' father Peleus to die at once than to suffer a wretched old age.

460–90 Phoinix, Achilles' foster father, recalls how in exile he was received by Peleus and entrusted with the rearing of the infant Achilles. Now he, like Peleus, has lost the hope of Achilles' support in old age.

491–513 Agamemnon laments that Achilles' death spells disaster for the Greek cause and complains that he has been misled by Zeus. The noise of the lamenting army is like the breaking of stormy waves.

514–43 On the advice of Nestor that further delay would be unseemly, Agamemnon orders the washing, clothing, and laying out of Achilles' body, which Athena renders preternaturally fresh and impressive.

544–81 Among the lamenting captive women of Achilles his concubine Briseis tears her flesh and beats her bosom. Weeping copiously, she says that this is her worst loss, because Achilles was everything to her and now she faces servitude.

582–630 Taking up the lamentation, the Nereids come out of the sea to the Greek camp, where they are joined by the Muses in wailing round Achilles' body. Achilles' mother Thetis recalls that her refusal to marry a mortal man had only been overcome by Zeus' promise of a heroic son, and so now she will complain to Zeus of his deception.

631–64 The Muse Kalliope tries to comfort Thetis with the consideration that other sons of deities have died, like her own son, the great musician Orpheus. The Muses will inspire poets to celebrate Achilles, and Fate will soon cause the destruction of Troy. The following night brings the relief of sleep to others, but not to Thetis.

665–93 During many days of mourning the Greeks gather timber and construct a funeral pyre, on which Trojan captives are sacrificed together with various animals. Armor, fabrics, gold, amber, and jars of oil, honey, and wine are all placed on the pyre, as well as the shorn hair of mourners.

694–742 After the funeral procession Zeus honors Thetis by arranging for the north and west winds to come in full force and blow until the pyre is completely consumed. When the fire has been quenched, Achilles' bones are clearly recognizable by their position and size. They are preserved in a coffer of silver and gold, over which a large barrow is erected on a headland.

743–65 Achilles' two immortal horses also mourn his death. They would have escaped to their birthplace at the end of the world, if the gods had not kept them there to fulfill their destiny of finally serving Achilles' son Neoptolemos and taking him to the Elysian Plain.

766–87 Poseidon comes and consoles Thetis with the promise that Achilles, like Dionysos and Herakles, will join the gods and be worshiped on an island in the Euxine Sea. The Nereids and Muses depart. These last two sections link the immediate apotheosis of Achilles with the foreshadowed one of his son.

Book 4. The Funeral Games of Achilles

The games are a traditional and expected part of the honoring of Achilles and therefore need no explanation. However, the first hundred or so lines of the book provide an appropriate dramatic lead-in. Both the Trojans and the Olympian deities react with dissension to the death of Achilles, while the contrasted determination of the Greeks to pursue the war is interrupted by announcement of the games. The contests included in the narrative total eleven, if the initial rhetorical performance of Nestor is added to the athletic ones—running, wrestling, boxing, archery, shot-put, long jump, javelin, pancratium, chariot racing, horse riding—a list that to some extent reflects the practice of historical games of the Greek world. The length at which events are presented varies greatly, from 121 lines (boxing) to just 7 lines (long jump and javelin). For the most part they display a lively realism, though sometimes this is marred by exaggeration. While other leading heroes win or draw one contest each, Telamonian Ajax wins two and draws one, and Odysseus is excluded because of his recent wound. This is clearly designed to foreshadow the contest between these two in the next book. On the other hand, recapitulation of earlier events of the war is a feature both of Nestor's eulogy and of the stories attached to prizes.

1–12 The body of Glaukos is carried by the winds to his native Lykia, where he is remembered. He is thus accorded a heroic status that shares something with Memnon's.

13–61 Achilles' death gives some Trojans hope that the war will now end, but some of them fear trouble from other Greek champions. The gods' emotions reflect those of both Greeks and Trojans. Hera blames Zeus for seemingly changing sides, but he ponders the suffering in store for both sides.

62–117 Next day Diomedes exhorts the refreshed Greeks to attack Troy. But then he accedes to Telamonian Ajax's advice to await the arrival of Thetis, who has stated her intention of holding games in honor of Achilles, and this she shortly does by setting out the prizes. It is unusual in epic narrative for action to depend on a reported statement.

118–80 Nestor, who is too old for athletics, displays his unrivaled eloquence. First he praises Thetis and describes her wedding with Peleus. Then he recounts the heroic achievements of Achilles and praises his unrivaled prowess. Thetis rewards him with the horses given to Achilles for healing Telephos.

180–214 The prize for the footrace is ten cows with calves, and the contenders are Teukros and Lokrian Ajax. Evenly matched at first, the race is won by Ajax when Teukros falls and injures his left foot.

215–83 Diomedes and Telamonian Ajax contend in wrestling. First Diomedes throws Ajax, and then, like two bulls, they close for a second bout, which for a long time is evenly balanced, until Ajax throws Diomedes. Nestor forestalls a third bout by declaring them equal, and they share four serving women captured from Lesbos.

284–404 In boxing Idomeneus as an older man is unchallenged and receives the chariot

and horses taken from Sarpedon. But first Phoinix urges the younger men to compete, and then Nestor shames them with a characteristically boastful recollection of his own prowess in boxing and wrestling at the funeral games of Pelias. The challenge is met by Epeios, future builder of the wooden horse, and Akamas, who bind their hands with leather thongs. They come to blows and both draw blood. They both receive heavy blows on the brow, Akamas being briefly knocked to the ground. The fight is drawn when they are separated and persuaded to exchange kisses of friendship. Their shared prize is a pair of silver mixing bowls once owned by Dionysos and paid as ransom for Lykaon. The boxers' injuries are healed by the skill of Podaleirios. With variety of incident and reminiscence the boxing match is given the greatest elaboration as well as a central position in the book.

405–35 Teukros and Lokrian Ajax compete again, this time in archery. The target, the crest of a helmet, is narrowly missed by Ajax but cut by Teukros. His prize is the armor of Troilos, the handsome youth whose death is recalled with the image of a plant cut down before maturity.

436–64 Telamonian Ajax is the only one who can throw the metal weight that was taken from Antaios by Herakles and passed on to Achilles. His prize is the armor of Memnon, which he is the only Greek large enough to wear.

465–71 The long jump is won by Agapenor, whose prize is the armor of Kyknos, the first Trojan champion killed by Achilles.

472–8 The best javelin throw is that of Euryalos, and his prize is a large silver bowl.

479–99 Euryalos is encouraged to take up Telamonian Ajax's challenge in the pancratium, but he declines and leaves Ajax with the prize of two silver talents.

500–44 The competitors in the chariot race are Menelaos, Eurypylos, Eumelos, Thoas, and Polypoites. After a rapid start Eumelos takes the lead, followed by Thoas. For the forty-eight lines that have been lost see the note at 524. While Thoas and Eurypylos have their wounds treated, Menelaos receives a golden goblet that was taken from Eetion. Originally this event was presented on a scale second only to that of the boxing.

545–88 The last event is a race with saddle horses. They charge off like storm winds in a cloud of dust. Sthenelos' noble horse is the fastest but hard to control, and so it is beaten to second place by that of Agamemnon. First prize is Polydoros' breastplate and second is Asteropaios' armor.

589–95 Every competitor receives a gift from Thetis, the only champion excluded being Odysseus because of his recent wound.

Book 5. The Contest for the Armor of Achilles

The contest itself, instituted by Thetis as a conclusion to the funeral games, occupies only the first half of the book; the second half is its immediate consequence, the madness, suicide, and funeral of Telamonian Ajax during the following night and day. The contest is preceded by an elaborate description of the prize, mostly the scenes on the shield, the first example of ecphrasis in the epic, which underlines the importance of the contest. Thetis offers the armor to the best Greek, the one who rescued Achilles'

body. To avoid the odium of deciding between the rival claims of Telamonian Ajax and Odysseus, the Greek leaders compel some Trojan prisoners to adjudicate. Courtroom practice is reflected in the claimants' sizable speeches and brief replies, the epic's most impressive display of rhetoric. The decision in favor of Odysseus leads rapidly to Ajax's insane act of violence, recovery of reason, and suicide. Despite the shame of his death the last part of the book is devoted to recognition of his greatness, lamentation and funeral following closely the pattern of those given to Achilles. In this way the first major section of the epic is concluded, with a clear pattern of successive deaths of two outstanding heroes on either side, of Penthesileia and Memnon on the Trojan side and of Achilles and Ajax on the Greek.

1–16 The armor of Achilles is displayed by Thetis. The scenes wrought by Hephaistos on the shield depict the whole world—sky, air, land, and sea.

17–42 There are two scenes of violent activity on land—hunting of wild animals and a battle depicting Gorgons, Fates, and various personifications of warfare.

43–79 The following four scenes of peaceful activity on land reflect the rule of Justice. The first is allegorical: personified Virtue stands on a palm tree on top of a mountain, which people struggle to climb. Both harvesting of grain and plowing are shown side by side. Aphrodite rises from the sea close to some feasting and dancing. The wedding of Peleus and Thetis is attended by all the deities.

80–101 There are two contrasted scenes of marine activity—ships laboring on a stormy sea and Poseidon driving across the sea greeted by dolphins. The shield's rim is formed by the stream of Ocean.

102–20 The helmet is decorated with the battle between Olympians and Titans. The other massive pieces of armor are breastplate, greaves, sword, and spear, the last still reeking of Hektor's blood, an echo of the opening of book 1.

121–79 In response to Thetis' offer of the armor as a reward for rescuing Achilles' body, Telamonian Ajax and Odysseus refer their rival claims to Idomeneus, Nestor, and Agamemnon. Nestor points out the danger of incurring the loser's anger and recommends arbitration by Trojan prisoners of war, who should be impartial. Agamemnon agrees and acts on the recommendation.

180–236 Ajax begins his speech by asserting that Odysseus cannot rival him in strength and only excels in deceit. Odysseus first tried to evade service against Troy and then effected the ruin of Philoktetes and Palamedes. Odysseus chooses to forget that his life was once saved by Ajax, which Ajax now regrets. With his own ships in a safer position, Odysseus could not ward off Hektor's attack as Ajax did. Odysseus hopes to win the armor by skill with words, whereas it should be won by armed combat. Only Ajax can wear the armor and he is related to Achilles.

237–90 Odysseus opens his argument by enlarging on the value of his superior intelligence, because that is what enables human beings to master their environment. That is why he could help Diomedes and bring Achilles to Troy, whereas strength without wit is useless. He denies that his life was saved by Ajax, that he sought safety for his

ships, and that he was afraid of Hektor. He succeeded in spying on the Trojans and in defending Achilles' body. Only his wound prevents him from fighting Ajax.

291–316 The contest ends with two brief replies. Ajax denies that Odysseus contributed to Ajax's own defense of Achilles' body and assumes that he fought elsewhere. Odysseus asserts that he is not only mentally superior but also physically equal to Ajax, as was shown by their wrestling match at the funeral games of Patroklos.

317–32 The Trojan prisoners award the prize to Odysseus, whose joy is not shared by the army. Ajax is numbed with the shock of disappointment and has to be led away. The remarkable physiological detail with which Ajax's condition is described shows awareness of medical theory and has some similarity to the description of Laokoon's blindness at 12.400–15. A sense of injustice is encouraged by the lack of obvious connection between the judgment and the relative strength of the arguments.

333–94 At nightfall the Nereids return to the sea still angry with Prometheus for the prophecy that led to the marriage of Thetis with Peleus. While the other Greeks sleep, Ajax arms himself in uncontrollable anger, which Athena diverts from Odysseus and the Greeks by making him insane. His fury is likened to a storm at sea, a wild beast robbed of its young, a cauldron of boiling water, and a forest fire.

395–450 At dawn personified Sleep is greeted by Hera as he departs. Ajax slaughters some sheep, mistaking them for Greeks. Elsewhere Menelaos expresses to Agamemnon his fear that Ajax will kill the Greeks because of the contest. Agamemnon blames the gods rather than Odysseus. As the shepherds escape from Ajax, he mocks a slaughtered ram in the belief that it is Odysseus.

451–99 When Athena removes personified Madness from Ajax, he is dumbfounded at the sight of the slaughtered sheep. Suspecting that he has been tricked by the gods, he curses Odysseus, Agamemnon, and the whole Greek army. Declaring that life without due honor is unendurable to him, he drives Hektor's sword through his throat and falls dead. The Greeks crowd round, and their cries of lament are like the bleating of bereaved sheep.

500–20 Ajax's half brother Teukros grieves like a bereaved child and has to be restrained from taking his own life. He predicts defeat in battle and says he has lost interest in parents and home.

521–70 Ajax's concubine Tekmessa, who is mother of his son Eurysakes and honored like a wife, expresses her grief. She says that her present misfortune is greater than the loss of her first home. Ajax honored her, but now she and her son face the shame of slavery. Agamemnon assures her that he and Teukros will still honor her in spite of Ajax's death.

571–98 Odysseus addresses the mourning army. Deploring the effect of resentment, he says that if he had suspected how Ajax would be affected, he would have conceded the armor to him without competition. He observes that a wise man should not give way to passion, especially over a point of honor. Thus Odysseus, with obvious insincerity, claims moral superiority.

599–663 Nestor advises the Greeks to stop lamenting and attend to the funeral. Ajax's body is laid out and timber collected for a pyre, on which sacrificed animals are placed with precious materials, including amber, said to be the tears once shed for Phaethon.

The burning body looks like the slain giant Enkelados or the self-immolated hero Herakles. The Greeks erect a barrow near Cape Rhoiteion and retire fearing a Trojan attack. In this way the scene is set for a new chain of events.

Book 6. The Arrival of Eurypylos

Here begins the closely knit narrative of the monumental struggle between Achilles' son Neoptolemos and the Trojans' last great ally Eurypylos, which occupies the whole central section of the epic through to book 9. Its broad structure is determined by a succession of five battles, in the first two of which Eurypylos is victorious, in the third the armies' fortunes are turned by Neoptolemos' arrival, and in the last two Neoptolemos triumphs. The interlocking character of the narrative is apparent principally in the story of the bringing of Neoptolemos, which begins before the arrival of Eurypylos and then occupies part of book 7 between the second and third battles. Book 6 has three major parts of markedly increasing length. The first is a Greek assembly that follows naturally from the loss of Achilles and Ajax. The pessimism expressed by Menelaos leads to acceptance of Kalchas' advice to send for Neoptolemos. The second part is the arrival and reception at Troy of Eurypylos, whose credentials as son of Telephos, who once fought against Achilles, and grandson of Herakles are underlined by the depiction of his grandfather's labors on his shield. His characterization is conventionally heroic and not very sympathetic: though realistic about human capacity, he is contemptuous of his foes and sometimes ruthless with his own troops. The third and longest part is the battle, marked by successive attacks and counterattacks, in which Eurypylos kills Nireus and Machaon among others.

1–56 Though still intent on revenge, Menelaos tests the assembled Greeks by saying that he regrets having brought so many to their deaths and is ready to leave Helen behind in Troy. Diomedes threatens to kill anyone who follows such shameful advice and urges them to battle.

57–115 The seer Kalchas advises that the early sack of Troy depends on Diomedes and Odysseus' bringing Neoptolemos from Skyros. Odysseus gladly undertakes to achieve this despite the likely resistance of Neoptolemos' mother. Menelaos promises to give his daughter Hermione to Neoptolemos if he wins victory. Diomedes and Odysseus embark for Skyros and their ship is rowed away watched by the army.

116–90 Eurypylos arrives in Troy with an army, as welcome as the sight of food to domestic geese. Paris welcomes him as a cousin and the son and grandson respectively of Telephos and Herakles. Conducted to Paris' home, he and Helen are filled with mutual admiration. The feasting of their two armies camped outside the walls makes the Greeks apprehensive. Eurypylos dines with the leaders in Paris' house. This sequence echoes the arrivals of Penthesileia and Memnon, except that the host is Paris, not Priam.

190–293 Next morning Eurypylos joins the armies in arming for battle. The deeds of Herakles depicted on his shield are detailed. First is the killing of two snakes by him as an infant. Next are the twelve canonical labors: the Nemean lion, the hydra, the Erymanthian boar, the Kerynitian hind, the Stymphalian birds, the Augean stables, the Kretan bull, the girdle of Hippolyte, the horses of Diomedes, the cattle of Geryon, the golden apples of the Hesperides, and the dog Kerberos. Five further deeds end the description: the release of Prometheus, the fight against Kentaurs, the shooting of Nessos, the crushing of Antaios, and the release of Hesione. This second ecphrasis matches that of Achilles' shield and presents Eurypylos as worthy to face Neoptolemos in his father's armor.

294–371 Paris exhorts Eurypylos to perform deeds worthy of Herakles. Staking his life on Troy's defense, Eurypylos chooses six champions to help him lead the army, which advances with a sound like stormy surf. The opposed armies converge like tumultuous cattle. While men and horses are slaughtered on both sides, a Greek advance is soon reversed by Eurypylos.

372–434 Eurypylos spears the handsome Greek Nireus, who falls like an uprooted olive sapling and is mocked for his useless beauty. The Greek healer Machaon provokes Eurypylos with a wound and a blow, only to be fatally speared. Mocked for his inability to heal himself now, with his dying breath he predicts Eurypylos' approaching death.

435–97 Seeing the bodies of Machaon and Nireus, Teukros urges the Greeks to rescue them. Machaon's brother the healer Podaleirios is enraged and kills, among others, Lassos, which prompts a description of the cave of Herakleia with its curious rock formations and separate entrances for gods and humans. The two bodies are finally retrieved.

498–594 Agamemnon, Menelaos, and Lokrian Ajax force the Trojans Polydamas, Deiphobos, and Aithikos to withdraw, but in a counterattack Ajax is disabled and the other two are encircled like wild beasts in an amphitheater. In the ensuing melee Teukros repels Aineias, Meriones kills Laophoon, Alkimedon brings down the charioteer of Pammon with a sling shot, and Thrasymedes disables Akamas. When a comrade of Thoas is killed by Eurypylos, Thoas slightly wounds Paris and Idomeneus checks Eurypylos by knocking his spear from his hand.

595–651 With a new spear Eurypylos launches an attack that drives the Greeks back in rout. He kills four named Greeks as well as countless others, Aineias two, Agenor one, and Paris four with his arrows. Stopped from burning the Greek ships only by nightfall, the Trojan army bivouacs by the river Simoeis.

Book 7. The Arrival of Neoptolemos

The structure of the narrative resembles that of book 6 in that it consists of three major parts of increasing length. A difference, however, is that in this case the second part, the bringing of Neoptolemos from Skyros, not only has a different location from the first and third parts, but it begins by taking us back in time. The events of the first part—Nestor's comforting of Podaleirios over the death of his brother Machaon and the killing of Peneleos

and others by Eurypylos—belong to the third day of Eurypylos' presence at Troy, while the start of the second part, the arrival of Odysseus and Diomedes at Skyros, must be early on the second day. The two days and nights occupied by the rest of the expedition, up to the arrival back at the Greek camp, accordingly should bring us to Eurypylos' fourth day at Troy. This would tally with the time occupied by the first part if it were not for the two-day truce mentioned at 151–8 and the preceding vague indication of prolonged fighting. The inconsistency is undeniable, however it may have been incurred, but the narrative is so arranged that it is hardly noticeable. The ship's arrival at the moment when Eurypylos is about to storm the Greek defenses is dramatically most effective. It is only after Neoptolemos has proved his worth in a prolonged struggle that he is formally welcomed. The variety of situations in which Neoptolemos is initially presented contributes much to the interest of his characterization. Already we see not only his prowess but also his courtesy, filial piety, and natural modesty, the last shown especially in the consistent brevity of his speeches.

1–97 Next day fighting is resumed, but some Greeks attend to the funerals of handsome Nireus and the healer Machaon. The grief of Machaon's brother Podaleirios is such that he has to be restrained from killing himself. Nestor tries to console him by reflecting on human mortality and the death of his own son Antilochos. Podaleirios says that life is unbearable without the brother to whom he owed everything. Nestor reminds him that the distribution of good and bad fortune is random, that no one escapes suffering, but that the virtuous are rewarded after death.

98–168 The slaughter of Greeks by Eurypylos is compared with that of the Kentaurs by Herakles and with the destruction caused by a flooding river. Among those killed is Peneleos, whose body is saved by the Greeks as they retreat behind their wall, where they cower like goats in a storm. Athena inspires them to defend the wall, but then a two-day truce is obtained for burying the dead, with special honors for Peneleos.

169–252 Meanwhile Odysseus and Diomedes have arrived at Skyros and been greeted by Achilles' son Neoptolemos. Odysseus tells him who they are and that he is destined to end the war at Troy. He promises to give him his father's marvelous armor, which was awarded to himself, and reports Menelaos' offer of his daughter in marriage. Neoptolemos states his readiness to go but first invites them to his home, where he introduces them to his grieving mother Deidameia. After dinner she is the only one unable to sleep for fear that her son will go to the war like his father.

253–327 Next morning Deidameia, weeping loudly, begs Neoptolemos not to go to the war at Troy, which proved the death of his father. She fears she will be left the helpless victim of greedy neighbors, but he tells her that he must prove his worth. His mother's father Lykomedes warns him of the danger of traveling by sea at certain times of the year. It is uncertain whether the somewhat out-of-place astronomical information is meant to be in character for the old man. Neoptolemos' impatience to leave is compared with that of a fine racehorse.

328–411 Like a desolate mother swallow Deidameia weeps over mementos of Neoptolemos. He is escorted to the ship, his joy shared by Thetis and others, looking as formidable as the god of war. The ship leaves at once, and he is heartened with accounts of his father's deeds, while back at home his mother continues to weep. After a following wind all day and night, at dawn landmarks indicate their approach to Troy.

412–93 As they land, Diomedes sees that the wall of the Greek camp is in immediate danger and urges them to arm and defend it. They arm themselves in Odysseus' quarters, Neoptolemos with the armor of Achilles, which fits him perfectly. The sight of him to the Greeks is like a favoring wind to stranded sailors, as he charges in like a furious lion. He and his companions head for the weakest point of the wall and drive Eurypylos back like herdsmen defending a farmstead.

494–555 Although their wall is shaken by Eurypylos' assault, the Greeks defend it as stubbornly as beasts defending their young. Eurypylos taunts them for not venturing outside, unaware of his own approaching doom. The Trojans cower under Neoptolemos' bombardment, believing that Achilles has reappeared. They are goaded by Eurypylos but hold back like travelers barred by a raging torrent.

556–630 With Athena now supporting the Greeks, Neoptolemos kills the enemy below the wall like fish that are speared when attracted by fire. He alone is unwearied by the fighting, like a river impervious to fire, and untouched by all the missiles, which are deflected by his armor. Intent on avenging his father's death, he kills the twin sons of wealthy Meges. The slaughter continues till nightfall, when both sides withdraw.

630–73 Phoinix recognizes Neoptolemos with mixed emotions and embraces him as though he were a long-lost son. He recalls how he brought up Achilles, who loved him like a father. Though happy to see his son, he wishes he had died before Achilles. In his response to Phoinix's exhortation to save them all from Eurypylos, Neoptolemos is only stopped now by night.

674–734 After Neoptolemos has been honored with lavish gifts, Agamemnon tells him that his likeness to Achilles inspires confidence in the successful conclusion of the war, to which he replies that he would rather have proved himself to his living father. After dinner he retires to Achilles' quarters, where the sight of captured armor and women, including Briseis, fills him with longing, like a bereaved lion cub. Meanwhile the Trojans fete Eurypylos, and both sides rest.

Book 8. The Death of Eurypylos

The action that culminates in the killing of Eurypylos by Neoptolemos occupies rather less than the first half of the book. Thereafter the course of the battle is determined by a series of divine interventions. First, the pro-Trojan Ares restores equilibrium between the two sides after the Trojan rout that follows Eurypylos' death. Second, Athena, whose support of the Greeks was mentioned at 7.556–63, prevents a clash between Ares and Neoptolemos, and the Trojans retreat to their city. Third, the Greeks' direct attack on the city walls is cut short by Zeus at the request of Ganymedes. The reason for this new level of divine involvement is clearly to prevent the

superiority of the Greeks led by Neoptolemos from resulting in the immediate fall of Troy. It is closely linked with a fourth intervention of crucial importance, that of Apollo in the following book. What might at first seem to be a lack of coherence in the narrative is in fact the beginning of an important new development.

1–75 Next morning Eurypylos expects to sack the Greek camp. Neoptolemos exhorts the Myrmidons to show courage and rides out looking like the sun god with his father's armor, chariot, and horses. The Greek army is compared to a swarm of wasps and a dark cloud as it advances. The clash of the armies is like that of violent winds at sea or the angry thunder of Zeus.

76–132 Neoptolemos kills six named warriors and many others, who fall like bushes in a fire. Aineias, Diomedes, Agamemnon, and Meriones kill one named warrior each. Eurypylos kills three named warriors including Harpalos, a comrade of Odysseus, who is avenged by Antiphos killing a comrade of Eurypylos and escaping now only to be killed later by the Kyklops. Eurypylos kills many others, who fall like axed trees.

132–220 When Eurypylos meets Neoptolemos, he asks him to identify himself and his horses. Neoptolemos tells him that his father Achilles once defeated the other's father Telephos, his horses are divine, and his spear deadly. A rock thrown by Eurypylos has no effect, and the two engage with the fury of hungry beasts. After a prolonged struggle with their spears Neoptolemos drives his through Eurypylos' throat, causing him to fall dead like a tall tree. After a few words of triumph he strips his victim.

221–90 Neoptolemos charges across the plain like a thunderbolt bringing slaughter, and the Trojans fall as thickly as leaves. To stop their rout Ares with his fire-breathing horses comes down and shouts encouragement. The sound is understood by the seer Helenos, who tells the Trojans that they have a helper stronger than Neoptolemos. They rally and the battle is now evenly balanced, the armies being like two well-matched teams of grape harvesters.

291–368 Neoptolemos kills five named warriors, Deiphobos, Aineias, Euryalos, and Agenor one each, while Teukros brings down Deiophontes with two arrows. Another shout from Ares frightens all the Greeks except Neoptolemos, who kills many, like a boy killing flies. To prevent direct combat between him and Ares, Athena makes a frightening appearance, carrying a shield with fire-breathing snakes. Zeus' warning thunder stops the two deities fighting and they both withdraw. The Trojans are disheartened and retreat behind their walls.

369–450 The Trojans wait for an attack, penned inside like herdsmen sheltering from a storm. As the Greeks attack like a flock of hungry birds, the Trojans are encouraged by Apollo to fend them off. Meriones shoots one Trojan dead, but Priam's son Polites dodges a second arrow like a skilled helmsman. With slaughter on both sides, the Greeks would have broken in if Ganymedes had not begged Zeus to hide from his sight the destruction of his native Troy. So the city is hidden in a thundering cloud.

450–504 Nestor advises the Greeks to give way to Zeus' portents for fear of being burned up, as the whole world was when he fought the Titans, even though Troy is destined to

fall soon. So they attend to their dead and wash in the sea. That evening Neoptolemos is honored again, and both sides keep watch during the night.

Book 9. The Arrival of Philoktetes

This book more than any other lacks internal unity. Its first and slightly longer half concludes the series of episodes of which Neoptolemos is the undisputed hero, while the rest of it is the first part of Philoktetes' destined contribution to the war, which runs to the end of book 10. The first half is divided between two contrasted days, one of rest, in which Neoptolemos pays respect to his father's tomb, followed by one of battle, in which, at much greater length, Neoptolemos is opposed principally by Priam's son Deiphobos. Deiphobos owes his escape to the god Apollo, who then is only deterred from killing Neoptolemos, as he did Achilles, by the threats of his uncle Poseidon. This aborted intervention can be seen as triggering the Greeks' decision to stop fighting until they have enlisted the help of the famous archer Philoktetes, the need for which is revealed by the seer Kalchas. Strangely, however, no explicit link is made in the brief report of this (323–32). One feels the lack of just such a reaction in the mouth of Kalchas as that expressed by Nestor not long before (8.451–77). The bringing of Philoktetes from Lemnos by Odysseus and Diomedes, though narrated more briefly, shares some features with that of Neoptolemos from Skyros. Philoktetes was abandoned by the Greek army years earlier because of his incurable wound, and so his restoration has to include its cure, on his arrival at the Greek camp, by Podaleirios. The deception and resentment that belong to this story are played down, so that Philoktetes, because of his suffering, can be presented as morally edifying in terms of Stoic philosophy. Inclusion, at the end of the book, of the beginning of a new day with the Greeks' preparation for battle puts further strain on the book's coherence, but it allows the following book to be more fully focused on the Trojan side.

1–67 Next morning the cloud has gone from Troy. The Trojans' fear of facing another Achilles is expressed in Antenor's prayer to Zeus for either rescue or quick death, of which only the second is granted. Both sides attend to their dead, Eurypylos being specially honored. Before nightfall Neoptolemos expresses his sorrow in a prayer to Achilles at his tomb. Thus the day is marked by two contrasted prayers, one to a father's spirit and the other to the father of gods.

68–144 The Trojans are appalled at the sight of the Greek army streaming out across the plain, but Deiphobos is inspired to address them. He reminds them that they are fighting not just for Paris or Helen but for their families and homeland; Achilles is not alive, and the hard work of war will be rewarded by a natural change to peace. This encourages the men to arm for battle, helped by wives, children, and fathers, and to

march out. The opposed armies engage in intense combat, watched from Troy's walls by anguished elders and women, all except Helen. The two descriptions, of arming and fighting, reflect the appeal to family duty in Deiphobos' speech.

145–209 Deiphobos kills a named charioteer and countless others, like a man felling trees to make charcoal. He drives many into the river Xanthos, where they are speared like swordfish. Meanwhile Neoptolemos kills three named warriors and countless others, like a man harvesting olives, and the other leaders on both sides are equally active.

210–63 As Neoptolemos charges like Ares toward the slaughter at the river, his charioteer recognizes Deiphobos. When Deiphobos sees Achilles' horses and son, he hesitates like a boar before a lion. Deiphobos is removed by Apollo in a mist to Troy from the attack of Neoptolemos, to the latter's indignation.

264–323 As the Trojans retreat, Neoptolemos rouses the Greeks to end the war by sacking the city, but the Trojans resist. Apollo's frightening appearance to strengthen the Trojans is countered by Poseidon's support of the Greeks. Apollo is on the point of killing Neoptolemos, when Poseidon warns him of Zeus' anger and threatens to destroy Troy. Both gods withdraw.

323–97 When the seer Kalchas reveals that the Greeks will not take Troy without the help of Philoktetes, the fighting stops. Diomedes and Odysseus are dispatched to the island of Lemnos, where once the men's preference for captive women led to their being killed by their own wives. They find Philoktetes in a cave amid the feathers of shot birds, haggard and filthy, like a beast escaped from a trap, suffering from a putrefied wound in the foot caused by the poisonous bite of a water snake. Beside him are the bow and arrows that once belonged to Herakles.

398–479 Philoktetes overcomes his initial hostility to the visitors, who promise that his wound will be healed if he rejoins the Greek army, blaming his suffering on the Fates. They wash and feed him, and next morning sail with him to Troy. On landing he has to be supported like a half-felled tree, but the skilled treatment of Podaleirios soon restores him to full health.

480–546 After honoring Philoktetes with a banquet, Agamemnon apologizes for having abandoned him, comments on the fickleness of fortune, and offers compensation. Philoktetes disclaims any resentment, and after a night's rest encourages the Greeks as they prepare for battle.

Book 10. The Death of Paris

The self-contained dramatic unity of this book is the more striking after the continuous narrative of books 6–8 and the bridging function of book 9. It resembles book 3 in being focused on a hero's death and divided between a battle and its consequences, but whereas Achilles is killed and fought over in the battle, here the battle ends with the wounding of Paris, and the dramatic climax comes later with the failure to save his life. An echo of book 2 is the Trojan debate that precedes the battle, especially the role of Polydamas, but the fact that Aineias' advice prevails foreshadows his dominance in defending the city in the next book. The crucial role of Philoktetes

in shooting Paris is marked by the detailed description of his baldric and quiver, a third use of ecphrasis that links him with Neoptolemos and Eurypylos. The vain attempt of Paris to save his own life by appealing to his deserted wife Oinone, the lamentation over his death with its pastoral coloring, and Oinone's remorse and self-immolation are all presented with a vividness and a pathos that amount to poetry of a high order. The lamentation and burial with which four earlier books (1, 2, 3, and 5) end are all relatively conventional. The one feature of this narrative that could be judged less than successful is the curious way the statement of Paris' death is interrupted by a substantial interlude (334–62), in which Hera and the personified Seasons discuss events that must follow the death but are omitted from the narrative. One has the impression of an attempt to make a virtue of a necessity. The omitted events are foreshadowed in a way that highlights the moment of death.

1–73 As the Trojans prepare for battle, Polydamas recommends defense of the walls till the Greeks give up. Aineias says they will not give up and that prolonged famine is worse than risking death in battle. Zeus rouses both sides and fighting is intensified by the presence of personified Strife, ever growing, with Panic and Fear.

74–166 Aineias kills two named warriors and Neoptolemos twelve. Eurymenes wreaks havoc before he is killed by Meges. Aineias kills two more named warriors, Diomedes two and Paris one. The killing of the Phrygian Zelys by Teukros prompts description of a petrified stream associated with Endymion. Meges kills Alkaios, and Lokrian Ajax wounds Skylakeus, who escapes only to be stoned to death on returning to Lykia.

167–252 Philoktetes, furious as a flooding river, kills two named warriors and many others. His baldric is decorated with various wild beasts and his quiver with Hermes and Argos, fallen Phaethon, Perseus and Medusa, and tortured Prometheus. Paris aims an arrow at Philoktetes and kills Kleodoros instead. Uttering a threat, Philoktetes aims an arrow at Paris, which only grazes his hand, but with a second he hits him above the groin. Paris withdraws as the fighting continues.

253–331 The fighting stops at nightfall, but Paris is sleepless with pain. Knowing that only his deserted wife Oinone can cure him, he heads for her home, where he shows her his mortal wound and begs her to apply healing salves, setting aside resentment for past wrongs and respecting the Prayers, Zeus' daughters. She scornfully tells him to go away and apply to his preferred Helen; neither Zeus nor Aphrodite will help him now that he has offended the gods. She dismisses him unconscious of her own doom.

332–410 Just before Paris' death Hera and the four Seasons discuss these forthcoming events: Helen's marriage to Deiphobos, Helenos' resentment, and the capture, on his advice, by Diomedes and Odysseus of the Palladion, the statue of Athena that is Troy's talisman. The death of Paris in the presence of nymphs and herdsmen is reported not to Priam, who is absent, but to his mother Hekabe, who laments the son who was her favorite after Hektor and anticipates slaughter and captivity. Helen laments to herself her impossible position with either the Trojans or the Greeks.

411–89 The greatest and sincerest grief for Paris is felt by Oinone, who melts like ice secretly at home. Though betrayed by the husband she loved, she decides to die with him. Leaving her home at night, she rushes like a lovesick heifer through the hills, heedless of danger, helped by the Moon's sympathetic light. She leaps onto Paris' funeral pyre and is burned at his side, like Evadne with Kapaneus. Impressed by her devotion and Paris' unworthiness, the rustic onlookers erect two gravestones facing opposite ways.

Book 11. The Defense of Troy

The action in this book, a battle on the plain followed by an attack on the city walls, repeats the broad pattern of that in book 8. This time, however, the latter development is far more elaborate and it marks the change of focus onto the destruction of Troy, which is the main unifying factor for the last part of the epic. The present book is unified by the logical progression from its first to its second part, but an additional factor is that Aineias' initiative in the first part is followed up by his dominance in the second. The Greeks led by Neoptolemos prove once more their superiority in open battle, but against the city's defenses all their efforts are rendered fruitless by the Trojans' obstinate resistance. The lesson from this is that in military terms the help of Philoktetes and the death of Paris have made no real difference. A new approach is required and that will occupy the following book.

1–128 The armies engage in intense fighting, encouraged by the presence of Strife and similar personifications. Many of the killings described on both sides are marked by gory details. Neoptolemos kills five named warriors, Aineias two, both charioteers, Philoktetes one, Polydamas two, both fishermen, Eurypylos (a Greek) one, Odysseus two, Sthenelos, Diomedes, and Agamemnon one each, Deiphobos two, Agenor one, Thoas two, Meriones, Menelaos, and Teukros one each, Menelaos' victim prompting mention of the burning rock of Korykos, and lastly Euryalos kills one with a stone throw that frightens the Trojans like a flock of cranes.

129–206 Apollo, disguised as his seer Polymestor, spurs Aineias and Eurymachos to action. Led by them, the Trojans slaughter Greeks like men reaping grain, and Apollo is as pleased as a man whose dogs drive pigs out of a grainfield. In the rout one Greek horseman who makes a stand has an arm cut off by Agenor and left gripping the reins, and another Greek is speared by Aineias.

207–82 The Greeks panic like oxen stung by a gadfly, until they are rallied by Neoptolemos, who with his Myrmidons drives the Trojans back like waves with a change of wind. But Aineias stops them retreating and the battle continues with much slaughter. A dust storm causes confusion, until it is dispersed by Zeus. Shepherds watching from Mount Ida pray for a Trojan victory, but that makes no difference to what is determined by Fate.

283–329 The Greeks finally prevail when Athena approaches and Aineias is removed from danger by Aphrodite. As the Trojans retreat, their dead are strewn everywhere like

timbers on a beach. Those who escape to Troy are attended to by their families and doctors amid general commotion.

330–57 Next morning the Greeks leave their camp defended and attack the gates of Troy. The Skaian Gate is attacked by Diomedes and Sthenelos and defended by Deiphobos and Polites. The Dardanian Gate is attacked by Neoptolemos and defended by Helenos and Agenor. The gate leading to the plain is attacked by Odysseus and Eurypylos and defended by Aineias. The gate facing the Simoeis is attacked by Teukros.

358–439 Odysseus' men form a testudo with their shields held above them like a roof. With enemy missiles stopped or deflected harmlessly, they march toward the wall intending to smash the gates with axes. Then they are crushed by rocks as big as mountain crags thrown down by Aineias, who is assisted by Ares to fight like Zeus when he killed the Giants. An intense struggle continues, with Aineias exhorting the Trojans along the walls and Neoptolemos the Greeks.

440–73 Where the wall is cleared by the attack of Lokrian Ajax his soldier Alkimedon climbs a scaling ladder to the top, but he is knocked off by a stone from Aineias. He goes spinning through the air and is crushed on the ground.

474–501 Philoktetes shoots an arrow at Aineias, which glances off his shield and kills his comrade Mimas. When a stone thrown by Aineias kills his own comrade Toxaichmes, Philoktetes challenges Aineias to come down and fight. The struggle continues, but nothing is achieved.

Book 12. The Wooden Horse

The book is almost entirely occupied with the story of the horse, presented in a tightly constructed narrative that begins with its initial discussion by the Greeks and ends with its immediate effects on the Trojans. The military impasse reached in book 11 justifies Kalchas' request for some trick or stratagem, and it is in character for Odysseus to propose a novel form of ambush. The fact that his speech not only specifies the construction of a horse but also outlines the events that do in fact follow contributes notably to the coherence of the whole episode. It is equally in character for Neoptolemos and Philoktetes to oppose the idea, and their compliance is only obtained by means of the first indication of divine involvement. The second involvement follows immediately—Athena's inspiration of the maker of the horse. The work's completion is followed by what is usually dismissed as an ill-conceived interlude, a battle between the deities. It is, however, clearly intended to be the culminating manifestation of divine involvement, not just in the present action but in the fate of Troy. Free from the frivolity of its counterpart in the *Iliad*, it begins with the deities intent on intervention on either side of the war, from which they are then barred by Fate, and their consequent internecine fury is ended by the assertion of Zeus' rule of justice. The further course of human action is determined by a second Greek debate, in which Odysseus' initiative is complemented by Sinon's

and Neoptolemos' volunteering for crucial roles. The momentous importance of the enterprise is highlighted by the epic's only invocation of the Muses and a catalog of those entering the horse. The fate of the horse and its cargo of champions is determined through a drama in which Athena's intervention twice tips the scales against the Trojans. Torn between Sinon's persuasive deceit and Laokoon's prudent advice, they are shocked by the latter's blinding into pulling the horse inside the city, where the further horror of Laokoon's sons devoured by snakes outweighs the sinister omens and prophetic warning that should have opened their eyes.

1–45 The seer Kalchas tells the Greek leaders to stop besieging Troy and try some stratagem, convinced as he is by observing a hawk outwit a dove by hiding in a bush. Odysseus advises them to construct a horse to conceal the leaders while the army breaks camp and sails to Tenedos. One man must stay outside to convince the Trojans that he has escaped being sacrificed by taking refuge under the horse intended to appease Athena. Next night he must give a fire signal to the army and alert the leaders.

46–103 Kalchas praises the plan and calls attention on the one hand to favorable omens and on the other to the Trojans' reckless courage. To Neoptolemos' objection that it is unworthy of brave men Odysseus points out that not even Achilles' courage sufficed, and he suggests the carpenter Epeios for the construction. The determination of Neoptolemos and Philoktetes to continue the siege is overcome when Zeus sends an earthquake and a thunderbolt.

104–56 Inspired by Athena in a dream, Epeios takes charge first of the gathering and cutting of timber, which strips parts of Mount Ida bare of forest, and then of the construction. From the legs to the eyes and ears the lifelike image is completed in three days, when Epeios prays for Athena's protection. Remarkable environmental sensitivity is shown in the comment made about each valley that is stripped of forest—"its former attractiveness to animals now lost" (128).

157–218 In Zeus' absence the other deities prepare to intervene on both sides of the war, but when they are stopped by Fate a furious fight breaks out between themselves, of which humans are unaware. When Zeus returns to Olympos, he shows his anger and peace is restored by Themis, a personification of justice.

218–305 Odysseus appeals for courage to be shown by the leaders in entering the horse and by some young man in staying beside the horse. The latter challenge is accepted by Sinon, who is admired for his statement that he is ready to face any torture. To Nestor's challenge that he is ready to enter the horse in spite of his old age, Neoptolemos responds by telling him he must leave that to the willing young men. Nestor declares that, as he has shown himself the true son of Achilles, they may expect reward for their toil at last, to which Neoptolemos comments that, come what may, they must avoid disgrace.

306–52 The poet appeals to the Muses, who inspired him in his youth at Smyrna, to name those who now enter the horse. Of the thirty who are named twenty-five feature elsewhere in the poem. Epeios, entering last, raises the ladders and closes the shut-

ters. The rest of the army under the command of Agamemnon and Nestor burn the camp and sail to Tenedos, where they wait for a torch signal.

353–94 Next morning the disappearance of the Greeks brings the Trojans to the shore, where they find the horse and Sinon, whom they question at first gently and later with torture. He persists in telling them that the Greeks have given up the war and constructed the horse to appease Athena, and that he has escaped their attempt to sacrifice him to the sea deities. Torn between belief and disbelief, they are urged by the priest Laokoon to burn the horse.

395–443 Athena causes the ground to shake and Laokoon to be afflicted with a rapid and painful onset of blindness, which is described in remarkable detail and identifiable as glaucoma. The Trojans regret their maltreatment of Sinon and pull the horse, which has wheels, toward the city like a ship being launched. Crowning it and themselves with garlands, they breach the walls and enter the city.

444–99 Athena causes two monstrous serpents to come to Troy from the offshore island of Kalydna. At the sight of them entering the city the crowd panics and leaves Laokoon alone with his two sons. After devouring the boys the serpents disappear under ground and at the spot a cenotaph is built, where the boys' mother laments as pitifully as a nightingale for its lost chicks.

500–24 The Trojans' sacrifices, made in the hope of peace, fail to burn and the altars collapse. Other sinister omens include weeping statues, bloodstained temples, moving walls, opening gates, mournful bird cries, hidden stars, sacred laurels withered, and wild beasts in the city. The Trojans are unimpressed by all this.

525–85 Kassandra, whose prophetic insight is never believed, looking as wild as a lioness, warns them that the omens indicate disaster and that their feast will be their last. She is rebuked for shamelessness and madness and is turned away from the horse, which she has approached with an ax and a burning brand. As the feast begins, the Greeks inside the horse are relieved at Kassandra's removal. Thus the book ends with dramatic tension heightened by a complex interaction of the human and the divine.

Book 13. The Sack of Troy

The sack constitutes the culminating major episode of the epic, and the narration of it all except its immediate aftermath, which is left to book 14, produces the unity of the present book. Within this framework the episodic character of much of the traditional material inevitably imposes itself, but it is not allowed to dominate to the extent of producing monotony. Passages of contrasting character have clearly been arranged to maximize variety. The Trojan feast that is the link with book 12 is followed by the initiatives of Sinon required to bring the Greek forces together. The start of the sack proper is presented as an extensive description of the action in general terms, of consternation, slaughter, and desperate resistance. This gives way to successive focus on the deeds and fortunes of many individuals. First there is a pairing of Diomedes' deeds with those of Neoptolemos, which elaborately highlight the killing of the king, Priam. Next is the one recorded

case of the Greeks' deliberate killing of a Trojan who is not a grown male, that of Hektor's infant son Astyanax, pathetically highlighted by his mother's vain plea for her own death. In positive contrast there follow the only two respected and spared Trojans, Antenor and Aineias. Then appropriately Menelaos is the one to kill and denounce Helen's new husband Deiphobos, whereas Helen is spared through the combined effects of divine influence and Agamemnon's restraint. The last of the series is ominously negative—the violation of Kassandra by Lokrian Ajax, to the outrage of Athena. The progress of the sack into its next phase, general destruction by fire, is marked by a change in the style of narrative to a second extensive description in general terms, which culminates with philosophic comment in the mouth of a nameless observer out at sea and a return to the scene of destruction. That would have been a wholly satisfying conclusion to the book, but before it in fact ends with a brief return to the continuing destruction, there is a dramatically elaborated happy episode—the reunion of Theseus' two sons with their captive grandmother Aithra. Its only aesthetic justification is as an extension of the technique of juxtaposition of contrasts that dominates the book.

1–77 After celebrating the Greeks' departure the Trojans fall into drunken sleep. Sinon first alerts the Greeks at Tenedos with a fire signal and then calls softly to those in the horse. The latter are restrained by Odysseus, who establishes that all is clear before descending like a hungry wolf, followed by the others as eager as angry wasps. Like famished beasts they start killing, while the ships are beached and the main army is approaching.

78–167 As the slaughter of Trojans spreads, the dead and dying, wounded and mutilated are seen everywhere. Amid the uproar women wail like frightened birds and appear in various states of undress, while some offer resistance. The slaughter is like that of pigs for a banquet or of a flock of sheep attacked by beasts in the shepherd's absence. There are also casualties among the Greeks, as the Trojans fight back with whatever they can find—furniture, utensils, and weapons.

168–212 After killing two named warriors Diomedes encounters the aged Ilioneus, who pleads to be spared on the ground that there is no honor in killing an old man. Diomedes refuses to spare any enemy and kills him plus two more. Lokrian Ajax, Agamemnon, Idomeneus, and Meges kill one named warrior each.

213–50 Neoptolemos kills four named warriors, three of them sons of Priam, and many others. He encounters Priam, who recognizes him and begs to be released from his misery, regretting that Achilles did not kill him earlier. He says he would not spare an enemy and cuts off his head as easily as an ear of grain. There is a telling contrast between the two old men Priam and Ilioneus, who desire the opposite to each other and receive the same.

251–90 Astyanax is snatched from his mother Andromache and thrown from a tower, like a

calf driven by wolves, for the harm done by his father Hektor. As Andromache is led captive, she begs to be killed, because life is unbearable after the deaths of her father, husband, and son, but she is kept alive. There is a telling contrast between the refusal of her request and the granting of Priam's.

291–353 Antenor's life and house are spared in return for his hospitality to Menelaos and Odysseus. Like a helmsman leaving a sinking ship, Aineias, under Aphrodite's protection, leaves the destruction carrying his aged father and leading his young and terrified son. Kalchas warns the Greeks not to harm Aineias, because he is destined to found a great city and empire. He is also to be respected for devotion to his family. Emphasis is given to respect for virtue, as in Antenor's case.

354–429 Menelaos kills Helen's new husband Deiphobos in bed and declares that it is the punishment reserved for him by Themis, personified Justice. After killing other Trojans as they deserve, he finds Helen, but through Aphrodite's intervention he is stunned by her beauty and forgets her wrongdoing. Agamemnon warns him not to kill the prize for which they have fought. Lokrian Ajax incurs Athena's anger when he rapes Kassandra in her temple, being driven by Aphrodite. This proves to have disastrous consequences for most of the Greeks, and it is linked to the preceding episode by the role of Aphrodite, whose power is used for both good and ill.

430–95 Temples and other buildings are destroyed by fire. Some Trojans kill themselves and their families, some are killed by the enemy, some by falling buildings, and others are trampled in the panic. The fire is seen far away, and someone at sea comments on Troy's doom and the fickleness of human fortune. The Greeks fight on like stormy winds, and the fire's destruction of Troy is like that of a forest in which animals are caught and perish. Here a note of environmental sensitivity is struck similar to that in the account of the wooden horse's construction.

496–563 Aithra the mother of Theseus unknowingly meets her grandsons Demophoon and Akamas. Seized by them, she reveals her identity and asks to be taken to her grandsons. They remember their father's dealings with Helen and Aithra's captivity, and Demophoon enlightens her. They embrace and weep for joy like a long-absent father and his children. In answer to prayer Priam's daughter Laodike is swallowed up by the earth. The Trojan ancestress Elektra, who has become one of the Pleiades stars, hides herself henceforth because of Troy's destruction. The only obvious link between these passages, one elaborate and two very brief, is that they present three famous women connected with Troy who are affected in sharply contrasted ways.

Book 14. The Departure of the Greeks

There is a degree of disunity inherent in the scope of this book, which embraces both the events that are a necessary conclusion to the sack of Troy and also the return voyage seen as a counterbalancing disaster inflicted on the Greeks. However, bridging the two are the events focused on the Greeks' departure, which is the desired end of the one as well as the start of the other. These three episodes constitute approximately equal thirds of the book. The first begins with the arrival of booty and captive women, the formality of

their allotment among the victors being omitted in the interests of dramatic simplicity. Much the same may be said of the reunion of Helen and Menelaos, with which the first part ends, simplified as it is by the preparation for it in the previous book. The episode of the departure is largely concerned with the barbaric condition—the sacrifice of Polyxena—that is imposed by the dead Achilles on his son Neoptolemos through a dream, which rather incongruously includes general, morally edifying advice. Part of the purpose of continuing the narrative to the point where much of the Greek fleet is wrecked in a storm is to link the end of the epic with the *Odyssey,* which is briefly foreshadowed (628–31), just as its beginning is linked to the *Iliad*. At the same time it is more than just an appendage: the final irony of the Trojan War is that the Greeks suffer collectively for the offense of Lokrian Ajax against Athena just as the Trojans have for that of Paris against the same goddess. As at the beginning of the book, dramatic impact is maximized by simplification, this time a quite drastic simplification of the story of the returning Greeks that leaves only the barest mention of those who escape the storm (627–8 and 655–8).

1–70 Next morning the booty is brought into the Greek camp with captive women of all ages and classes assigned to individual Greeks, as Kassandra to Agamemnon, Andromache to Neoptolemos, and Hekabe, in deepest mourning, to Odysseus, all wailing like piglets for their mothers. Helen follows Menelaos with a mixture of shame and fear, like Aphrodite exposed in adultery with Ares. The Greeks are too overwhelmed by the welcome sight of her beauty to abuse her.

71–100 Xanthos and the other local rivers mourn the destruction of Troy, as a landowner does that of his crop by a hailstorm. In contrast the Greeks celebrate their victory, while the deities' emotions are divided.

101–42 The celebration continues with burned sacrifices and feasting, and Sinon is specially honored for his endurance. The safe return for which they pray is not granted to all, a foreshadowing of the final episode. Bards entertain them with the story of the war: the gathering at Aulis; the exploits of Achilles—the sacking of cities and the killing of Telephos, Eetion, Kyknos, Hektor, Penthesileia, and Memnon; the killing of Glaukos by Ajax, of Eurypylos by Neoptolemos, and of Paris by Philoktetes; the heroes in the horse and the present celebration.

143–78 While other Greeks fall asleep, Menelaos and Helen remain awake. She begs for forgiveness on the ground that she was taken from him by force and later prevented from killing herself. He tells her to forget it, and their embrace is like that of ivy with a grapevine.

179–227 Achilles appears to Neoptolemos in a dream and enjoins courage, modesty, discernment, and gentleness, likening the goal of personified Virtue to the fruit of a tall tree. This image recalls, for the reader, the allegorical depiction of Virtue on Achilles' shield (5.49–56). Next Achilles tells his son to see that Priam's daughter Polyxena is

sacrificed at his tomb to appease his continuing anger over his concubine Briseis, which otherwise will cause storms to prevent their departure. The incongruity between this and the enjoining of gentleness reflects the tension between the primitive legend and the poet's attempt to make his heroes morally edifying.

228–328 At dawn Neoptolemos stops the Greeks' launching their ships and reports to them in assembly Achilles' demand for the sacrifice of Polyxena. Convinced of Achilles' divine power by the onset of a gale, the Greeks lead Polyxena like a heifer for sacrifice; her tears are as copious as olive oil oozing out in a press, which, it must be admitted, is a somewhat grotesque image. Her mother Hekabe remembers last night's dream of blood flowing from her breasts onto Achilles' grave, and she whimpers like a bitch robbed of her pups, an image that foreshadows her forthcoming metamorphosis. She laments all her family's suffering and Polyxena's loss of her marriage because of Achilles. Praying over the tomb, Neoptolemos cuts the throat of Polyxena, who is carried away for burial near the house of Antenor, her intended father-in-law.

329–70 As soon as the Greeks have feasted, Nestor tells them to depart now that a change to fair weather indicates Achilles' satisfaction. Embarkation is briefly delayed by the miraculous transformation of Hekabe into a stone dog, which is taken across the Hellespont. An ominous note is struck when the seers Kalchas and Amphilochos are the only ones who refuse to leave for fear of death at sea.

370–418 The Greek ships get under way decorated with trophies and garlands, but the prayers for a safe voyage go unheard. The captive women on board gaze at smoking Troy in attitudes of grief and admire Kassandra for the truth of her prophecy. While the few Trojans left alive on land bury the dead, the Greeks remember their own dead as they look back. Under sail the ships soon pass Tenedos and round Cape Lekton. This wonderfully graphic and emotive description of the departing fleet, which is all the more impressive for the unusual absence of similes, deserves to be ranked with the finest passages of all literature.

419–87 As the Greeks approach Euboia, Athena complains to Zeus of human disrespect for justice and asks him to let her punish the Greeks for Lokrian Ajax's rape of Kassandra. Zeus allows her to use his weapons to cause a storm and is pleased at her frightening appearance when equipped with them and the aegis. Athena sends Iris to tell Aiolos, the keeper of the winds, to send all the winds to the rocks of Kaphereus. He obliges by releasing them from their caves and dispatching them as required.

488–529 The winds cause huge waves, on which the Greek ships are carried up and down completely out of control. The storm, combined with darkness, is intensified round Euboia and the ships collide, crushing some men and leaving others floating on fragments.

530–89 Athena shatters Ajax's ship with a thunderbolt and causes both men and captive women to drown together. Ajax keeps swimming strongly and boasts that he will escape even if the gods do their worst. As he grasps a rock, it is broken off by Poseidon, but he is not killed until Poseidon buries him under a hill, as Enkelados was once buried under Sicily. The last manifestation of heroism in the epic is an impressive but misguided defiance of divine power.

590–628 The other Greek ships sink or drift helplessly under rain that recalls Deukalion's

flood. Some die in the sea and others on rocks, when they are misled by a deceptive torch signal from Nauplios, who seeks revenge for the wrongful execution of his son Palamedes. Only a few survive.

628–58 Athena is concerned that Poseidon will inflict much suffering on Odysseus. At present Poseidon, helped by Zeus and Apollo, through the combined effects of flood and earthquake totally destroys the Greeks' fortification on the coast of Troy. Meanwhile the survivors of the storm land in various places. Thus the end of the epic not only foreshadows the *Odyssey,* but underlines the futility of the war by once more recalling the *Iliad,* its prophecy at 12.3–33 of the same destruction.

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Commentary

The Trojan Epic and Its Sources

As explained in the general introduction, differences between the sequence of certain events in the *Trojan Epic* and that in the *Little Iliad* and the *Sack of Ilion* make it very unlikely that any of the lost Trojan epics of the Cycle were available to Quintus. Accordingly the first question to be asked about his literary background is from what source or sources he derived his version of the Trojan War, and to this there is no certain answer. Despite the overwhelmingly important general influence on his work of the Homeric epics, he clearly was not concerned to follow the little information they provide about events that belong to his narrative, for example, Helen's visit to the wooden horse and the killing of Deiphobos as told in the *Odyssey* (4.274–89, 8.517–20). No surviving work of earlier Greek poetry contains a narrative of relevant events sufficiently extensive for helpful comparison. The only comparability of this kind is provided two very different works. One is a compendium of Greek heroic mythology called the *Library,* attributed to a certain Apollodoros, written probably in the first or the second century A.D., the relevant part of which survives in an abbreviated form similar to the summaries of the Cyclic epics. The other is a prose narrative titled *Diary of the Trojan War,* purporting to be an eyewitness account by the fictional Diktys of Krete, which survives in a Latin translation that is probably later than the *Trojan Epic*. Both works contain substantial correspondences with Quintus' narrative, but whether these reflect particular shared sources or just a widely diffused tradition is purely a matter of speculation. The similarity of the *Library* has prompted the theory that Quintus was actually indebted to some such mythological handbook for the main features of his narrative. However, the likelihood of more than very limited use of such a work is greatly diminished by the impressive evidence for Quintus' literary culture, the wide range of surviving works exploited by him for the elaboration of his narrative.

Intimate familiarity not only with the Homeric epics but with the whole long tradition of epic poetry was the sine qua non of Quintus' undertaking. Thus it is the reverse of surprising to find frequent evidence of influence from the early poems attributed to Hesiod, the *Argonautika* of the Hellenistic poet Apollonios of Rhodes, and a relatively recent didactic poem, the *Halieutika* of Oppian. Epic poetry was the most amenable to adaptation

because of its language and meter, but poetry of other genres was influential where its subject matter was relevant to Quintus' narrative, like Sophokles' tragedies *Ajax* and *Philoktetes,* Euripides' *Hekabe* and *Trojan Women,* and Lykophron's iambic poem *Alexandra*. One would not expect differences of meter and Greek dialect to be a bar to assimilation by a learned poet, but it was comparatively unusual, in spite of widespread bilingualism and the overwhelming influence of Greek literature on Latin, for a Greek to make creative use of Latin poetry. Accordingly many scholars have been reluctant to accept that as the explanation of similarities between Quintus' narrative and those of the same events by Latin poets, most notably in Virgil's *Aeneid* and Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. The only alternative explanation in any given case is that both versions have been influenced by the same lost work of earlier Greek literature. Choosing between explanations is often a matter of judging the relative significance of similarities and differences, which is more difficult between versions in different languages. As a general principle, however, the burden of proof rests with denial of the more economic explanation of direct influence. Differences between versions must, in some cases, be attributed to Quintus' originality. That has too often been discounted simply out of prevailing prejudice against his general quality as a poet. The practice of the following notes, for Greek literature no less than for Latin, is preferably to indicate similarity without making a positive claim for influence, although terms like *model* and *reflection* are used when they are undeniably appropriate.

Book 1. Penthesileia

The involvement of the Amazon queen Penthesileia in the exploits of Achilles was already an episode of the Trojan War in the early Cyclic epic *Aithiopis*. The Amazons also feature in the legends of Herakles and Theseus, and their lasting popularity, in visual art as well as in literature, is reflected in the story that Alexander the Great met their queen. While the main features of the present episode remained unchanged, several significant details that were either certainly or probably present in the *Aithiopis* are absent from the *Trojan Epic*: two expiations, one of Penthesileia for killing her sister and the other of Achilles for killing Thersites; the extension to the whole Greek army of the dispute between Achilles and Diomedes; Penthesileia's killing of Machaon, who in the *Trojan Epic* is killed by Eurypylos in book 6. Though not attested elsewhere, the killing of Podarkes by Penthesileia is likely to have belonged to early versions of the episode. The same is true of Quintus' characterization of Penthesileia in view of its similarity to that in Diktys' version. More likely to be at least partly original is Quintus' moralizing on both the proper roles of women and the sexual accusation made by Thersites.

1–12 summarizes the action of books 21, 22, and 24 of the *Iliad,* apart from the statement that Hektor's body was dragged round the city (also at 112 below and 14.133). Though just a slight variation on the *Iliad*'s version (22.395–404, 463–5, 24.14–21) and attested in earlier literature (Euripides, *Andromache* 107–8), it exemplifies Quintus' readiness to depart from Homeric authority.

2 *were under the ground*—variant reading *had all been burned*.

9 *robbed of breath*—variant reading *beheaded*.

13–14 refers to the sacking of twelve cities by sea, as recalled by Achilles in the *Iliad* (9.328–9), together with eleven cities sacked on the mainland near Troy. Nestor repeats this in full in his funeral speech at 4.150–1.

14 *the people of Troy*—variant reading *their children*.

18 The traditional home of the Amazons was round the river Thermodon in northeast Asia Minor, although some sources place them elsewhere.

21–5 The accidental killing of Penthesileia's sister as a reason for her coming to Troy is found in earlier sources; see, for example, Diodoros of Sicily 2.46.

21 *to shun*—variant reading *because she felt*.

28–32 Penthesileia's expiation is not included in the narrative. The spirits of vengeance are usually called Furies, Erinyes in Greek. They appear several times in the *Trojan Epic,* and here their primary function of avenging homicide within a family is described.

33–47 Penthesileia's twelve companions with their appropriate warlike names may be an original touch.

37–40 The simile of moon and stars on a calm night seems to be inspired by that at *Iliad* 8.555–9, with the difference that the moon's preeminence is emphasized.

48–51 The second simile applied to Penthesileia, the dawn goddess preeminent among the Seasons, has some similarity to that of Artemis and her nymphs applied to Nausikaa at *Odyssey* 6.102–9.

55 Penthesileia is daughter of the war god Ares both literally, according to tradition, and metaphorically.

63–9 The simile of the rainbow as a welcome sign of rain is a bold adaptation of two Homeric similes of a cloud and a rainbow as threatening signs of a storm (*Iliad* 4.275–9, 17.547–50).

76–82 The simile of partial recovery from blindness is one of the few that seem to be original in subject matter. The condition described is probably glaucoma, with which Laokoon is inflicted at 12.400–12. These two passages should be considered in relation to others that seem to reflect special interest in medical matters: 4.211–4, 396–404, 538–40, 5.322–8, 9.428–9, 10.277–81, 11.321–2.

86–7 The simile of a daughter returned from abroad after twenty years is a slight adaptation of the Homeric one of a son after ten years (*Odyssey* 16.17–9). Further variations on the subject occur at 7.637–9 and 13.537–42.

91–2 Priam's gifts and the promise of more may reflect the tradition that Penthesileia was hired as a mercenary (Diktys 3.15, 4.2).

100–14 Part of Andromache's soliloquy recalls her laments in the *Iliad* (22.477–514, 24.725–45).

112 For the statement that Hektor was dragged round Troy, see the note at 1–12 above.

124–37 The deceptive dream sent by Athena to give Penthesileia false hope resembles the one sent by Zeus to Agamemnon (*Iliad* 2.1–36), with the novel touch that a dream of early night is said to be untrustworthy; cf. Moschos, *Europa* 1–5. In Tzetzes' *Posthomerica* (119–35) Hera sends dreams to Priam and Penthesileia indicating the latter's death.

138 *rosy-ankled Dawn* is a variation on the Homeric *rosy-fingered Dawn,* as is *rosy-vestured Dawn* at 3.608, the Homeric formula being avoided.

142–51 The details of Penthesileia's arming follow closely the descriptions of arming in the *Iliad* (3.330–7, etc.) apart from the crescent-shaped light shield, which was a peculiarity of the Amazons' armor, like the battle-ax and horse mentioned below.

152 *beautifully wrought*—meaning uncertain, possibly *that proved fatal.*

153–6 The simile of lightning sent as a weather sign is an elaboration of that at *Iliad* 13.242–4.

166–9 Penthesileia's wind-swift horse was a gift from the wife of the north wind, Boreas, as were those of Turnus in Virgil's *Aeneid* (12.82–4). At *Iliad* 20.223–9 the royal horses of Troy are said to have been sired by Boreas.

175–6 The simile of sheep following a ram resembles that at *Iliad* 13.492–3.

179 The comparison with Tritonis, that is, Athena, facing the Giants alludes to the mythical battle between the Olympian deities, led by Zeus, and the Giants, Gigantomachy, which is described at 11.415–9. The natural association between the Giants and the Titans, reflected at 2.517–8, led to confusion with the similar myth of the battle between Olympians and Titans, Titanomachy, which is described at 5.103–9 and 8.461–9. Regarded as symbolizing the struggle between order and chaos, the two myths were very popular in the visual arts.

182–204 Priam's unsuccessful prayer to Zeus for victory is an adaptation of the successful one made by him, on Hekabe's advice, for safe return from the Greek camp at *Iliad* 24.287–321. The belief that the Trojans worshiped the same deities as the Greeks is the source of as much drama in the *Trojan Epic* as in the *Iliad*.

198–200 The eagle is associated with Zeus, and its ill-omened appearance on the left carrying prey has some similarity to that at *Iliad* 12.200–7. In Tzetzes' *Posthomerica* (144–6) an eagle plucking a dove appears as a bad omen when Penthesileia enters the battle.

209–10 The simile of bushes consumed by fire resembles those at *Iliad* 11.155–7 and *Argonautika* 1.1027–8. Variations on the subject occur in similes at 536–7 below, 5.387–9, 8.89–91, 13.488–92.

212–6 Surprise at the Trojans' recovery from Hektor's death is expressed in terms similar to those used by Thoas at Hektor's recovery (*Iliad* 15.286–93).

217 *invincible,* or *insatiable*.

222–6 The first general engagement is described in terms similar to its counterpart in the *Iliad* (4.446–51).

249–52 The simile of the falling ash tree resembles that at *Iliad* 13.178–80, with the significant addition of its sound to correspond with the Amazon's moan.

262–4 The simile of the poleaxing of heifers resembles that of an ox at *Iliad* 17.520–2.

266 In *far away from their heads* instead of the expected *homes* there is a touch of macabre humor.

272 *desire*—variant reading *attempt*.

280–6 on the homeland of Nastes and Amphimachos seems to be intended as an improvement on the information given in the catalog of Trojan forces at *Iliad* 2.867–71, with particular note taken of the proverbially meandering course of the Maiandros. This passage is the first of many that show special interest in the geography of western Asia Minor, as noted in the general introduction.

294–306 The length at which the poet dwells on the famous Niobe Rock with a large element of realistic observation is to be explained partly as a conscious improvement on a Homeric passage (*Iliad* 24.614–7), as at 280–6 above, and partly because of its location near his native Smyrna.

298 *is . . . spread*—variant reading *floats*.

308–11 is the first of the passages featuring personifications of aspects of warfare mentioned in the general introduction. They are used to embellish a considerable number of battle narratives and are far more prominent than in the *Iliad;* cf. 5.25–40, 6.350–1, 8.186–7, 191–2, 286–90, 324–8, 425–6, 9.145–7, 10.53–65, 11.8–15, 151–3, 13.85.

315–7 The simile of a lioness attacking cattle is a more elaborate variation on the one applied to Meges at 277. In essence it is one of the most repeated simile subjects in the *Iliad* and the *Trojan Epic,* but the appropriate specification of the female beast, as again at 12.530–3 of Kassandra, is unusual.

320–3 The simile of a wave following ships under sail, applied as it is to Penthesileia's deadly pursuit, has clearly been inspired by that of a wave that threatens to destroy such a ship, which at *Iliad* 15.624–8 is applied to Hektor's attack on the Greeks. But unlike its model it fails to express the danger unambiguously. Variations on the subject occur in similes at 8.361–3 and 9.270–2.

328 *be*—variant reading *bring*.

336 *Fate*—variant reading *a beast*.

350 *fistfuls*—variant reading *mouthfuls*.

352 *as grain is threshed*. The comparison involves the use of a word in a rare sense, something that Quintus mostly avoids. The subject occurs in a developed simile at *Iliad* 20.495–7.

355–6 While a storm at sea is one of the most repeated simile subjects, the specification of the winter solstice seems to be influenced by Aratos' astronomical poem *Phainomena* (286, 292–3).

369 *devising*—variant reading *bringing*.

378–80 The mourning of Patroklos by Achilles and Telamonian Ajax is one more link with the *Iliad*. But its implausibility during the battle is not convincingly explained by divine intervention.

383–5 The meaning is satisfactory, but the uncertainty of the text may reflect loss of at least one line.

389 is followed by a line (389a) in the manuscripts that appears to be interpolated, because it is unsatisfactory in form and meaning—literally, *because Fate spurring on glorious Achilles*.

396–400 The only precedent for the simile of a heifer invading a garden in spring seems to be the slightly different one in the *Homeric Hymn to Demeter* (174–5).

404–46 The Trojan women's initial response to Hippodameia's exhortation has only limited resemblance to the women's defense of Lavinium, after the death of Camilla, that is briefly narrated at *Aeneid* 11.891–5.

404–6 The text is less than certain, and some editors have emended it to read *Tisiphone, daughter of the horseman Antimachos and wife of Meneptolemos*. Antimachos is mentioned in the *Iliad* (11.123–5) as bribed by Paris to oppose the return of Helen.

411 *children*—variant reading *parents*.

414–9 The general argument that women are capable of warfare has some precedent in a famous passage of Euripides' *Medeia*, 248–51, where child-bearing is said to be more hazardous than warfare.

440–3 The simile of bees impatient to leave their hive in spring has its nearest antecedent at *Iliad* 2.87–90, bees leaving a hollow rock for flowers in spring. There are variations on it at 6.324–6 and 11.383.

449 Theano is an appropriate opponent of Hippodameia as the wife of Antenor, who advocates the return of Helen in the *Iliad* (7.347–53). In Diktys' version of the story (5.8), he persuades Theano to hand over the Palladion.

456–61 This characterization of the Amazons may owe something to that at *Argonautika* 2.987–90.

459 *don't fall short*, or *have no need*.

464–6 This philosophic commonplace is similar to the notion of social justice enunciated in Plato's *Republic* (433a), that each person should practice that for which he is most suited by nature and not be a busybody.

468–9 echoes the words of Hektor to Andromache at *Iliad* 6.490–2.

488–91 The simile of trees broken by a gale resembles the brief account of damage done by the boar of Kalydon at *Iliad* 9.541–2.

502 *Zeus's offspring*, as grandsons of Aiakos the son of Zeus.

503–5 Of their fathers Telamon and Peleus, only the former helped Herakles to sack Troy according to the more usual version of the story.

505 A line seems to have been lost, meaning something like *in order to punish the insolence*. Laomedon was punished by Herakles for refusing to give him his famous horses, the promised reward for rescuing Hesione. The story is mentioned at *Iliad* 5.640–2.

516–9 The attempt by the giants Otos and Ephialtes to make war on the Olympian deities, for which they were killed by Apollo, is recounted at *Odyssey* 11.305–20.

524–7 The simile of two lions killing and devouring sheep has elements in common with that of a cow killed and devoured by a lion at *Iliad* 11.172–6 and that of cattle or sheep attacked by two beasts at *Iliad* 15.323–5. There is a more elaborate treatment of the same subject, only with jackals or wolves instead of lions, at 13.133–40, and some similarity in a simile of leopards at 13.72–5.

536–7 For the simile of a forest fire, see the note at 209–10 above.

540–4 The simile of a leopard attacking hunters armed with spears resembles that at *Iliad* 21.573–8, except that there it is a single hunter.

548–50 The similar futility of Aineias' attempt to pierce Achilles' shield is described at *Iliad* 20.259–72. The making of Achilles' supernatural armor by Hephaistos is narrated in *Iliad* 18.

563 It is usually assumed that a line with explicit statement of the spear cast has been lost, but that is not strictly necessary.

566–7 There seems to have been a belief that Ajax was invulnerable going back to the *Aithiopis*. Quintus may have limited it to enemies' weapons in order to avoid difficulty over his suicide.

572 *as a dove for a hawk*. This recalls the omen of an eagle with a dove at 198–200 above.

578–9 See the note at 502 above.

579–81 Hektor's fear of Achilles and Ajax is shown in a number of episodes in the *Iliad*.

588–9 The reference is to the fight by the river narrated in *Iliad* 21.

593 At *Iliad* 16.143–4 it is stated that the spear came from Mount Pelion and was given by Cheiron to Peleus.

594–692 The death of Camilla, the Volscian warrior queen, narrated at *Aeneid* 11.799–831, with which this passage is usually compared, is different in most details except that of her breast being pierced by a spear, but that initial wound is fatal.

603–6 The possibility, contemplated by Penthesileia, of saving her life by a lavish payment resembles two parts of the narrative of Hektor's death in the *Iliad*: his consideration of approaching Achilles unarmed and offering to return Helen and pay ample compensation (22.111–21), and his plea, with his dying breath, for Achilles to accept ransom for his body from his parents (22.337–43).

608–9 The vain hope for pity on the basis of being the same age as Achilles is also entertained by Tros at *Iliad* 20.463–6.

613–4 The simile of innards spitted over a fire resembles a detail of the Homeric typical scene of sacrificial feasting (e.g., *Iliad* 2.426–8).

615–8 The simile of a stag transfixed by a hunter's spear has some resemblance to the killing of a stag by Odysseus at *Odyssey* 10.161–3, with the important difference that it is not pinned to a tree.

622–4 The description of Penthesileia's modesty in her death throes may have been prompted by that of Polyxena at Euripides, *Hekabe* 568–70, especially as Polyxena's sacrifice is narrated in book 14 of the *Trojan Epic*. A similar statement about Penthesileia is made by Tzetzes (*Posthomerica* 198).

625–7 The simile of a fir tree broken by wind shares its main points with that of an olive tree at *Iliad* 17.53–8. A variation on the subject occurs in a simile at *Trojan Epic* 8.204–6.

633–9 The simile of the welcome sighting of land by shipwrecked sailors closely resembles that at *Odyssey* 23.233–8, apart from the emphasis on their lingering grief.

637 *worn in every limb*—variant reading *all of them worn in their limbs*.

644 is a conventional way of refusing burial to one's victim in battle, similar to Achilles' words to Hektor at *Iliad* 22.335–6 and 354.

646–8 For the possible background of Penthesileia's anticipated reward, see the note at 91–2 above.

651–3 According to Diktys' version (4.3), Penthesileia's alleged offense against nature was punished by a humiliating execution.

657–61 The revelation of Penthesileia's beauty by the removal of her helmet is singled out in Propertius' brief mention of the episode (3.11.15–6), which suggests that it was a traditional feature of the story.

662 *how like the blessed immortals she was*. The same is said of Helen's beauty at *Iliad* 3.158.

663–5 Noteworthy for both its similarity and its difference is the comparison of Nausikaa's beauty with that of Artemis when she is hunting (*Odyssey* 6.102–9).

667 seems to gloss over the fact that Aphrodite's link with Ares was only an amour (*Odyssey* 8.266–366), presumably for the sake of highlighting a further link with Penthesileia through her father. Alternatively it reflects a different tradition that Aphrodite was married to Ares (Hesiod, *Theogony* 933–7), in which case there is an inconsistency with two later passages (2.138–40, 14.47–54).

669–74 The socially respectable terms in which the sexual attraction felt for Penthesileia is described certainly reflect the overall moral tone of the *Trojan Epic*, but they are equally in keeping with that of the Homeric epics.

675–715 Ares' abortive intervention to avenge Penthesileia's death recalls his preparation to avenge the death of his son Askalaphos at *Iliad* 15.110–42, which is stopped with a touch of farce that is absent from the present episode.

677–80 The simile of Zeus' thunderbolt has some resemblance to that of Zeus' lightning at *Iliad* 13.242–4. Its application to Ares' approach proves to be ironical in the light of Zeus' use of thunderbolts to stop him at 690–3 below. There are different developments of the simile subject at 8.222–6 and 11.401–4.

683 *traveling across*—variant reading *in*.

684–5 The help given to Ares by the daughters of the north wind, Boreas, is appropriate for a deity associated with Thrace to the north of Greece.

684 *immortal*—variant reading *swift*.

686–8 The shaking of Mount Ida under Ares' footsteps recalls that of Samothrace as Poseidon descends from its summit at *Iliad* 13.17–9.

696–701 The simile of a dislodged rock that rolls till it reaches level ground closely resembles that at *Iliad* 13.137–42. A slightly more elaborate variation on the subject occurs in a simile at 2.379–86.

710–2 Zeus' inability to save his own sons from death in battle refers particularly to *Iliad* 16.431–61, where he accepts Hera's advice to allow Sarpedon to be killed by Patroklos in accordance with fate.

713–4 For the reference to the Titans, see the note at 179 above.

720–1 The equation of Achilles' grief for Penthesileia with that for Patroklos reminds us of his recent mourning for the latter at 378–9 above.

722–66 The killing of Thersites by Achilles in response to his insulting accusation concerning Achilles' feelings for Penthesileia was part of the traditional story at least since the *Aithiopis*. Its present rhetorical elaboration owes much to *Iliad* 2.211–77, where Thersites accuses Agamemnon of greed and lust, and is reprimanded and struck by Odysseus, which is referred to at 759–60 below, much to the army's satisfaction as in the present passage.

723–40 Thersites' accusation of gross sexual indulgence may owe something to a known version of the story that Achilles was guilty of necrophilia; thus Eustathios on *Iliad* 2.220.

738 *only toil produces glory*. Quintus shows a fondness for the moral commonplace of the need for hard work, being perhaps consciously influenced by Hesiod's *Works and*

Days. Apart from its special development into allegory, for which see the note at 5.49–56, cf. 2.76–7, 4.87, 6.451, 9.104–5, 12.71–2, 292–6.

742–4 The killing of Thersites with a blow of Achilles' fist may have been a traditional feature of the story; see the scholia on Lykophron, *Alexandra* 999. There is some resemblance to the punching of the beggar Iros by Odysseus described at *Odyssey* 18.96–9.

751–2 This aphorism on the folly of insubordination, echoed at 758 below, is similar to that at Hesiod, *Works and Days* 210–1.

757 is an adaptation of a famous line in the *Iliad* (16.776) describing a slain warrior.

761 *I the son . . . have*—variant reading *the son . . . has*.

767–81 There seem to have been differing versions of Diomedes' role in this episode. According to Diktys (4.3) he opposed Achilles' wish to bury Penthesileia. Diomedes and Thersites appear as cousins and enemies in the Theban cycle of legends (Apollodoros 1.8.6).

782–803 The surrender of Penthesileia's body for burial by the Trojans is the version of the story followed by the *Aithiopis*. According to Triphiodoros (39) she was buried by Achilles. Diktys (4.3) follows yet another version, for which see the notes at 651–3 and 767–81 above.

788 The location of Laomedon's tomb is indicated at 801–2 below. According to Servius' commentary on the *Aeneid* (2.241) it was above the Skaian Gate, and there was a belief that Troy could not fall as long as the tomb was intact.

791 *burn*—variant reading *mingle*.

794–9 The ritual followed after the burning of Penthesileia's body is very similar to that followed for Patroklos and Hektor in the *Iliad* (respectively 23.237–44 and 24.791–6).

809–10 The observation that hostility no longer applies to the dead is comparable with that at *Iliad* 7.409–10 about the generosity appropriate for the dead. It is made again at *Trojan Epic* 9.37.

817–8 According to both the *Iliad* (2.701–2) and the *Kypria*, Protesilaos was killed when the Greeks first landed at Troy, but the two versions differ as to the killer—Hektor in the latter but a nameless Dardanian in the former.

830 Although the language is conventional, there is special point in mentioning Dawn as a goddess at this juncture, because she is the mother of Memnon, the hero of the following book.

Book 2. Memnon

The presentation of Memnon's story contains substantial divergences from the version of the *Aithiopis* and from those of classical poetry, which are assumed to have been faithful to the *Aithiopis*. Whether these differences are derived from later sources cannot be determined. Quintus omits Thetis' prediction to Achilles that Memnon's death would be followed immediately by his own; in the *Trojan Epic* he dies later, on the following day. The event that leads directly to the combat between Achilles and Memnon, the killing of Nestor's son Antilochos by Memnon, is narrated by Pindar (*Pythians*

6.28–42) with the substantial difference that Antilochos' attempt to rescue his father from Memnon is precipitated by Paris disabling one of Nestor's horses with an arrow, just as at *Iliad* 8.80–6. A prominent feature of the story reflected in the title of Aischylos' tragedy *The Weighing of Souls,* that is, those of Achilles and Memnon, has been replaced by Zeus sending respectively bright and dark Fates to the two combatants (508–11), and by Strife holding up the scales of war (540–1). It is not known how early the metamorphosis of the Aithiopian army into birds belonged to the story; Quintus' version of it is similar to that found in a late didactic poem the *Ixeutika*. His presentation of the last part of the story as an impressive cosmic drama may well have a substantial element of originality.

9 Thymoites is mentioned at *Iliad* 3.146 among the elders accompanying Priam, and according to Diktys (4.22) he was Priam's brother. At *Aeneid* 2.32–4 he is the first to advise admitting the wooden horse.

41–62 The prudent advice of Polydamas reflects his characterization and role in the *Iliad*. Said to excel as much in speech as Hektor does in fighting (18.249–52), he appears four times as a vehicle of criticism of Hektor, who twice accepts it (12.60–81, 13.725–53) and twice rejects it (12.210–50, 18.249–309), the advice on the last occasion being partly similar to that in the present passage, namely to withdraw in the face of Achilles' reappearance and to defend the city.

54–6 The measures for ending the war resemble those proposed to the Trojans by Antenor at *Iliad* 7.347–53 and those considered by Hektor ibid. 22.111–21.

61–2 Hektor lived to express the same regret to himself at *Iliad* 22.99–103.

67–80 Paris' contemptuous reply resembles that made by himself to Antenor at *Iliad* 7.354–62 and those made by Hektor to Polydamas ibid. 12.230–50 and 18.284–309.

76–7 For the commonplace of the need for hard work, see the note at 1.738.

83–5 The denunciation of insincerity is similar to that expressed by Achilles at *Iliad* 9.312–3.

97–9 The description of the Trojans' condition echoes that with which the episode begins at 5–8 above.

101 *the dark-skinned Aithiopians* shows knowledge of the real people who were familiar to the Greek world at least since Xerxes' invasion (Herodotos 7.70), whereas 115–9 below reflects the Homeric legend of people at the eastern and western ends of the world (*Odyssey* 1.22–4).

105 The apparent movement of the Great Bear is described at *Iliad* 18.487–9.

115–25 Memnon's account to Priam of his family and his adventures on the journey is comparable with that of Jason to Lykos at *Argonautika* 2.762–72.

115–6 Memnon's father Tithonos was Priam's brother (*Iliad* 20.237) and was given immortality after being taken by the dawn goddess as her spouse (*Iliad* 11.1–2, *Odyssey* 5.1–2, *Trojan Epic* 6.1–3).

119–20 Memnon's journey to Troy was identified with the Persian Royal Road to Sardis from Sousa, with which his name was associated (Pausanias, *Description of Greece* 10.31.7; Strabo, *Geography* 15.3.2).

121–3 The Solymoi were a people of southwest Asia Minor, against whom Bellerophon fought according to the *Iliad* (6.184). In the *Odyssey* (5.282–3) their land is said to have been on Poseidon's route from the Aithiopians.

136–47 Priam's splendid goblet recalls that of Nestor at *Iliad* 11.632–5. It is given a pedigree of owners in the manner of Agamemnon's scepter at *Iliad* 2.100–8, both being the work of Hephaistos and originally presented to Zeus. Similar information is given at 4.382–93 about two silver mixing bowls made by Hephaistos. The details of the Trojan royal line follow those given at *Iliad* 20.215–40. For the marriage of Aphrodite to Hephaistos see the note at 1.667.

154–5 The comment on wine adversely affecting one's fighting capacity is comparable with that made by Hektor at *Iliad* 6.264–5.

158–60 Priam's observations about being considerate in hospitality read like an abbreviation of those made by Menelaos at *Odyssey* 15.68–74.

163 *soon came* is a correction of the manuscripts' *came*.

167–72 Zeus' ban on divine intervention in the forthcoming battle has the same function as that at *Iliad* 8.5–27. But it is free from the latter's distasteful threats and boasts, Zeus' sovereignty being simply acknowledged in the submissive response at 177–9.

180–2 The statement of the deities retiring to their homes to sleep owes something to that at *Iliad* 1.605–11.

183–5 Statement of the day's beginning in terms of agricultural labor is a seemingly original counterpart of the Homeric *unyoking of oxen* for the late day (*Iliad* 16.779, *Odyssey* 9.58), which is used by Quintus at 7.621. In the *Argonautika* (2.164–5) the rising sun is said to awaken shepherds.

194–5 The simile of Zeus gathering dark storm clouds, of which a variation occurs at 11.377–8, reflects two regular Homeric epithets of Zeus—"cloud gatherer" and "dark-clouded."

197–9 The simile of destructive locusts seems to be largely original, the only Homeric precedent being a simile of locusts escaping from fire at *Iliad* 21.12–14.

199 *appetite*—variant reading *irresistible strength*.

200 *earth*—variant reading *roads*.

208–11 The simile of the sun rising from Ocean, applied to Achilles' armor, resembles that at *Argonautika* 3.1228–30, applied to Aietes' helmet. A variation on it, applied to Neoptolemos, occurs at 8.28–31. The metaphor of smiling earth (and air) occurs in similar contexts at *Iliad* 19.362–3 and *Trojan Epic* 6.1–3.

217–8 The simile of waves raised by winds from all directions reads like an exaggeration of that of two winds over the sea at *Iliad* 9.4–7, which is more obviously reflected in similes at *Trojan Epic* 8.59–66 and 11.228–32.

221–4 The simile subject of swollen rivers is one of the most repeated and varied in both the *Iliad* and the *Trojan Epic*. To this is added a seemingly novel touch, an allusion to the belief that lightning is produced by the friction of colliding clouds, for which see Aristotle, *Meteorologika* 2.9. It is alluded to in other similes at 345–52 below, 4.349–52, 8.69–73.

230–2 The simile of an earthquake causing buildings to collapse may well be original. It reflects a belief that earthquakes are produced by storms of subterranean air, which is found at Aristotle, *Meteorologika* 2.7–8. The simile subject recurs at 3.63–5.

248–50 The simile of a lion attacking a boar owes something to that at *Iliad* 16.823–6.

250 *resist*—variant reading *describe*.

263–4 *no worse sorrow.* Priam at *Iliad* 24.493–8 rates his misfortune greatest for the killing of his sons.

273–4 Periklymenos, Nestor's brother (*Odyssey* 11.286), was killed by Herakles together with ten other brothers (*Iliad* 11.690–3).

275–6 The observation that inferior men may be compelled to fight well recalls the tactic of placing them where they cannot avoid engagement at *Iliad* 4.299–300. The commonplace recurs at 12.60–5, 13.121–2, 14.564.

282–6 The simile of hunters held at bay by a boar or a bear resembles the rather more elaborate one at *Iliad* 12.41–8 involving a boar or a lion.

290 It seems to be forgotten that Dawn's supposed intervention would infringe Zeus' ban at 167–72 above.

298–300 The simile of jackals deterred by a lion from pursuing a stag reads like a simplified version of that at *Iliad* 11.474–81. A further variation on the simile subject occurs at 9.240–4.

299 *that stands astride*—variant reading *as they stand astride.*

309–18 Memnon's chivalrous attitude toward Nestor is likely to be either an original touch or derived from a source reflecting an ethos different from that of early Greek epic.

325–6 The generalization about a young man's spirit and thoughts is similar to that made at *Iliad* 3.108.

330–4 The simile of a lion weakened by age has no precedent among the many Homeric lion similes.

345–52 The simile of a storm-fed river is a more elaborate version of that at 221–4 above, which like the present one contains an allusion to the way in which lightning was believed to be produced. For both points see the note ad loc.

371–6 The simile of deer driven into nets and speared has no obvious antecedent.

379–86 For the simile of the dislodged boulder, see the note at 1.696–701. A novel development here is the panic caused to animals, which recurs in a simile at 11.396–8.

390–2 There is pathetic point in the fact that Nestor's laconic report of Antilochos' death to Achilles echoes that of Patroklos' death by Antilochos to Achilles at *Iliad* 18.18–21.

393–4 Nestor's appeal to friendship is based on the close one between Achilles and Antilochos, which is referred to at *Iliad* 23.555–6.

401–4 The throwing of a rock that had been a boundary mark is a feature of the fight between Athena and Ares at *Iliad* 21.403–6 and of that between Turnus and Aineias at *Aeneid* 12.896–902.

408 *fought on*—variant reading *raged*.

409–10 Achilles receives a similar superficial wound on the arm in his fight with Asteropaios at *Iliad* 21.166–7. This is incompatible with the late tradition that his mother had made him invulnerable except in the left heel (Statius, *Achilleid* 1.269–70).

412 *in death*—variant reading *in blood*.

414–8 The beginning of Memnon's comparison of Achilles' mother with his own recalls that addressed by Aineias to Achilles at *Iliad* 20.200–9.

418–9 The Hesperides, guardians of the golden apples, were traditionally located on the

western shore of Ocean, whereas Memnon came from the eastern (115–9 above). This reflects an ambiguity in the Aithiopian legend; see the note at 101 above.

438–9 The story of how Dionysos escaped from Lykourgos' attack into the sea, where he was received by Thetis, is told at *Iliad* 6.130–7.

440–1 Hephaistos recalls at *Iliad* 18.394–405 that he lived with Thetis and Eurynome for nine years after they had saved him from his mother's attempt to get rid of him.

442 At *Iliad* 1.396–406 Achilles reminds his mother how she had enlisted the help of the hundred- handed giant to rescue Zeus from the other Olympians.

445–6 The threat seems to reflect an early tradition that Memnon was killed by Achilles' spear (thus Pindar, *Nemeans* 6.53), although in the present account the further combat is with swords.

449–51 The terms in which Achilles breaks off the dialogue are similar, though much briefer, to those used by Aineias at *Iliad* 20.244–58; see the note at 414–8 above.

455 The fact that Memnon, no less than Achilles, was equipped with supernatural armor was a feature of his legend going back at least to the *Aithiopis*, where it is likely to have been given greater prominence than the passing mention in the present version.

456–7 Helmets are said to touch helmets in a close engagement at *Iliad* 13.131–3.

469–76 Comparison of rising dust with a mist troublesome to herdsmen is found at *Iliad* 3.10–14. Here it is combined with the simile subject of swollen rivers, for which see the note at 221–4 above.

470 *done*—variant reading *stirred*.

481–2 Removal of dust or mist is often attributed to divine intervention in the *Iliad* and the *Trojan Epic*.

502–6 The circle of the Sun occupied by his daughters, the Heliades, is the zodiac, the twelve constellations of which are described in Aratos' *Phainomena* (544–52). It is mentioned again at 594–602 below, with description of the seasons associated with the circle.

507 It is hinted that the deities might have fought between themselves, as they do later during the construction of the wooden horse (12.157–218).

508–11 For the background to Zeus' sending of Fates to Achilles and Memnon, see the introduction to the book. During the combat between Achilles and Hektor Zeus weighs their Fates in scales (*Iliad* 22.209–13), whereas in the present narrative scales are held by Strife at 540–1 below.

517–8 For fighting Giants or Titans, see the note at 1.179.

523 *unwearied*—variant reading *unconquered*.

533–4 For the simile of a storm at sea with mention of the winter solstice, see the note at 1.355–6.

536–7 The simile of fallen leaves in autumn resembles that at *Argonautika* 4.216–7. There are variations on the simile subject at 3.325–7, 5.409–10, 8.230–1, 9.503–4.

540–1 For the scales held by Strife, see the note at 508–11 above.

549–50 With the clouds that cover Dawn and darken the earth begins an elaborate play on the personification of natural forces and the fiction of sympathetic nature. The present statement is very similar to that at Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 13.581–2.

550–1 It was an old myth that Dawn was mother of the winds; see Hesiod, *Theogony* 378–80.

553–5 It is not known whether the Winds or Dawn herself carried Memnon away according to the *Aithiopis*. The present version may have been influenced by the carrying of Sarpedon's body to Lykia by personified Sleep and Death at *Iliad* 16.681–3.

556–66 The river believed to have been formed from Memnon's blood cannot be identified but is likely to be one of those which flow north from Ida to the Propontis. The phenomenon described may be a volcanic one. Loukian records that the periodic reddening of a river at Byblos was attributed to blood from the wound of Adonis (*Syrian Goddess* 8).

570–3 The Aithiopians' miraculous gift of flight is a curious anticipation of their metamorphosis into birds at 643–50 below. There is no similarity to the process of metamorphosis as described by Ovid (*Metamorphoses* 13.600–9).

575–9 The simile of hounds mourning a dead hunter has no extant precedent.

585–91 According to Strabo (13.1.11 [587]) Memnon's tomb was near a village that was named after him, not far from the mouth of the Aisepos on the south coast of the Propontis. But according to one tradition (Ailian, *On Animals* 5.1) Memnon's real tomb was at Sousa; cf. the note at 119–20 above.

594–602 For the daughters and circle of the Sun, see the note at 502–6 above.

598–602 At *Iliad* 5.749–51 the gate of Olympos is said to be controlled by the Seasons.

612 Dawn's threat to descend to the underworld resembles that of the Sun at *Odyssey* 12.382–3.

614 is best understood as describing the result of Dawn's threatened absence from the world above ground, not the permanent state of the underworld. But the Greek does not make this sufficiently clear.

616–7 Dawn's comparison of her status with that of Thetis is a more modest version of that made by her son at 421–5 above.

616 *at Zeus's hands*—variant reading *or than Zeus himself*.

618 *otherwise would have respected*—variant reading *did not at all respect*.

625–6 The indication that Night is the mother of Dawn implies the latter's identification with personified Day, said to be the offspring of Night at Hesiod, *Theogony* 124.

638 *unfamiliar*—variant reading *flowerless*.

643–50 The metamorphosis of Memnon's soldiers into black birds, identified as the ruff, which were said to visit his tomb as mourners every year, was clearly an old legend, though only found in relatively late sources, notably Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 13.604–19, Pausanias 10.31.6, and Dionysios, *Ixeutika* 1.8. The last of these, a prose paraphrase of a Greek didactic epic on fowling, is closest to the details of Quintus' version, including the scattering of dust, while according to Pausanias the birds sprinkled water with their wings, like the birds that were believed to care for the temple of Achilles (Arrian, *Euxine Sea* 21.4). There was a similar legend about the sisters of the hero Meleagros, changed into birds because of their inconsolable mourning (Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 8.533–46).

650–1 Doubt as to whether Memnon is with the dead in Hades or an immortal hero on the Elysian Plain (see the note at 3.771–4) is a pedantic allusion, uncharacteristic for Quintus, to divergent legends. In the *Aithiopis* he was granted immortality.

652–3 The comforting of Dawn is not necessarily incompatible with the belief that her grief is expressed permanently by dew formed from her tears (Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 13.621–2).

663–4 *Because from him . . . stars above* is reminiscent of the *Hymn to Zeus* by the Stoic Kleanthes (4–5 and 15–16).

666 *darkness*—variant reading *brightness*.

Book 3. The Death of Achilles

As noted in the introduction to book 2, Quintus departs from the narrative of the *Aithiopis* in separating the death of Achilles from that of Memnon, so that instead of following closely in the same battle it forms the sole focus of action in a battle on the next day. Also the burial of Antilochos precedes the second battle instead of following the rescue of Achilles' body, as in the *Aithiopis*. The advantage of this arrangement is that it gives Achilles' death a separate and central position in the first major part of the epic, books 1–5. But a negative consequence is lack of adequate introduction to the second battle. Very probably it is an innovation made by Quintus himself. The dominance of Telamonian Ajax begins with the death of Achilles and is a unifying factor up to the end of book 5. But whereas in the *Aithiopis* Ajax has the rather undignified task of carrying Achilles' body out of the battle while Odysseus covers the retreat by fighting off the enemy, Quintus has him fighting off all the more important assailants and leaves only a minor role to Odysseus. Quintus had to choose between two versions of how Achilles was killed—by Paris with Apollo's help, as in the *Aithiopis* and the *Iliad* (22.359–60, which is not necessarily contradicted by 21.277–8), or by Apollo alone, as, for example, at Sophokles, *Philoktetes* 334–5. In opting for the latter version Quintus emphasizes the unique status of Achilles. This exemplifies his readiness to depart from Homeric authority and is at least consistent with the conclusion that the Cyclic epics were not available to him. His rendering of the mourning and funeral of Achilles reflects in broad outline the condensed account of the same given by the shade of Agamemnon to that of Achilles at *Odyssey* 24.43–84. Elaboration of some of its components is closely modeled on the corresponding parts of the mourning and funeral of Patroklos in the *Iliad*.

1–7 Antilochos' bones were buried separately from those of Achilles and Patroklos according to the *Odyssey* (24.76–9), but in the same tomb according to Tzetzes' *Posthomerica* (464–6).

8–9 is probably a conscious reference to the wise man's freedom from emotion according to Stoic philosophy.

10–11 Achilles' continued motivation by anger over Antilochos' death, as at 2.447–8, re-

flects the earlier form of the story, according to which Achilles was killed in the same battle as Memnon.

26–42 Apollo's intervention to prevent Achilles taking Troy and to warn him off is a more elaborate version of that at *Iliad* 16.698–709, which is directed at Patroklos and is answered by compliance, in contrast to Achilles' defiance here.

32–6 The description of Apollo's arrival and frightening appearance is similar to that at *Iliad* 1.44–9. Also possibly influential was the description of his appearance to the Argonauts at *Argonautika* 2.674–80, especially the shaking of the ground. Another similar arrival occurs at 9.291–8.

41 *the evil Fates*—variant reading *your evil hands*.

48 *tricked*—variant reading *vexed*.

48–50 Achilles refers to Apollo's rescue of Hektor at *Iliad* 20.441–54 and to his disguise as Agenor to decoy Achilles away from Troy at *Iliad* 21.596–22.20.

60–1 Apollo conceals himself before attacking Achilles just as he did before attacking Patroklos at *Iliad* 16.788–90.

62 It is significant that no explicit link is made between the wounding of Achilles in the ankle and the tradition of his vulnerability in the left heel, from which Quintus clearly distanced himself; see the note at 2.409–10.

63–5 For the simile of a tower toppled by an earthquake, see the note at 2.230–2.

67 *curse*—The reading is uncertain.

76 makes explicit the contempt suggested at 68–9. It resembles the contempt for archers expressed by Diomedes when wounded in the foot by an arrow from Paris (*Iliad* 11.385–95). The theme is developed by Telamonian Ajax in his lament at 439–43 below.

80–2 echoes Thetis' prediction as recalled by Achilles at *Iliad* 21.277–8, except that *close to the Skaian Gate* is taken from the prediction made by the dying Hektor ibid. 22.359–60.

96–127 Hera's reproach of Apollo is comparable with the much briefer one at *Iliad* 24.55–63, where among the reasons for regarding Achilles as superior to Hektor she cites, as in the present passage, the participation of Apollo with the other Olympians in the wedding of Achilles' parents Peleus and Thetis. Hera makes essentially the same point again in her brief complaint to Zeus at 4.49–55. The popularity of the subject is illustrated by a passage from an unidentified play of Aischylos (fragment 350 Radt), cited by Plato (*Republic* 383B), in which Thetis makes a similar complaint about Apollo. At 611–26 below Thetis rehearses the complaint that she will make to Zeus, which includes the story of the metamorphosis used by her to avoid marriage to Peleus. An elaborate description of the wedding is given by Nestor in his praise of Thetis at 4.131–43, and it is the subject of one of the scenes on Achilles' shield at 5.73–9.

101 *Thetis of the silver feet,* or *silver-footed Thetis,* is an example of a traditional epithet preserved in a Homeric formula that has been used by Quintus (also at 4.172 and 5.233), against his general rule of avoiding such verbal repetition from Homer. The epithet is plausibly explained as evoking marine phenomena naturally associated with such a deity.

103–5 The magical effect of Apollo's music was usually attributed to that of Orpheus, as at 638–41 below.

110–3 Apollo's service as herdsman to Laomedon king of Troy, Poseidon's building of the city walls, and Laomedon's outrageous treatment of them both are recalled by Poseidon in his reproach of Apollo at *Iliad* 21.441–60.

118–22 Achilles' death is followed as closely as possible by the first foreshadowing, with divine authority, of his replacement by his son.

142–6 The simile of a wounded lion most closely resembles that at *Iliad* 20.164–73, which is likewise applied to Achilles, but is more elaborate and emphasizes different features, not the lion's roar. That is found in later similes at 171 below, 5.375 and 7.471, but not in any of the numerous Homeric lion similes.

151 *below*—variant reading *on*.

155–7 Blows that similarly cause eyeballs to fall out occur several times in the *Iliad* (13.615–7, 14.493–4, 16.740–2).

158–9 For the background to this killing, see the note at 11.27–31.

158 *Alkithoos*—variant reading *Alkathoos*.

170–2 The closest Homeric precedent for the simile of fawns fleeing from a lion is that of a deer fleeing from a lion that has killed her young at *Iliad* 11.113–9.

181–4 The simile of a flock frightened by a savage beast even when it is dead has no obvious precedent.

186–211 The initiative of Paris at this juncture may reflect the alternative version of the story that he actually killed Achilles. It is comparable with Hektor's exhortation to bring the body of Patroklos into Troy at *Iliad* 17.215–32.

192–3 Dragging Achilles' corpse into Troy would inflict the same indignity that Achilles inflicted on Hektor.

198–9 The belief reflected in the Homeric epics, as expressed by Achilles at *Iliad* 23.103–4, is that the spirits, or shades, of the dead have no power of thought. Those consulted by Odysseus in *Odyssey* 11 have to be given it temporarily through the ritual of drinking blood. Later it was conventional to qualify any assumption that the dead could be gratified (e.g., Sophokles, *Elektra* 355–6).

201–3 The simile does not specify whether the beasts' anger is for a threat to their cubs or for their loss. In one *Iliad* simile an angry lion defends its cubs from hunters (17.133–6). In another it searches for cubs taken by a hunter (18.318–22).

214 The three warriors named among those who respond to Paris' appeal are mentioned at the beginning of the fight for the body of Sarpedon (*Iliad* 16.530–683).

221–6 The simile of bees smoked out of their hive and robbed of honey resembles that at *Argonautika* 2.130–4.

239 alludes to the description of Ajax's towerlike shield with its seven layers of oxhide and one of bronze at *Iliad* 7.219–23.

249 *I reckon*—variant reading *I will cause (it)*.

254–5 In addition to occasions when he proved inferior to Telamonian Ajax, it is stated at *Iliad* 11.542 that Hektor avoided engagement with him.

256 *of death and darkness*, or perhaps *clouded in darkness*.

258–60 alludes to *Iliad* 6.119–236, where Glaukos and Diomedes meet as enemies on the

battlefield, but part as friends because it transpires that their grandfathers had ties of guest friendship.

264–5 The comparison with flies is effective partly because of a natural association between flies and corpses, which gives rise to a developed simile of flies round pails of milk at *Iliad* 16.641–3. The subject is given new development by Quintus in a simile of a boy killing flies at 8.331–4 and in that of wasps killed as they attack grapes at 10.114–6.

266 *If they attack*—variant reading *when I attack*.

271–2 is a variation on the simile of fish pursued into a harbor by a dolphin at *Iliad* 21.22–4.

276–7 The comparison implies mutual killing of boars and a lion. The nearest precedent is the simile of a boar killed by a lion at *Iliad* 16.823–6.

280 The firmness of oak trees is the subject of a simile at *Iliad* 12.132–4.

301 *Emathion*—variant reading *Emalion*.

308–21 Odysseus' killing of Alkon after being wounded by him follows the pattern of his encounter with Sokos at *Iliad* 11.428–58.

319 *life immortal abandoned him*. This is repeated at 6.586 and may reflect the Stoic belief that human souls are emanations of the universal soul, or life, and return to it after death.

325–7 For the simile of falling leaves in autumn, see the note at 2.536–7.

327 *closing*—variant reading *beginning*.

332–42 Ajax's disabling of Paris with a rock before he can shoot an arrow resembles the action of Hektor against Teukros at *Iliad* 8.323–9. But the whole sequence is closest to that ibid. 14.402–32, where Hektor attempts to spear Ajax, but is disabled by a rock and is carried away groaning in his chariot, the chariot in which Paris now groans.

343–8 Ajax's expression of anger at Paris' escape is similar to that of Achilles at Hektor's escape at *Iliad* 20.448–54.

343 *in his vexation,* that is, that of Ajax, although a variant reading implausibly attributes the emotion to Paris.

349 *an evil doom*—variant reading *his evil hands*.

353–5 The first of two bird similes applied to the fleeing Trojans, this one brings vultures and an eagle together in a way that has no precedent in Homeric similes. But the sequence of being frightened away from prey killed by wolves follows closely the simile of jackals frightened away from a wounded stag by a lion at *Iliad* 11.474–81.

359–61 The simile of starlings fleeing from a hawk resembles that of starlings or jackdaws at *Iliad* 17.755–7. The subject recurs at *Trojan Epic* 11.217–8.

368 *To gain a brief respite*—Combellack translates *short of breath* and others similarly. But that is inconsistent with similar expressions in Quintus and elsewhere.

368 *panic*—variant reading *darkness* (sc. of death).

369 The comparison with the penning of sheep (or lambs) is found at *Iliad* 8.131 and later in the *Trojan Epic* at 8.371.

375–8 The simile of the reaping of grain is a variation on that at *Iliad* 11.67–9. The subject recurs at *Trojan Epic* 11.156–8 and 13.242–3.

385–6 Achilles' body is carried by several Greek leaders, as is implied at *Odyssey* 24.43–4, and not, as in the *Aithiopis,* by Ajax alone, or by Odysseus as he claims at *Trojan Epic* 7.208.

386 *carried it between them*—variant reading *labored over it*.

390 *Forgotten now*. The expression echoes its use at 380 above and recalls its application to the dead Achilles at *Odyssey* 24.40.

392–8 The elaborate comparison with the giant Tityos is derived from the description of him in Hades as he is tortured for his offense at *Odyssey* 11.576–81. The only point in its elaboration that is appropriate for its application to Achilles is that, like him, Tityos was killed by Apollo.

401 In the original it is clear that 401 cannot come immediately after 400, so that probably a few lines of narrative have been lost.

413–6 The simile of people lamenting the sack of their city powerfully foreshadows the sack of Troy. The only comparable Homeric simile is that of a woman weeping over her husband's body before being taken as a slave at *Odyssey* 8.523–30.

420–1 refers to the worsting of Ares by Athena at *Iliad* 21.403–8, where the great size of Ares' body is described in terms similar to those used of Tityos in the passage that prompted the comparison at 392–8 above.

424 Emphasis on Achilles' gentleness is noteworthy and surprising. In the *Iliad* the same quality of Patroklos is emphasized by Briseis in her lament at 19.300, and of Hektor by Helen in hers at 24.771–5. Gentleness, or kindness, is praised several times in the *Trojan Epic:* 4.379, 7.89–90, 9.522, 13.348–9 and most importantly 14.203–9, where Achilles' spirit recommends gentleness to his son in a dream.

435 *bulwark*—variant reading *strength*.

439–43 For Ajax's expression of contempt for archers, see the note at 76 above.

443 *Attacks*—variant reading *Retreats*.

446 *effect*—variant reading *ruin*.

457–8 The concluding contrast with Peleus' previous good fortune and the comment about the restricted happiness of all human beings recall the words of Achilles to Priam at *Iliad* 24.525–42.

467–78 Phoinix's account of how he came to be the protégé of Achilles' father and to be entrusted with the rearing of Achilles is closely based on that addressed by Phoinix to Achilles at *Iliad* 9.447–95, part of the attempt to persuade Achilles to accept Agamemnon's offer of reparation. But an important part of that account is omitted, namely that Phoinix left home condemned to childlessness by his father's curse, so that he regarded Achilles as a surrogate son. This exemplifies Quintus' readiness to simplify a story for the sake of dramatic impact.

483–9 echoes what Ajax said about Peleus at 450–8 above.

499–503 Agamemnon's claim to have been misled by Zeus concerning his ability to sack Troy resembles that at *Iliad* 2.111–8 (= 9.18–25).

502 *deceived*—variant reading *grieved*.

508–11 The simile of wind-driven surf is a variation on a subject favored by both Homer and Quintus.

515–25 Nestor's intervention recalls that at *Odyssey* 24.51–7, after the washing and laying out of Achilles' body, in order to calm the Greeks while it is clothed by the Nereids.

532 *in his hut,* or *on a couch*.

533–40 Athena's intervention to preserve Achilles' body with ambrosia corresponds with

that of Thetis at *Iliad* 19.38–9 in answer to Achilles' concern for the condition of Patroklos' body. It also resembles the enhancement of Odysseus' physical condition by Athena at *Odyssey* 6.229–35 and 23.156–62. The putting of a frown on the face is possibly a novel touch.

544–50 Women captured from Lesbos by Achilles are mentioned at *Iliad* 9.128–30, while the sack of Thebe is associated with the capture of Briseis ibid. 2.689–91. His captive women grieve similarly for Patroklos ibid. 18.28–31.

545 *Lesbos*—variant reading *Lemnos*.

551–81 That Briseis' mourning of Achilles featured in earlier versions of the episode is shown by Propertius' brief rendering (2.9.9–14). Its present rendering adapts elements from her mourning of Patroklos at *Iliad* 19.282–300. Most notably Patroklos' promise there that she would be married to Achilles is here said to have been effected already. Briseis' mention there that her husband and brothers had been killed by Achilles is omitted here, which is typical of Quintus' tendency to idealize his heroes.

578–81 The simile of a rocky spring fed by melting snow combines elements from two Homeric similes—*Iliad* 9.14–15 (= 16.3–4) and *Odyssey* 19.205–7. Variations on the same subject occur at 7.229–30, 10.415–20, 12.409–10.

582–603 The participation of the Nereids and the Muses with Thetis in the mourning of Achilles was a feature of the episode already in the *Aithiopis* and the *Odyssey* (24.47–62).

590–1 The Homeric simile of cranes migrating southward to escape winter (*Iliad* 3.3–7) was imitated before Quintus by Oppian, with a simile of their northward migration (*Halieutika* 1.620–5).

597–9 The statement that Zeus gave the Greeks the courage not to fear their divine visitors reads like a pointed correction of the Homeric version that they took fright until they were reassured by Nestor (*Odyssey* 24.47–57), which is followed in Tzetzes' *Posthomerica* (452–8).

603 *The army moaned aloud*—variant reading *they moaned in great grief*.

608–10 Thetis' thought is that those connected with Achilles' victims can draw satisfaction from his death. The killing of Asteropaios, grandson of the river god Axios, is narrated at *Iliad* 21.139–204.

608 For *rosy-vestured Dawn*, see the note at 1.138.

611–26 For the background to Thetis' complaint to Zeus, see the note at 96–127 above.

619–20 Thetis' use of metamorphosis to escape human marriage is found as early as Pindar's mention of the story (*Nemeans* 4.62–5).

626 *deceived*—variant reading *grieved*. Thetis may have been deceived originally, but she had long been aware that Achilles' glory as a warrior was tied to a short life; see *Iliad* 1.413–6, 9.410–6.

628–9 For Thetis' services to Dionysos, Hephaistos, and Zeus, see the notes at 2.438–9, 440–1, 442.

631–55 In addition to the traditional lamentation by Nereids and Muses there now follows a substantial consolation of Thetis by the Muse Kalliope in the manner of rhetorical exercises in portrayal of character. Just such an exercise on the present subject has been found in a papyrus text of the fourth century A.D. (E. Heitsch, *Die griechischen*

Dichterfragmente der roemischen Kaiserzeit [Goettingen, 1961], 1:26), which was possibly influenced by the *Trojan Epic*.

635–6 For the deaths of Zeus' sons, see the note at 1.710–2.

638–41 The description of the magical effect of Orpheus' music resembles that at *Argonautika* 1.23–31. For its attribution to Apollo, see the note at 103–5 above.

645–7 Assurance of Achilles' glory after his death is the point with which the account of his funeral concludes at *Odyssey* 24.93–4.

662–4 The Muses take turns in comforting Thetis as they do in their lamentation at *Odyssey* 24.60–1.

665 For Dawn's exultant mood, see the note at 608–10 above.

667–8 The *many days* of mourning amounted to seventeen according to *Odyssey* 24.63–4.

675–6 *the sons of Atreus*—variant reading *the Argives*.

678–85 The offerings on Achilles' pyre are partly the same as those on Patroklos' pyre at *Iliad* 23.166–76, most notably the barbaric sacrifice of Trojan captives. The inclusion of bulls, sheep, and pigs may consciously reflect later Greek and Roman ritual. The only detail that suggests possible influence from the funeral scene at *Aeneid* 11.182–202 is the armor of slain enemies.

685 The word translated *amber* can also mean *electrum,* the natural alloy of gold and silver, but in a very similar context at 5.625 it certainly means amber.

685–8 The mourners' offering of their own shorn hair features in the Homeric accounts of Achilles' and Patroklos' funerals (*Odyssey* 24.46, *Iliad* 23.135–6).

695–6 There are similar funeral processions of armed troops for Patroklos at *Iliad* 23.128–34 and for Achilles at *Odyssey* 24.68–70.

696–8 Zeus' drops of ambrosia seem analogous to the drops of blood with which he honors Sarpedon at *Iliad* 16.459–60, not to the ambrosia used by Thetis to preserve Patroklos' body ibid. 19.38–9, since preservation is not needed here.

698–718 Zeus' summoning of the north and west winds to blow on Achilles' pyre is based loosely on the bringing of the same winds to blow on Patroklos' pyre at *Iliad* 23.194–230. But whereas there the sole agent is Iris, in answer to Achilles' prayer, here the two agents are Hermes and Aiolos, who first appears as god of the winds in the *Odyssey*. At 14.466–91 Athena causes a storm at sea through the agency of Iris and Aiolos.

723–9 The bones of Patroklos are distinguishable at *Iliad* 23.240–2 simply by their position, not like these of Achilles also by their unusual size. There is evidence for a popular belief that Greek heroes were distinguished in this way: see, for example, Herodotos 1.68.3 and Pausanias 8.29.3.

733–5 Achilles' bones are treated here with unguents, ambrosia, fat and honey, but with wine and unguents at *Odyssey* 24.72–3, and those of Patroklos with fat alone at *Iliad* 23.252–3.

735 *heated honey.* The meaning is uncertain, perhaps *sweet honey.*

736–9 The details of the funerary urn provided by Thetis are taken from *Odyssey* 24.73–5, where it is said to be of gold (also at *Iliad* 23.91–2).

739–41 For the size and location of Achilles' tomb, cf. *Odyssey* 24.80–4. A significant departure from the Homeric accounts is that there is no mention of Achilles sharing his tomb with Patroklos, as requested by Patroklos at *Iliad* 23.83–4 and recorded at

Odyssey 24.76–7. This doubtless reflects later tradition, since according to Strabo (13.1.32) their separate tombs were identified near Troy.

743–65 Achilles is mourned by his immortal horses just as Patroklos is at *Iliad* 17.426–47 and 23.283–4. But the use of this as the occasion to predict their future service of Neoptolemos may be original.

748–51 The birthplace and parentage of the horses are as stated at *Iliad* 16.148–51.

756–7 The spinning of a thread at one's birth by the Fates is a familiar notion already in the Homeric epics, reflected in the name of one of the three Fates, Klotho, the Spinner. But the notion that the Fates are the offspring of primordial Chaos is not attested elsewhere.

758–9 The giving of the horses by Poseidon to Peleus is recorded at *Iliad* 23.276–8.

761–2 For the Elysian Plain, see the note at 771–4 below.

771–4 reflects the post-Homeric tradition of Achilles' apotheosis, which is referred to as already effected by Achilles' spirit at 14.186–7. At 14.224–6 he returns to the Elysian Plain, the predicted destination of his son at 761–2 above. That is described at *Odyssey* 4.563–9 as a paradise at the end of the earth to which Menelaos would go after death because he was the son-in-law of Zeus. The same paradise is called the Islands of the Blessed at Hesiod, *Works and Days* 167–73, the place to which Zeus sent all the heroes who fought and died at Thebes and Troy. The contrast could hardly be greater with the gloomy picture of Achilles' condition in Hades given by his spirit to Odysseus at *Odyssey* 11.488–91.

775–9 The island referred to is Leuke near the mouth of the Danube, where a cult of Achilles was established. According to the *Aithiopis* Thetis herself carried him there from his funeral pyre.

781 For the comparison of Poseidon with a breeze, compare the note at 4.111.

Book 4. The Funeral Games of Achilles

The scanty evidence for the treatment of these games in the *Aithiopis* reveals substantial divergence from it in the present version: they are instituted not by the Greeks themselves but by Thetis, as in the version at *Odyssey* 24.85–92; the chariot race is won not by Eumelos but by Menelaos, and the footrace not by Diomedes but by Lokrian Ajax. This victory of Lokrian Ajax is also found in Diktys' account of Patroklos' funeral games (3.17–19), as is Telamonian Ajax's in the pancratium. The games' contents are taken substantially from those for Patroklos in *Iliad* 23, but with changes seemingly designed to reflect later practices—addition of the pancratium, long jump, and horse riding and omission of the armed combat. Otherwise the most important innovation is replacement of the overwhelming preponderance of the chariot race at the start of the games in the *Iliad* with its relegation to a late position and treatment on a scale second to that of boxing. Particular care is taken to recall earlier events in the Trojan War that had been included in the *Kypria* and were outside the scope of the *Trojan Epic*. The only other extant

sources used by Quintus in this episode are the boxing matches of *Argonautika* 2.1–97 and Theokritos 22.44–134, as well as possibly that at *Aeneid* 5.362–484.

4–6 The removal of Glaukos' body by Apollo and its conveyance by the Winds to Lykia closely reflects the removal of Sarpedon, Glaukos' friend and fellow Lykian, at *Iliad* 16.666–83, where Apollo acts on Zeus' orders and hands the body to Sleep and Death. That the carriers are the Winds here may be a conscious reflection of their same function in the case of Memnon at 2.585–7. For Apollo's traditional association with Lykia, see the note at 11.21–6. Herodotos mentions Lykian nobles who claimed descent from Glaukos (1.147).

49–55 For the background to Hera's complaint, see the note at 3.96–127.

57–61 Here the prophetic thoughts of Zeus prompted by Hera's complaint, which foreshadow not only the sack of Troy but the epic's concluding event, the destruction of the Greek fleet, are left unspoken. At *Iliad* 15.64–71 Zeus actually informs Hera of the war's future course as far as the sack.

66–9 The comments made about the stomach's demands recall those made by Odysseus at *Odyssey* 7.216–21 and 17.286–7.

78–80 The double simile of the effect of wind on the Ikarian Sea and a field of grain is a close adaptation of that at *Iliad* 2.144–8. Both are applied to the movement of the Greek army. The sea immediately south of Samos and Ikaria was so named from the belief that Ikaros drowned in it.

85 After this line Vian inserts the following line—*and face outside (the city) the great strength of the son of Telamon*. Those manuscripts that contain it (not all) place it after 99. It does not suit either context very well, and it is likely to be a interpolation.

87 For the commonplace of the need for hard work, see the note at 1.738.

99 *our leader* seems to be the force of (literally) *himself*.

111 Comparison of Thetis emerging from her element the sea with *a breeze at dawn* is poetically effective in the same way as her appearance *like a mist* at *Iliad* 1.359 in answer to Achilles' prayer on the seashore. A deity or spirit is said to depart *like a breeze* at 3.781, 5.396, 14.223.

115 *Thetis wearing,* or *in, her dark-blue veil* is a phrase that recurs at 381 below and 5.121. The color indicates mourning, as in the description of Thetis at *Iliad* 24.93–4, but it is also appropriate for sea creatures, as in *dark-haired* of the Nereids at 5.345.

119–21 The observations about Nestor being too old for athletic contests resemble those made by Achilles as he presents him with the unclaimed fifth prize for the chariot race at *Iliad* 23.615–23.

123–4 The statement that no one could contend with Nestor in public speaking may be intended to indicate that the following funeral oration should be seen in the same light as the subsequent uncontended athletic events. That would be consistent with other divergences from the Homeric model reflecting the practice of later games, which often included artistic contests.

128–70 Nestor's extensive speech in praise of Thetis and Achilles is presented in a reported form, not as direct speech, which is the rule for the dramatic narratives of the Homeric

epics and the *Trojan Epic* alike. The nearest Homeric precedent is the reported form in which Odysseus' account of his adventures to Penelope is given at *Odyssey* 23.310–43, the form and function of which is reflected in the bards' reported narrative of the Trojan War at 14.125–42.

131–43 For the wedding of Peleus and Thetis, see the note at 3.96–127.

135 *rapid*—variant reading *divine*.

136–7 The presence of Themis has special significance, because it was she who warned Zeus and Poseidon not to marry Thetis, but to give her to Peleus; see, for example, Pindar, *Isthmians* 8.30–44.

140–1 The Graces were traditionally associated with the Muses in the entertainment of the deities on Olympos; see, for example, *Homeric Hymn to Apollo* 186–96.

143 For the association of the Kentaur Cheiron's cave with the wedding of Peleus and Thetis, see Euripides, *Iphigeneia at Aulis* 705–7.

150–1 For the source of the statement about cities sacked by Achilles, see the note at 1.13–14.

151–4 The inclusion of Telephos among Achilles' victims in the main Trojan War is a notable departure from the *Kypria*, according to which he was wounded by Achilles in an earlier abortive expedition to Mysia; later he was healed by Achilles and guided the Greeks to Troy. Eetion was Andromache's father, and at *Iliad* 6.414–20 she recalls how he was killed by Achilles. As regards Kyknos, Quintus makes him the first Trojan leader killed by Achilles when the Greeks first landed near Troy, which is the *Kypria*'s version of the story; cf. 469–70 below and 14.131. The misleading impression given here that Telephos was killed like Eetion and Kyknos is dispelled at 173–7 below, the wounding and healing being referred to as belonging to a single episode (so also at 8.150–3).

154–5 The killing of Polydoros, Priam's youngest son, is narrated at *Iliad* 20.407–18. Troilos is mentioned by Priam at *Iliad* 24.257 as one of the sons he has lost; see the note at 419–35 below, where his death is recalled with elaborate pathos. For the killing of Asteropaios, see the note at 3.608–10.

156–8 refers, as do Achilles' own words at 1.588–9, to the fight by the river narrated in *Iliad* 21.

158–9 The killing of Priam's son Lykaon is narrated with dramatic pathos at *Iliad* 21.34–135.

172 For *silver-footed Thetis*, see the note at 3.101.

173–7 For the wounding and healing of Telephos, see the note at 151–4 above.

181–4 The cows with calves probably belong to the cattle of Aineias kept on Mount Ida, whose capture by Achilles is included in the *Kypria* and recalled at *Iliad* 20.89–92 and 187–94.

188–92 The wearing of loincloths by competing athletes is the earlier Greek custom reflected at *Iliad* 23.683–5 and *Odyssey* 24.89. The wearing of them here out of consideration for the female spectators is only justified as an exception to the rule of nudity at later Greek games, and so it amounts to an anachronism, seemingly incurred by the poet's exaggerated sense of decency.

195 *Friendly*—variant reading *Pure*.

200–5 Teukros' accident with a tamarisk branch recalls two incidents in the *Iliad*. One is

the less dignified accident of Lokrian Ajax in a footrace, Athena's causing him to slip on ox dung (23.774–7). The other is the breaking of a runaway chariot on a tamarisk branch (6.38–41).

211–4 For the attention to medical practice, see the note at 1.76–82.

215–7 Diomedes and Telamonian Ajax compete at *Iliad* 23.811–25 in armed combat, which is excluded from these games in accordance with post-Homeric practice. The wrestling match at *Iliad* 23.700–39 is between Ajax and Odysseus.

220–3 The simile of two hungry beasts fighting over a stag resembles that of two lions at *Iliad* 16.756–8. A variation on the same subject occurs at 8.175–80.

224–30 Diomedes' success in the first bout of wrestling has some resemblance to that of Odysseus at *Iliad* 23.725–8, which is described in less detail.

226 *breaking*—variant reading *throttling.*

228 *under*—variant reading *over.*

233–4 Ajax follows wrestling practice in dusting himself to prevent the slipping of grips.

238–45 The simile of a fight between two bulls has some similarity to the description in the narrative of the didactic epic *Kynegetika* of pseudo-Oppian (2.50–61), in which the bulls are said to dust themselves like wrestlers (ibid. 57).

243 *long*—variant reading *furiously.*

248–9 The simile of clashing branches echoes part of a simile of wind in a mountain forest at *Iliad* 16.765–9.

263–70 The intervention of Nestor to forestall a third bout of wrestling is similar to that of Achilles at *Iliad* 23.733–9.

276–7 For women captured from Lesbos by Achilles, see the note at 3.544–50.

278–81 The division of domestic tasks between the four serving women has partial similarity to that between Kirke's four servants at *Odyssey* 10.352–9.

285 *He rose*—variant reading *He was first.*

286–7 Idomeneus is described at *Iliad* 13.361 as "half-gray," that is, middle-aged.

288–90 According to *Iliad* 16.506–7 the Myrmidons captured Sarpedon's horses and chariot when Patroklos had killed him. At *Iliad* 23.798–800 Sarpedon's armor is offered as a prize.

306–19 At *Iliad* 23.629–42 Nestor recalls that among his victories at the funeral games of the Epeian king Amarynkeus was one in wrestling against Ankaios. Here he recalls that, as a consequence, at the funeral games of his uncle Pelias Ankaios declined to wrestle with him again. Nestor does not feature in other accounts of the latter games.

317 *Many men admired the might*—variant reading *They admired the great might.*

323–8 In the boxing match at *Iliad* 23.664–99 Epeios wins against Euryalos, and in issuing his challenge he acknowledges his deficiency as a warrior.

333–5 The leather thongs formed a kind of cestus, probably the lighter kind used in early times according to Pausanias (8.40.3), which left the fingers uncovered. They are described similarly at *Iliad* 23.683–4, *Argonautika* 2.51–3 and 63–4, Theokritos 22.80–1.

346 *stepping on the tips of their toes*—Similar statements are made about the boxers at *Argonautika* 2.90–1 and *Aeneid* 5.426.

349–52 For the simile of clouds clashing and producing lightning, see the note at 2.221–4.

360 *breaking through with,* or possibly *separating.*

361 *landed . . . bone*—A blow struck by Polydeukes is similarly described at Theokritos 22.104–5.

379 For the praise of gentleness, see the note at 3.424.

381 For *Thetis in her dark-blue veil,* see the note at 115 above.

382–93 For part of the literary background to the information given about the mixing bowls made by Hephaistos, see the note at 2.136–47. The passage is a variation on *Iliad* 23.740–7, where a single silver mixing bowl is offered by Achilles as a prize in the footrace. It had been obtained by Thoas from Phoenician traders and paid by Euneos for Lykaon. Identification of the two bowls as the wedding gift of Dionysos and Ariadne is not otherwise attested. Two gifts in that connection are mentioned in the *Argonautika*—a crown, which became a constellation (3.1001–4), and a veil, which was eventually given to Jason (4.423–34).

396–404 For the attention to medical practice, see the note at 1.76–82.

396 *Quickly* is an uncertain reading.

405–6 At *Iliad* 23.859–83 the competitors in archery are Teukros and Meriones.

419–35 For the mention of Troilos' death in the *Iliad,* see the note at 154–5 above. According to the *Kypria* he was ambushed and killed by Achilles while exercising his horses in the sanctuary of Apollo Thymbraios outside Troy. Sophokles wrote a tragedy titled *Troilos,* but its plot is not known. Virgil includes his death among the scenes of the Trojan War viewed by Aineias on the temple of Juno at Carthage (*Aeneid* 1.474–8) and underlines its pathos by calling him "infelix puer." That is essentially the same as the main focus of Quintus' remarkably emotive elaboration of the subject. Similar too are the reasons that Diktys gives (4.9) for the mourning of his death by the Trojans. There may well have been links between the subject's popularity in late antiquity and the fact that Troilos became a leading character in the medieval Trojan legend.

423–9 The simile of a poppy or cornstalk cut down by a scythe before it can ripen and seed is a rather distant reflection of the relatively brief simile at *Iliad* 8.306–7 of an already ripe poppy drooping under the weight of seed and rain, which is likened to the drooping head of the dying Gorgythion, who like Troilos was a son of Priam. That is memorably adapted by Virgil at *Aeneid* 9.434–7, where the neck of the dying Euryalus is likened to a flower cut by a plow or rain-weighted poppies, which inspired a further variation on the subject at *Metamorphoses* 10.190–3. Part of the difference between the Homeric simile and Quintus' is explicable by the additional influence of Virgil's simile, the action of plow or scythe being a shared feature.

428 *by the gleaming bronze*—variant reading *for future generations.*

436–64 Telamonian Ajax's unchallenged triumph in throwing the weight is in marked contrast to the same contest at *Iliad* 23.836–49, where he is beaten into second place by Polypoites.

440–2 Ajax's cast is compared with that of a dry branch as is Polypoites' with that of a herdsman's throwing staff at *Iliad* 23.845–6.

443–4 A hero's ability to throw something that two ordinary men could hardly lift is a repeated theme in the *Iliad;* see, for example, 5.302–4.

445–9 The capture of the weight from its original owner Antaios by Herakles corresponds

with the same from Eetion by Achilles at *Iliad* 23.826–9. The crushing of Antaios by Herakles is one of the scenes on the shield of his grandson Eurypylos at 6.285–8.

450–1 For the allusion to the sack of Troy by Herakles, see the note at 1.503–5.

457–9 For the supernatural armor of Memnon, see the note at 2.455.

461–2 The statement that Telamonian Ajax was the only Greek large enough to wear Memnon's armor foreshadows his similar claim concerning Achilles' armor at 5.224–8.

469–70 For the death of Kyknos, see the note at 151–4 above.

477–8 Lyrnessos is mentioned at *Iliad* 2.689–93 as the city from which Achilles captured Briseis, when he sacked it and killed its ruler Mynes.

480 *With fists and feet together* denotes the pancratium, the technical term being avoided so that the anachronism of a post-Homeric event should not be too obvious.

487–8 The reference to Euryalos' boxing ability is rather ironic in view of his defeat by Epeios at *Iliad* 23.677–99.

502–3 Of the five competitors in this chariot race two, Menelaos and Eumelos, were among the five in that at *Iliad* 23.262–650.

506 *to cast their lots*—The reading is uncertain.

516–7 The statement that no tracks or prints were left is an exaggeration of *Iliad* 23.504–6, where the chariot tracks are said to be slight.

518–21 Comparison of the dust raised by the horses with smoke or a mist has been prompted by that at *Iliad* 23.365–6, where comparison with a cloud or a storm does not lead into a developed simile as here. This simile is essentially a simpler version of that at 2.469–76, on which see the note ad loc.

524 After this line some forty-eight lines are missing due to the loss of a page in the codex from which all existing manuscripts are derived. Those lines narrated the falls of Thoas and Eurypylos and how Menelaos managed to finish first. The narrative resumes partway through a spectator's speech praising the horses of Menelaos, comparing them with the ones that enabled Pelops to beat Oinomaos in a race. There is no 525, because the line so numbered was wrongly placed here in earlier editions. This seems to be the largest lacuna in the text of the *Trojan Epic,* which is in remarkably good condition considering the lateness of all its surviving manuscripts.

538–40 For the attention to medical practice, see the note at 1.76–82.

543–4 For the death of Eetion, see the note at 151–4 above.

545 *saddle*—literally *with single frontlets.*

552–5 The stormy conditions at sea during the appearance of the Altar constellation in late November are described by Aratos (*Phainomena* 402–30). There is a variation on the same simile subject at 13.480–6.

568–73 The horse's ancestor Arion, given by the gods to Adrastos king of Argos, is mentioned by way of comparison at *Iliad* 23.346–7, in the chariot race. There were different versions of Arion's parentage.

580–1 Here the final event is won by Agamemnon, whereas at *Iliad* 23.884–97 he is given the final prize without actually competing with his javelin.

586 For the killing of Polydoros, see the note at 154–5 above.

587–8 For the killing of Asteropaios, see the note at 3.608–10. Parts of his armor were

given as two separate prizes in Patroklos' funeral games—his breastplate for the chariot race (*Iliad* 23.560–2) and his sword for the armed combat (ibid. 807–8).

589–91 The giving of prizes to those who competed without winning is consistent with the Homeric account of Patroklos' games, in which all the prizes are specified for each event.

Book 5. The Contest for the Armor of Achilles

The first half of the book is occupied with the contest between Telamonian Ajax and Odysseus, and the second with Ajax's death and funeral. The contest was both the last episode of the *Aithiopis* and the first of the *Little Iliad,* with considerable differences between them. Quintus begins with an important difference from both—inclusion, as an introduction, of a detailed description of the armor, especially the scenes on the shield, which follows the pattern of its primary model, the making of the armor at *Iliad* 18.478–613, but with some details taken from the *Shield of Herakles,* a short epic wrongly attributed to Hesiod, and with considerable innovation. As regards the decision between the rival claims for the armor, there were three different versions to choose from: the one attributed to the *Aithiopis* was that Agamemnon decided after consulting Trojan prisoners; according to the *Little Iliad* Greek spies, sent on Nestor's advice, overheard Trojan women valuing Odysseus' role more highly; a third version, reflected by Pindar (*Nemeans* 8.26–7) and Sophokles (*Ajax* 1135–7), was that the Greeks listened to the claimants and voted by secret ballot. It seems to be the *Aithiopis* version that is referred to at *Odyssey* 11.543–7. The influence of all three versions is discernible in that of Quintus: on Nestor's advice Agamemnon compels Trojan prisoners to decide after listening to the rival speeches, as in a court of law. Of the two earlier extant renderings of these speeches, that of the Cynic philosopher Antisthenes has no close resemblance to Quintus', whereas that of Ovid (*Metamorphoses* 13.1–381) has, most strikingly in the main speech of Ajax, many of the points being the same and even partly in the same order. Here direct influence is the only plausible explanation, as also in Odysseus' speech, where resemblance is less close. At the same time the general style of Quintus' version is markedly different from Ovid's with its rhetorical subtlety. A seeming innovation by Quintus is having the main speeches followed by brief replies in accordance with courtroom practice. His version has been criticized for making Odysseus' case appear the weaker and the judgment unfair, but that accords with his bias in favor of Ajax in the earlier narrative and with a widely held view of the judgment (cf. Plato, *Apology* 41B). The one other work of earlier literature that had substantial influence is Sophokles' *Ajax,* for the madness and suicide of Ajax, which featured already in the *Little Iliad,* although Quintus' version

departs pointedly from Sophokles' in the absence of disagreement over the treatment of Ajax's body. The whole of the mourning and funeral was conceived as a counterpart of those of Achilles in book 3, on a considerably reduced scale but with a similar overall pattern and many elements in common.

1–3 The offer of the armor by Thetis as a reward for rescuing Achilles' body marks the conclusion of the funeral games, which began with a similar statement at 4.115–6.

3–120 The description, or ecphrasis, of Achilles' armor follows the broad pattern of its primary model at *Iliad* 18.478–613, but differs in presenting the pieces as completed, not as work in progress. Both descriptions are mainly devoted to the scenes on the shield, the Homeric having ten scenes (thirteen with subdivision) at greatly varied length (from 2 to 32 lines) over 125 lines, and this having nine scenes (fourteen with subdivision), ranging from 5 to 18 lines each, over 96 lines. Despite the similarity of arrangement most of the scenes are substantially new in relation to extant antecedents. While the Homeric description concludes with just 5 lines recording the manufacture of breastplate, helmet, and greaves, this one devotes 8 lines to the helmet and 11 to breastplate, greaves, sword, and spear.

3–16 Attribution of the shield to Hephaistos recalls that in *Iliad* 18 he is shown making it at Thetis' request. The initial presentation of the scenes on it as a representation of the universe is similar to *Iliad* 18.483–9. The notion of rivers flowing out of the encircling stream of Ocean was a feature of primitive Greek cosmology; cf., for example, *Iliad* 21.195–7. At *Iliad* 14.200–10 Ocean and Tethys are said to be the parents of the gods.

15 *sounding*—variant reading *dangerous*.

19–24 The description of boars whetting their tusks and attacked by hunters with dogs resembles the simile at *Iliad* 11.414–8, which is also reflected in a simile at 9.240–4.

25–40 The description of battle with personifications of warfare and Gorgons is a recurrent type of scene in the *Trojan Epic*, for which see the note at 1.308–11. Its only counterpart in the Homeric shield scenes, *Iliad* 18.535–8, is probably interpolated from the *Shield of Herakles* (156–9), which is characterized by several similar descriptions.

27 *their*—variant reading *swift*.

38–40 The snake-haired Gorgons accord with the usual portrayal of the Gorgon Medusa, as represented on the aegis of Athena at 14.454–6.

44 *lovely works of peace*—variant reading *works of lovely peace*.

45–8 Cities in which justice prevails are said to prosper. The statement is comparable with those at *Odyssey* 19.109–14 and Hesiod, *Works and Days* 225–37.

49–56 The remarkable scene of personified Virtue standing on a palm tree on top of a mountain that people find difficult to ascend stands out for its obvious allegorical character. Its first literary antecedent is Hesiod's contrast between the difficult road to virtue and the easy one to evil (*Works and Days* 287–92), which also influenced Quintus' statement at 12.292–6 that good things are only reached through toil, whereas evil is easy to reach. The second important antecedent is Xenophon's description of the choice presented to the young Herakles between the difficult path to virtue

and the easy one to evil (*Memorabilia* 2.1.21–34). That is likely to have influenced Quintus' further development of the present image at 14.195–200, where the shade of Achilles tells his son in a dream of the difficulty of climbing the tree of Virtue and gathering its fruit. The application of the image to Achilles is appropriate because he, like Herakles, had to make a famous choice, that of the short but glorious life (*Iliad* 9.410–6). The closest precedent for a deity on a palm tree seems to have been a bronze palm bearing Athena at Delphi, described by Pausanias (10.15.4–5). One further likely influence was the use of the Greek letter upsilon, Y, as a graphic symbol for the alternative paths of good and evil, which was attributed to Pythagoras. For Quintus' wider use of the commonplace of the need for hard work, see the note at 1.738.

53 *bramble bushes*—variant reading *rocks.*

57–65 What at first is presented as a single scene of a grain harvest proves finally to be a pair of juxtaposed scenes, the second being plowing. This is a way of abbreviating the two separate scenes of plowing and reaping at *Iliad* 18.541–60.

66–72 It is debatable whether the dancing and the appearance of Aphrodite are another pair of juxtaposed scenes or two parts of one scene. The rising of Aphrodite from the sea seems designed to recall a famous painting of the subject by Apelles.

67 This is one interpretation of an ambiguous line that has been much discussed and sometimes emended by editors.

73–9 For the wedding of Peleus and Thetis, see the note at 3.96–127. This is the only scene on the shield that has an obvious thematic link with the narrative.

80–96 A seascape is divided into two contrasted parts, a storm followed by a calm, which may be intended to reflect the change from war to peace in the preceding scenes on land.

80–7 The scene of storm-tossed ships, with its emphasis on the sailors' fear, has some resemblance to the simile at *Iliad* 15.624–8. Another variation on the subject occurs in a simile at 364–9 below.

80 *Groaning ships . . . a sea*—variant reading *Ships . . . a groaning sea.*

88–96 The description of Poseidon driving across the sea resembles that at *Iliad* 13.25–31. The main differences here are that Poseidon's smile is reflected in the calming of the sea and that he is greeted by dolphins. Both these features are found in Moschos' description of the bull swimming with Europa (2.115–7).

99–101 The final statement that the shield is encircled by Ocean corresponds with the conclusion of the shield description at *Iliad* 18.607–8.

103–9 For the fight between Zeus and the Titans, see the note at 1.179.

107 *snowflakes*—variant reading *clouds.*

110 *massive*—variant reading *beautiful.*

118–20 The Homeric description of Achilles' spear (*Iliad* 16.143–4 = 19.390–1) likewise mentions its origin from Mount Pelion but adds that it was a gift from Cheiron to Peleus.

121 For *Thetis in her dark-blue veil,* see the note at 4.115.

129–33 The unashamed expression of prejudice in favor of Ajax is consistent with his presentation in the earlier narrative. The simile of the Evening Star is modeled on that at *Iliad* 22.317–8, which is applied to Achilles' spear.

134 *famous Idomeneus*—variant reading *Idomeneus as judge.*

139–64 The initiative of Nestor in advising referral of the judgment to Trojan prisoners seems to be new in relation to the *Aithiopis* version but may be influenced by that of the *Little Iliad,* in which, however, Nestor's advice was different.

176 *the painful case*—variant reading *as a favor.*

180–236 Ajax's main speech begins and ends with the crucial question of who rescued Achilles' armor and with Ajax's general claim to be superior, while the longer central part is occupied with past events as proofs of that superiority.

191–4 The citing of Odysseus' attempted evasion of service corresponds with *Metamorphoses* 13.34–42, in Ovid's version of the story, but differs from it in not explicitly mentioning Odysseus' feigned madness and its detection by Palamedes. The story was told in the *Kypria*.

195–6 The story of the abandonment of Philoktetes was told in the *Kypria* and is mentioned at *Iliad* 2.721–5. Its citing by Ajax at *Metamorphoses* 13.45–54 is more elaborate, including details of Philoktetes' condition on Lemnos and the fated need of his bow and arrows for the capture of Troy, which feature in the narrative of *Trojan Epic* 9.

198–9 The citing of Palamedes' death, which was included in the *Kypria,* corresponds with *Metamorphoses* 13.55–60, which differs in mentioning the false charge and planted evidence with which Odysseus secured his conviction.

200–10 The event recalled here is the rescue of Odysseus, when wounded in battle, by Ajax and Menelaos, which is narrated at *Iliad* 11.411–88. It is also recalled by Ajax at *Metamorphoses* 13.73–81 but with focus on different details.

211–4 refers to the statement in the *Iliad* (8.222–6 = 11.5–9) that Odysseus' ships had been beached in the middle of the camp, and those of Ajax and Achilles in the most dangerous positions at either end. This is not mentioned in Ovid's version.

214–7 Ajax recalls his defense of the Greek ships, which is narrated at *Iliad* 15.674–746, and his repeated role in the *Iliad* as the champion who faces Hektor. This corresponds with *Metamorphoses* 13.82–94.

224–8 The claim that Ajax alone has the physique for wearing Achilles' armor recalls the similar statement concerning Memnon's armor at 4.461–2. It corresponds with *Metamorphoses* 13.107–12 in Ovid's version.

233 For *silver-footed Thetis,* see the note at 3.101.

236 Ajax's family connection with Achilles is mentioned abruptly at the end of his speech, whereas it is elaborated at its beginning at *Metamorphoses* 13.21–33.

237–90 The first half of Odysseus' speech is devoted to the value of his superior intelligence. In the second half he answers some but not all of the charges made by Ajax, omitting his alleged evasion of service, his treatment of Philoktetes and Palamedes, and his failure to defend the ships, all of which are answered in Ovid's version of the speech. While the two versions share many points, their arrangement is different. Quintus seems to have departed further from Ovid here out of concern to make Odysseus' case seem the weaker.

243–50 The most remarkable feature of Odysseus' speech is this eulogy of human intelligence and skill. It owes something to Nestor's advice to Antilochos before the chariot race at *Iliad* 23.315–8. But the examples chosen—quarrymen, sailors, hunters, plow-

men—seem to have been prompted by those in the thematically similar choral passage 332–52 of Sophokles' *Antigone*, only quarrymen being different.

253–5 refers to Odysseus' partnership with Diomedes in a scouting expedition (*Iliad* 10), which is treated much more elaborately at *Metamorphoses* 13.239–52.

256–7 refers to the disguise of Achilles as a girl by Thetis to prevent him from going to war, which was detected by Odysseus. Unlike Ovid (*Metamorphoses* 13.162–70) Quintus avoids giving details discreditable to Achilles.

268–75 For the event referred to, see the note at 200–10 above.

275–8 answers Ajax's accusation at 211–4 above. Odysseus' alleged motive was perhaps suggested by the statement at *Iliad* 11.806–8 that assemblies were held beside Odysseus' ships.

278–81 summarizes the story of Odysseus' disguise with self-inflicted maltreatment and his entering Troy to obtain information, as it is told by Helen to Telemachos at *Odyssey* 4.244–58. The traditional timing of the exploit was later than the present episode, shortly before the construction of the wooden horse. Quintus appears to have reproduced a mistake originally made by a source which, like Antisthenes (*Ajax* 6), treated this episode without reference to the larger narrative.

282–4 answers Ajax's accusation at 216–7 above by recalling Odysseus' response, with eight others, to Hektor's challenge at *Iliad* 7.161–9, but omitting the fact that all were shamefully slow after Menelaos.

285–6 contradicts Ajax's claim to the main role in rescuing the body and armor of Achilles (183–6 and 218–22 above). Odysseus' version of the event is found in Sophokles' *Philoktetes* (373), but it contradicts the narrative at 3.212–387 and so puts Odysseus in a bad light. This is underlined by Ajax's concentration on this point in his reply at 292–305 below.

298–9 The simile of feeding geese or cranes attacked by an eagle is a simple variation on that at *Iliad* 15.690–2, which differs in mentioning swans also. There is a freer variation on the simile subject, with cranes and eagle only, at 13.104–7.

313–6 Odysseus tries to embarrass Ajax by recalling their wrestling match, narrated at *Iliad* 23.700–39, in which Odysseus got the better, although it was judged a tie.

322–8 The remarkable physiological detail with which Ajax's condition is described may well be an original touch on the part of Quintus, for whose apparent interest in medical matters see the note at 1.76–82. Here two matters of medical theory are reflected. The first is that of the four humors that determine human temperament. Preponderance of yellow bile produces a choleric temperament, and in this case it affects the liver. Second, since the third century B.C. there had been some understanding of the function of the brain, in particular of its occipital lobes. Precise mention of this is included in the description of Medeia's emotional condition at *Argonautika* 3.761–5, which clearly influenced the present passage.

338–44 For the marriage of Thetis and Peleus, see the note at 3.96–127, and for the singling out of the Nereid Kymothoe, cf. *Aeneid* 1.144.

349–51 The gratuitous information about wine supplied to the Greek army is comparable with that given at *Iliad* 7.467–75.

352–94 The passage of a night before Ajax's madness results in action is a noteworthy difference from the version in Sophokles' *Ajax*.

360–4 Athena's intervention to inflict madness on Ajax is much more elaborately treated in Sophokles' *Ajax*.

364–9 For the simile of a storm at sea dreaded by sailors, see the note at 80–7 above.

367–8 The setting of the Pleiades constellation is said to be a time of stormy winds by Hesiod (*Works and Days* 618–21). The same is combined with other astronomical information in Lykomedes' warning to Neoptolemos against sailing at the winter solstice (7.300–11).

371–8 The simile of a wild beast frantic over the loss of its young resembles that of a lion searching for its stolen young at *Iliad* 18.318–22. For the detail of its roar, see the note at 3.142–6.

380–4 The unusual simile of water boiled in a cauldron to remove pig's bristles closely reflects that at *Iliad* 21.362–4, where the purpose is melting pig's fat.

386–9 The triple comparison with sea, wind, and fire recurs in a more elaborate form at 10.66–71. The simile of a forest fire is a slightly more elaborate version of those at 1.209–10 (see the note ad loc.) and 1.536–7.

396 For the comparison of Sleep with a breeze, see the note at 4.111.

397–403 The mythological digression of personified Sleep meeting Hera recalls his reward for helping her to seduce Zeus at *Iliad* 14.231–362.

404 Ajax is compared with Orion seemingly because the latter was a giant who met a violent death. The same is true of Typhon, with whom Ajax is compared at 485 below.

409–10 For the simile of falling leaves in autumn, see the note at 2.536–7.

413–32 The change of scene to the dialogue between Menelaos and Agamemnon is probably an original feature of this version of the story. It serves to increase dramatic tension combined with irony.

425 *removed*—variant reading *destroyed*.

433–8 The shepherds' escape from Ajax differs from Sophokles' statement that they were killed with their flock (*Ajax* 27).

435–7 The simile of hares trying to hide from an eagle owes something to two similes of an eagle catching a hare at *Iliad* 17.674–8 and 22.308–10.

439–50 Ajax's speech of mocking insult over the slaughtered ram that he supposes to be Odysseus is typically Homeric. It replaces the mutilation and flogging of two rams in Sophokles' version (*Ajax* 101–17, 237–44, 296–304).

451–5 The personification of Madness is reminiscent of its presentation in Euripides' *Herakles* as a stage character acting for a malevolent deity.

452 *the deadly breath of fearsome Madness*—variant reading *the fierce and deadly breath of Madness*.

465–81 Ajax's soliloquy is the counterpart of his last soliloquy in Sophokles' version (*Ajax* 815–65). That is mostly quite different from this one, with the important exception of the prayer to the spirits of vengeance (ibid. 835–44), which is similar to his curse at 470–5 below, the only case of close imitation of Sophokles by Quintus in this episode.

474–5 The curse concerning Agamemnon's homecoming foreshadows his well-known murder by Aigisthos and Klytaimestra.

478–9 Ajax's comment on the misdirection of honor to base men instead of the brave is a variation on that of Achilles at *Iliad* 9.319.

482–3 The tradition that the sword presented to Ajax by Hektor at the end of their inconclusive duel (*Iliad* 7.303–4) was the instrument of his suicide is also followed by Sophokles at *Ajax* 815–34. But there it pierces his flank as he falls on it, whereas here he cuts his throat with it, which probably reflects the tradition, otherwise ignored in the *Trojan Epic,* that Ajax was invulnerable except in his throat.

485 For the comparison of Ajax with Typhon, see the note at 404 above. It also owes something to the simile of Zeus lashing the earth in anger with Typhoeus at *Iliad* 2.781–3.

493–6 The simile of ewes grieving for the loss of their lambs seems to be most indebted to that of birds calling for their stolen chicks at *Odyssey* 16.216–8, which is more closely reflected in two later similes, at 7.330–5 and 12.489–94.

500–2 Teukros is restrained from attempting suicide just as Achilles is, by Antilochos, on receiving the news of Patroklos' death at *Iliad* 18.32–4. The theme is elaborated later at 7.23–31.

503–6 The simile of a boy mourning the death of his mother can be seen as a thematic reversal of the simile at *Iliad* 23.222–3 (applied to the mourning Achilles) of a father at the funeral of his son.

514 *you were our shield from harm*—The same is said of Achilles by Briseis at 3.565 and of Ajax by Menelaos at 423–4 above.

522–5 Tekmessa's status as wife in spite of being a prisoner of war is stated at Sophokles, *Ajax* 894–5.

532–3 like 566–7 below, seems to allude to Ajax's immunity from death through enemy action as stated at 1.566–7.

547–9 Similar statements are made by Briseis, about her present status in her lament for Achilles at 3.568 and about her future in her lament for Patroklos at *Iliad* 19.297–9.

551–6 The prediction that her son will be ill-treated is comparable with that made by Andromache in her lament for Hektor at *Iliad* 22.484–99.

574–97 Odysseus' expression of sympathy and regret follows in essentials that at *Odyssey* 11.548–60, his encounter with the shade of Ajax.

574–7 Odysseus' denunciation of anger and strife resembles that expressed by Achilles at *Iliad* 18.107–11.

596–7 expresses the Stoic ideal of wisdom in virtually the same terms as 3.8–9, applied there to Nestor's bearing of his son Antilochos' death, which is recalled at 604–5 below. The wise man's self-control in both bad and good fortune is similarly expressed by Achilles to Neoptolemos at 14.201–3.

610–1 The commonplace of the impossibility of raising the dead is expressed by Achilles to Priam at *Iliad* 24.551 and again by Nestor, to Podaleirios, at *Trojan Epic* 7.41–3.

614 *to the speedy ships*—variant reading *quickly to the ships.*

619 *filed in procession*—variant reading *piled up* (sc. the timber).

625–30 The mythological digression on the origin of amber from the tears of the sun god's

daughters mourning the death of their brother Phaethon is indebted to the same at *Argonautika* 4.603–11.

626 *all-seeing* seems to be a novel sense given to a word that properly means *prophetic*.

637–9 Wind for Ajax's pyre is sent by Thetis, whereas at 3.698–718 she is favored by Zeus with the bringing of wind for Achilles' pyre.

641–3 The description of the burning of the giant Enkelados has some similarity to those by Virgil (*Aeneid* 3.578–82) and Philostratos (*Pictures* 2.17.5). At 14.582–5 the death of Lokrian Ajax is compared with that of Enkelados.

644–9 Comparison with the death of Herakles introduces the theme of apotheosis. Its attribution to Herakles is found at *Odyssey* 11.601–4, and it is cited at *Trojan Epic* 3.771–2 as a precedent for that of Achilles.

650 *his battles all forgotten*—For the application of similar expressions to the dead Achilles, see the note at 3.390.

655–6 The construction of a burial mound for Ajax parallels that for Achilles at 3.739–42.

Book 6. The Arrival of Eurypylos

Quintus' choice of the version that placed the arrivals of Neoptolemos and Eurypylos before that of Philoktetes, in preference to the version of the *Little Iliad* which had them in reverse order, and the advantages of this choice for the large-scale structure of the narrative are dealt with in the general introduction. Similarity of many details in the narratives of books 6, 7, and 8 and of Diktys 4.14–7 is so close that this is probably due to use of the same unknown source. The only other version about which sufficient information survives is Sophokles' tragedy *Eurypylos,* and that differed strikingly in the prominent role played by Eurypylos' mother Astyoche. As regards the sequence of events associated with the arrivals, Quintus' version differs from the *Little Iliad,* in which Neoptolemos' arrival and reception were followed by those of Eurypylos, as well as from Diktys, according to whom this sequence is reversed, as in Quintus' version, but then a considerable delay precedes the battle in which Eurypylos is killed by Neoptolemos. Quintus' version, with the decision to send for Neoptolemos followed by Eurypylos' arrival and initial success, from which the Greeks are saved by Neoptolemos in the nick of time, is dramatically far superior and may well be original. The possibility here of influence from *Aeneid* 10—the arrival of Aineias by ship just in time to save his camp from attack—has been considered, but there is no close similarity. In the first episode of book 6, the decision to send for Neoptolemos, Quintus seems to have avoided the more usual version in two particulars: the proposal is made by the Greek seer Kalchas, not by the Trojan Helenos, whose capture is postponed to a prediction at 10.346–9; the envoys sent for this purpose are Odysseus and Diomedes instead of either Odysseus alone (*Odyssey* 11.508–9) or Odysseus and Phoinix (Sophokles, *Philoktetes* 343–7). No mention is made

of Priam's resort to bribery to obtain Eurypylos' help, alluded to at *Odyssey* 11.520–1, which is typical of Quintus' general avoidance of material discreditable to his heroes. One feature of Eurypylos' first battle that is likely to be original is its introduction with a detailed description of his grandfather Herakles' labors depicted on his shield, on the same scale as the description in book 5 of the shield destined for Neoptolemos' use, to which it is obviously designed as a counterpart. The battle's sequence of attacks and counterattacks follows broadly the pattern of the battle narrative in *Iliad* 11. Eurypylos' killing of Machaon featured in the *Little Iliad,* as did probably that of Nireus.

1–3 For the story of Tithonos and the dawn goddess, see the note at 2.115–6, and for the metaphor of smiling earth and air, that at 2.208–11.

5–56 Menelaos' advice to the army to escape before suffering further losses is revealed immediately afterward as contrary to his real desire for revenge and as only said in order to test the army. But it is taken literally by Diomedes, who abuses Menelaos and threatens death to anyone who acts on his advice. This incorporates elements from three episodes in the *Iliad:* at 2.48–393 Agamemnon reveals his real purpose to the leaders before testing the army by advising it to depart, but when he is taken all too literally the situation is retrieved by Odysseus, and finally Nestor threatens death to any who try to leave; at 9.9–51, when Agamemnon in real despair advises the army to escape, Diomedes abuses him and says that he will stay to capture Troy even if others leave; at 14.64–132 Agamemnon, after he and Odysseus and Diomedes have been wounded, suggests escaping the following night, but Odysseus rebukes him and Diomedes says they should encourage the army to keep fighting.

61–2 At *Iliad* 2.299–330 Odysseus reminds the Greeks of an omen that occurred when the army first gathered at Aulis, which was interpreted by Kalchas as showing that they would capture Troy after nine years of fighting.

64–7 The naming of Diomedes and Odysseus as the envoys to bring Neoptolemos from Skyros should be seen in the light of Odysseus' recollection of their partnership narrated in *Iliad* 10 and of his claim that his earlier success in bringing Achilles to Troy would lead to his employment for any such purpose in future (5.253–62). The rearing of his son on Skyros is mentioned by Achilles at *Iliad* 19.326–7. It was part of the traditional story that Neoptolemos' help was necessary for the capture of Troy (see Apollodoros 5.10).

73 *eagerness*—variant reading *grief*.

89–92 The fulfillment of Menelaos' promise of his daughter in marriage to Neoptolemos is narrated at *Odyssey* 4.3–9.

100 Twenty is the conventional number for a ship's crew in Homer (*Iliad* 1.309, *Odyssey* 1.280).

107–11 The simile of oxen sweating as they pull a heavy cart is a variation on those of plowing oxen at *Iliad* 13.703–7 and *Argonautika* 2.662–7. Further variations on the same subject occur in similes at 8.372–4 and 11.132–3. Oxen pulling carts and plows are depicted side by side on Achilles' shield at 5.60–5.

119–20 The absence at this point of a motive for Eurypylos' arrival, such as is given for those of Penthesileia and Memnon, is no doubt due to Quintus' avoidance of the traditional story, as noted in the introduction to the book.

125–7 The simile of geese that warm their keeper's heart recalls Penelope's twenty pet geese, which feature in her prophetic dream at *Odyssey* 19.536–53.

130–2 The women's admiration, like that of Helen at 156 below, hints at Eurypylos' extraordinary beauty, which is recorded at *Odyssey* 11.522. The same may be said of his being likened to Herakles by Paris at 302–3 below.

137–42 The story of Telephos' mother Auge was that her father Aleus, king of Tegea, made her priestess of Athena to prevent her having a son who would grow up to kill Aleus' own sons. The child from her forced union with Herakles was exposed on Mount Parthenion but suckled by a doe. He eventually found his mother married to the king of Mysia, whom he succeeded. The story was the subject of Sophokles' tragedy *The Sons of Aleus*.

143–50 The brief description of Eurypylos conducted through Troy by Paris to his home has no more than a vague resemblance to the elaborate one of Aineias conducted through the site of Rome by Evander at *Aeneid* 8.306–61.

144–7 Some of the topographic details of Troy's acropolis are the same as those given at *Iliad* 6.312–7, where Hektor walks from the temple of Athena (Tritonis here) to the house of Paris, which is said to be near those of Priam and Hektor. The altar of Zeus the Guardian (literally Zeus of the Enclosure, i.e., the household deity) was famous as the spot where Priam was killed by Neoptolemos, for which see the note at 13.220–50.

153 The four serving maids are perhaps an unconscious echo of the four who serve Kirke at *Odyssey* 10.348–59.

167–79 The description of the Trojans and Keteians feasting outside the walls and of the apprehensive reaction of the Greeks to the sight of their fires and the sound of their music is reminiscent of the descriptions of a similar situation at *Iliad* 8.543–65 and 10.11–13.

198–293 The description, or ecphrasis, of Eurypylos' shield is on exactly the same scale as its counterpart, that of Achilles' shield at 5.3–101, but it differs in the greater number of its scenes, eighteen, and in the greater uniformity of their scale, thirteen ranging between three and five lines each, and five between seven and ten lines. Also different is the obvious overall link between the deeds of Herakles and his grandson Eurypylos. The arrangement of the scenes, with the canonical twelve labors preceded by the infant's killing of the snakes and followed by five other deeds, follows a conventional pattern, as is proved by the almost identical arrangement of Hyginus, *Fables* 30 and 31. While the elaboration of some scenes shows literary influence, there is a consistent focus on visual representation that strongly suggests more or less conscious influence from the long-established practice of the visual arts.

212–9 A very similar depiction of the killing of the hydra by Herakles and Iolaos is described at Euripides, *Ion* 191–200, one of the metopes on the temple of Apollo at Delphi.

223–6 Representation of the hind as a destructive monster, comparable with that at Euripides, *Herakles* 375–9, is unusual.

236–40 The description of Herakles mastering a fire-breathing bull has points of similarity both to that of Jason at *Argonautika* 3.1303–8 and to that of Herakles (without fire) at Theokritos 25.145–9.

252–4 The statements that the dogs Orthros and Kerberos were brothers and that their parents were Echidna and Typhoeus (at 260–4 below) seem to be taken from Hesiod, *Theogony* 304–12.

270 *to which they were bolted*—variant reading *and his limbs.*

276–9 The depiction of Kentaurs fighting with pine trunks is comparable with that at *Shield of Herakles* 178–90, but their opponents there are Lapiths.

281 *smashed*—variant reading *changed (in appearance).*

296 *The armor and the man* recalls, perhaps unintentionally, the opening words of the *Aeneid,* "Arma virumque."

310 *It rests upon the knees of the immortals* is a variation on a Homeric formula; cf., for example, *Iliad* 17.514. There is another at *Trojan Epic* 7.71.

316–22 The selection of six leaders, in addition to Eurypylos, on the Trojan side may be compared with the fivefold division of the Trojan forces at *Iliad* 12.86–107, where the named leaders include four of the present six—Paris (Alexander), Aineias, Polydamas, and Deiphobos.

324–6 For the bee simile, see the note at 1.440–3.

330–4 The simile of wind and waves has elements in common with several such similes in the *Iliad,* the most distinctive of which is the spewing of seaweed ibid. 9.7.

341–7 The simile of calves joyful at the return of the cows from their pastures closely resembles that at *Odyssey* 10.410–4. The details of bowls of milk in spring reflect a repeated simile line, *Iliad* 2.471 = 16.643.

350–1 For the personifications of warfare, see the note at 1.308–11.

359 *ironhearted,* literally *brazen,* which has the wrong metaphorical meaning in English. The metaphorical application of the adjective to personified Strife reflects the Homeric formula *brazen Ares* (e.g., *Iliad* 5.704).

363 *swords*—The reading is uncertain.

372 *Nireus, a man who rivaled the gods.* At 7.7–12 it is stated that this rivalry was for beauty, as is strongly implied in the account of his death down to 389 below. The later passage also makes explicit the contrast with his physical weakness, which echoes his mention in the catalog of Greek forces at *Iliad* 2.671–5. Another reflection of that passage is the mention at 492 below of his mother's name, Aglaia, which is used as a common noun at 383 below, translated *loveliness,* a kind of verbal wit that is rare in the epic.

378–81 The simile of the uprooted olive sapling is indebted to that at *Iliad* 17.53–8, which like this one is applied to the killing of a warrior of outstanding beauty, Euphorbos. But there the destructive force is wind, whereas here it is a flooding river, for the use of which in similes see the note at 2.221–4.

396–8 The simile of a cornered lion or boar that concentrates on whoever strikes it first most closely resembles that of a lion at *Argonautika* 2.26–9.

401 *buttock.* It has been argued that the word so translated has the exceptional meaning *groin* here.

422–4 The father of the healers Machaon and Podaleirios was Asklepios (*Iliad* 2.731–2), who came to be worshiped as the god of healing.

425–34 The dying Machaon's prediction of the impending death of his killer Eurypylos and the latter's dismissal of the same recall the words exchanged at the killing of Patroklos by Hektor and of Hektor by Achilles (*Iliad* 16.843–61 and 22.355–66, respectively).

435 The stabbing of Machaon's dead body is another point of similarity to the death of Hektor; cf. *Iliad* 22.369–75.

451 For the commonplace of the need for hard work, see the note at 1.738.

470–91 The cave seems to be the same as that described at *Argonautika* 2.727–45. Situated at Cape Acheron near Herakleia on Pontos, it was believed to be an entrance to Hades (cf. 489–90 below). But the only similarity of detail between these two descriptions is the coldness, here of the stream and there of the draft of air. Most of the details here are taken from the description of the cave of the nymphs on Ithaka at *Odyssey* 13.103–12—bowls and looms of stone (clearly stalagmites), flowing water, and separate entrances to north and south, only with the difference that here the northern is for gods and the southern for humans, which is a whimsical reversal of their function in the Ithakan cave.

523–4 foreshadows the narration of Lokrian Ajax's death at 14.530–89, which is the last notable episode of the epic.

527–37 The encirclement of Agamemnon and Menelaos by the enemy is reminiscent of that of Odysseus at *Iliad* 11.401–20. There Odysseus is likened to a boar surrounded by hunters and hounds, whereas here the comparison is an anachronistic one with boars or lions used for a public execution or gladiatorial show in an amphitheater. The significance of this as a reflection of the author's world is noted in the general introduction.

551–2 For the connection between the river Axios and Asteropaios and for the latter's killing, see the note at 3.608–10.

561–73 The killing of Pammon's charioteer by a stone and the saving of Pammon's life by a prompt replacement resembles the action at *Iliad* 8.309–19, where Hektor's charioteer is killed by an arrow and Hektor calls on his brother Kebriones to act as a replacement. A closely parallel action, but with the victim on the Greek side, occurs at 9.149–56.

580 *prudent Deiopites*—variant reading *Echemmon, in battle*.

586 *life immortal left him*. For the probable Stoic background of this, see the note at 3.319.

611–2 The simile of deer chased through woods by hounds resembles that of a deer or a hare at *Iliad* 10.360–2. The subject recurs at 8.363–4.

619–21 The poet's claim that not even a heart of steel would be strong enough to name the common throng recalls the more elaborate one at *Iliad* 2.488–90 that ten tongues, ten mouths, an unbreakable voice, and a heart of bronze would not suffice.

636–8 The grotesque image of an arrow shaken by the still beating heart that it has pierced is an adaptation of that of a spear at *Iliad* 13.442–4. The change to a smaller weapon could be seen as a concession to realism.

644–8 The interruption of the Trojan onslaught by night and their camping beside the river resembles the situation at *Iliad* 8.485–91.

Book 7. The Arrival of Neoptolemos

The consolation of Podaleirios over the death of his brother Machaon by Nestor, with which book 7 begins, probably reflects an early tradition, because the bones of Machaon were believed to have been taken by Nestor to Gerenia in Messenia, where there was a shrine and cult of Machaon (Pausanias 3.26.9–10). Eurypylos' first exploit in the book, the killing of Peneleos, is found in other sources (Pausanias 9.5.15, Diktys 4.17) and may have been in the *Little Iliad*. The embassy to Skyros for the purpose of fetching Neoptolemos, after featuring in the *Little Iliad,* was dramatized by Sophokles in *Men of Skyros,* probably with Odysseus and Phoinix. Comparison of its fragments with the *Trojan Epic* has failed to establish beyond doubt whether Quintus made use of it. The subject's popularity is reflected in one of the pictures described by Philostratos the Younger (*Pictures* 1B). Whatever other literary influences there were, the dramatic pathos of the scene in which Neoptolemos takes leave from his mother Deidameia and overcomes her tearful resistance (253–91, 315–45) clearly owes much to the general influence of the leave-taking of Jason from his mother Alkimeda at *Argonautika* 1.261–306. As regards the events that follow Neoptolemos' arrival at Troy, the similarities and differences between the *Trojan Epic* and other known versions are noted in the introduction to book 6. The *Trojan Epic* follows the Homeric epics in using only the name Neoptolemos for Achilles' son, never the alternative Pyrrhos, which was recorded in the *Kypria* (Pausanias 10.26.4) and was popular in literature from the fourth century B.C. onward.

7–12 For the background to these comments about Nireus, see the note at 6.372.

14–15 For some of the historical background to this statement about Machaon, see the introduction to the book.

23–31 For the background to the intervention of Podaleirios' comrades and Nestor to prevent his suicide, see the note at 5.500–2.

41–3 For the commonplace of the impossibility of raising the dead, see the note at 5.610–1.

44 *The life that sprouted has withered.* This can be seen as an echo of the famous simile at *Iliad* 6.146–9, that human generations are like those of leaves, which is more closely reflected in a simile comparing the human race with flowering grasses at 14.207–8. A change like the present one from simile to metaphor is unusual in Greek epic.

60 For the father of Machaon and Podaleirios, see the note at 6.422–4; *had gone to heaven* refers to his deification.

67–92 Nestor explains to Podaleirios that good and bad fortunes come unpredictably to human beings because they are thrown down from Olympos to earth blindly and randomly by Fate. Consequently nobody can completely avoid misfortune on earth, but after death the souls of good people go to heaven and those of the bad to darkness. The former destiny is Machaon's not only because he was morally good but also

because his father is a god. Much of this is most obviously comparable with the Myth of Er in book 10 of Plato's *Republic,* which is a vision of the soul's judgment after death, particularly relevant being, first, the sending of the just up into heaven and of the unjust downward (614C) and, second, the taking of lots from the knees of the Fates and throwing them down for each soul to take whichever comes to it, but with the proviso that virtue remains equally available to them all (617D–E). The similarity of any Christian beliefs is likely to be no more than coincidental. The nearest thing in early epic is the somewhat different notion of Zeus taking goods and evils from two storage jars and giving mortals either a mixture or evils alone (*Iliad* 24.527–33). A much more significant influence from Homer and Hesiod is the belief that divine parentage can be beneficial after death, rather incongruously cited in Machaon's favor, for which see the note at 3.771–4.

71 *rest on the knees of the gods above*. For this variation on a Homeric formula, see the note at 6.310.

81 *Appearances*—variant reading *Our path*.

89–90 For the praise of kindness, see the note at 3.424.

104 Peneleos is listed with the Boiotian leaders at *Iliad* 2.494 and features briefly several times later in that epic. There is no indication here of his importance, but the rescue of his body is mentioned at 124–6 below, and at 158–60 his burial is marked as distinguished. The same version of his death and burial is followed by Diktys (4.17–8). But according to Virgil (*Aeneid* 2.425) and Triphiodoros (180) he entered the wooden horse and took part in the sack of Troy.

107–11 The fight between Herakles and the Kentaurs on Mount Pholoe is one of the more elaborately described scenes on the shield of Eurypylos at 6.273–82, the location given as *outside the home of Pholos.* Here the subject is used as one of the few mythological similes in the epic.

115–20 The common simile subject of a swollen river, for which see the note at 2.221–4, here highlights broken banks, as at 6.379–80, and collapsing dykes, as in a simile at *Iliad* 5.87–92.

130–1 The influence of Herakles on the battle, if taken literally, may be compared with his depiction in the Stoa Poikile at Athens (Pausanias 1.15) as present at the battle of Marathon together with Athena (she intervenes on the Greek side at 143–4 below), Theseus, and the local hero Marathon.

133–9 The simile of goats sheltering from a winter wind has no obvious antecedent among epic similes. It could have been suggested by Hesiod's description of the effects of the north wind in winter, which includes penetration of a goat's long hair (*Works and Days* 516). There is a variation on the subject in a simile at 8.379–84.

146–7 Blood on the Greek wall is mentioned during its earlier defense against the Trojans at *Iliad* 12.430–1.

148 *the fighting continued night and day* is an uncharacteristically vague indication of the passage of time, which leaves it uncertain whether anything more than the present day and the following two-day truce (151–3 below) is to be understood. For an undeniable chronological inconsistency, see the introduction to book 7 in the critical summary.

197–8 As regards Achilles' shield, the statement that it had an outer layer of gold contra-

dicts *Iliad* 20.269–72, according to which it had two outer layers of bronze, two inner layers of tin, and one of gold in the center. The implausibility of this led some ancient critics to regard the lines as spurious, and the present passage can be taken as evidence that this view was shared by Quintus.

201–3 The statement that the carvings on the shield are a representation of the universe recalls their introduction as such at 5.6–16.

208–9 Odysseus' claim to have carried Achilles' body seems to contradict the narrative at 3.385–6 and is hardly compatible with his having been wounded at 3.308–11. However, it is consistent with the claim made in his speech against Ajax at 5.285–6.

213–8 accurately conveys the gist of Menelaos' words at 6.86–92 but avoids the kind of verbal repetition that is the characteristic narrative practice of the *Iliad* on such occasions.

218 *princess*—variant reading *king*.

229–30 For the simile of melting snow, see the note at 3.578–81.

243–7 refers, like 5.256–7 (see the note ad loc.), to the detection of Achilles' disguise by Odysseus. The association of Diomedes with that is not supported by extant versions of the story and may be an authorial mistake (also at 275 below).

257–9 The simile of a cow searching and calling for its calf is essentially an adaptation of that of a lion searching for its stolen young at *Iliad* 18.318–22, which is reflected in an earlier simile of a wild beast at 5.371–8. A further variation on the present subject occurs in a simile at 13.258–63.

288 *don't speak words of evil omen*. Virtually the same is said by Jason to his mother at *Argonautika* 1.304.

289–91 includes essentially the same considerations as those with which Hektor seeks to reassure Andromache at *Iliad* 6.487–9 and himself at 22.304–5.

292–311 The role of Lykomedes is surprising. Instead of trying to deter his grandson from going to Troy, he provides information about the dangers of seafaring at certain times of the year, much in the spirit of Hesiod, *Works and Days* 618–94. The fact that he does so with explicit reference to Neoptolemos' return from Troy (299) suggests a link with the traditional story of his return. According to the Cyclic epic *Returns* he followed the advice of Thetis to avoid returning by sea. It is uncertain whether a fragment (555) of Sophokles' *Men of Skyros* on the dangers of seafaring is relevant.

299 *dangers . . .* There seems to be a loss of at least one line.

300–11 For the background to some of the astronomical information, see the note at 5.367–8. For the terms in which the winter solstice is indicated at 300, see the note at 1.355–6. For the sun in the Archer constellation, cf. Aratos, *Phainomena* 301. The periods during which Orion and the Pleiades are seen to set overlap (in late October and early November), so that their separation by mention of the equinox is misleading.

317–24 The simile of a horse impatient for a race closely resembles two descriptions of horses before the start of a race in Achilles' funeral games—of the chariot race at 4.509–11 and of the saddle-horse race at 4.548–50. The nearest antecedents among epic similes are in the *Argonautika*—a war horse impatient for battle at 3.1259–61 and a horse led onto a racecourse at 4.1604–8. These all owe something to the Homeric simile of a galloping horse at *Iliad* 6.506–11 (=15.263–8).

329 *his,* or *her.*

330–5 For some of the background to the simile of a swallow lamenting chicks that a snake has eaten, see the note at 5.493–6. Its primary Homeric antecedent is the omen of the sparrow and its eight chicks devoured by a snake at *Iliad* 2.311–6. Later it became a popular simile subject, as at Moschos, *Megara* 21–6 (an unspecified bird in a bush) and Oppian, *Halieutika* 5.579–86 (a swallow under a roof). A further variation on the subject occurs in a simile at 12.489–94.

333 *in desolation . . . the nest*—variant reading . . . *the desolate nest*.

336–43 Deidameia's expressions of grief at her son's absence—weeping in his bedroom and kissing his possessions—were conventional motifs in romantic literature: cf., for example, *Argonautika* 4.26–7, Propertius 4.3.30.

340 *delighted his tender heart*—variant reading *greatly delighted his heart*.

346 Neoptolemos is likened to a star as he makes his way to the ship just as the Argonauts are at *Argonautika* 1.239–40.

359–64 The simile is an unusual elaboration of the simple comparison of a warrior with Ares the god of war that is common in the *Iliad* and the *Trojan Epic*. The closest precedent in the *Iliad* is the simile of Ares and personified Panic inspiring fear at 13.298–303. The *Trojan Epic* has a second such Ares simile at 9.218–21.

372 *they*—variant reading *he*.

379–80 For the wounding and healing of Telephos by Achilles, see the note at 4.151–4. It is given special mention here because of its relevance to the fact that Neoptolemos is going to face Telephos' son Eurypylos.

387–8 Comparison with melting lead occurs earlier at *Argonautika* 4.1680, and that with wax later at *Trojan Epic* 10.434.

390 *out to dine*—variant reading *to sea*.

396 is a variation on a Homeric formula describing a ship at sea—*Iliad* 1.481–2 = *Odyssey* 2.427–8.

408–11 The story about the elm trees on the tomb of Protesilaos seems to have enjoyed some popularity, to judge from its appearance in Pliny's *Natural History* (16.238) and two epigrams of the first century A.D. in the *Greek Anthology* (7.141 by Antiphilos and 7.385 by Philip).

427 *cause calamity by burning our ships*—variant reading *burn our dark-colored ships*.

440–1 The curious matching of the armor's quality with that of the wearers recalls the equally curious exchange of armor for the purpose of achieving a similar match at *Iliad* 14.381–2.

444 *once stripped by him from*—The text is uncertain, possibly *that once protected*. Odysseus' encounter with Sokos in battle is narrated at *Iliad* 11.426–58. There is no mention of Sokos' armor, and the immediate circumstances would not have allowed Odysseus to remove it.

445–51 The wearing of his father's armor by Neoptolemos was a feature of the traditional story at least since the *Little Iliad*. The same contrast between great weight and lightness to its proper wearer is made about Achilles and his greaves at 5.112–3.

450 Several lines describing Neoptolemos' armor seem to have been lost.

455–60 The nearest antecedent for the simile of marooned sailors relieved by a change of wind is that of a wind relieving sailors exhausted by rowing at *Iliad* 7.4–6.

464–71 The simile of a lion forestalling an attempt to steal its cubs is a variation on that of a beast frantic over the loss of its young at 5.371–8, for which see the note ad loc. A further variation on the simile subject, with jackals or wolves defending their young, occurs at 504–9 below.

475 *he thought*—The text is uncertain.

486–92 The simile of marauding lions driven off by men and dogs resembles those of a single lion at *Iliad* 11.548–55 and 17.109–12. A further variation on the simile subject, with a single leopard, occurs at *Trojan Epic* 12.580–3.

493 Before this a line has been lost stating that Eurypylos and his companions were forced to retreat.

498–502 The shaking of the Greek wall with a rock thrown by Eurypylos recalls the culmination of an earlier Trojan assault on the same wall—the breaking of the gate with a rock thrown by Hektor at *Iliad* 12.445–62.

504–9 For the background to the simile of jackals or wolves defending their young, see the note at 464–71 above.

516 The comparison with dogs cowering before a lion is the same as that at *Iliad* 5.476.

530–2 The simile of children cowering in fear of thunder has no obvious antecedent, but it is strikingly similar to three lines (186–8) of a poem in Greek hexameters describing a late-autumn day. If its attribution to Pamprepios of Panopolis is correct, it dates from the late fifth century A.D. Because of its style it is unlikely to be much earlier, so that this may well be an imitation of the present passage.

534–5 *great king . . . the hands of Neoptolemos*—variant reading *great and stalwart king . . . his hands*.

537–9 The Trojans' reaction to the supposed reappearance of Achilles recalls that at *Iliad* 16.278–83 to Patroklos wearing Achilles' armor.

545–50 The simile of men deterred from crossing a stream in flood is a more elaborate version of that of a single man at *Iliad* 5.597–9.

551 *avoiding*—variant reading *desiring*.

569–75 The description of fishing at night by means of a torch and a trident is novel as a simile subject, but closely resembles Oppian, *Halieutika* 4.641–6, which, as noted in the general introduction, is one of several indications of that work's influence on the *Trojan Epic*.

586 There appears to have been a loss of at least two half-lines containing mention of fear as in 593 below.

586–91 The stopping of a great fire by the water of a river has no obvious antecedent as a simile subject. It seems to be broadly inspired by the contest between the river Skamandros and the fire god Hephaistos in *Iliad* 21, in spite of its different result, the triumph of fire (ibid. 349–82). The subject recurs as a brief comparison at 9.235.

597 *darting*—variant reading *clattering*.

601 The loss of one or two lines is the most likely explanation of the corrupt text.

607 The same Dymas is mentioned at *Iliad* 16.717–9 as the father of the Trojan queen Hekabe.

621 For the Homeric background of *the hour of oxen's rest,* see the note at 2.183–5.

635–6 The commonplace of human joy never being free from an element of sorrow is similarly expressed at *Argonautika* 4.1165–7.

637–9 For the background to the simile of a father welcoming a long-absent son, see the note at 1.86–7.

642–52 is essentially a variation on Phoinix's earlier recollection, at 3.467–78, of how he had been Achilles' foster father, for the Homeric background of which see the note ad loc.

646 *voice*—variant reading *strength*.

650–1 Variant reading—*You would have said if you'd seen us, 'Their blood . . . their minds . . .'*

656–7 is a repetition of the wish expressed by Phoinix in his lament for Achilles at 3.464–5.

679–83 The list of gifts presented to Neoptolemos is similar to that of the gifts presented, by Agamemnon and others, as compensation to Achilles at *Iliad* 19.243–8.

695–7 refers to the appearance of Achilles, at the urging of Iris, above the trench in front of the Greek camp, where his shouts and the supernatural fire with which Athena surrounds him frighten the Trojans and enable the Greeks to retrieve Patroklos' body (*Iliad* 18.165–229).

715–20 The simile of a lion cub grieving over the loss of its parent to hunters is a seemingly original reversal of the Homeric simile of a lion searching for its stolen young (*Iliad* 18.318–22), which is closely reflected in a simile at 5.371–8.

Book 8. The Death of Eurypylos

The only event here that belongs certainly to the traditional story of the Trojan War is the killing of Eurypylos by Neoptolemos, the outstanding importance of which is recognized at *Odyssey* 11.517–21. Its central position in the epic is underlined by the surrounding battle narrative that seems to be more or less freely invented. However, the sequence of divine interventions immediately after it—that of Ares for the Trojans (237ff.) followed by that of Athena for the Greeks (340ff.)—recalls their counterparts in *Iliad* 5 (respectively 461ff. and 719ff.), but thereafter a direct clash between the two deities, like that at *Iliad* 5.841ff., is prevented by Zeus' intervention (350ff.). One further crucial intervention is that by Zeus' Trojan cupbearer Ganymedes, whose appeal to Zeus to remove the painful sight of Troy's destruction causes the city to be concealed in cloud and the Greek assault on it to be called off. This is possibly Quintus' invention. At least it is strikingly different from the other known stories—Ganymedes' alleged indifference to Troy's suffering (Euripides, *Trojan Women* 820–38) and his absence from Olympos during the Trojan War (Nonnos, *Dionysiaka* 27.246–9).

21–2 The aim of making the Trojans believe that Neoptolemos is Achilles recalls their reaction at 7.537–41.

28–31 For part of the background to the simile of the Sun rising from Ocean see the note at

2.208–11. The addition of Seirios, the Dog Star, and its association with sickness recalls the likening of Achilles' threatening appearance to the same at *Iliad* 22.26–31.

33–8 The happiness of the immortal horses with their new master recalls their mourning for Achilles at 3.743–65, where their present service is predicted.

41–4 The simile of wasps that attack people who pass near their nest resembles that at *Iliad* 16.259–65. A freer variation on the subject occurs at 13.55–7.

41 After 41 probably at least one line of the wasp simile has been lost.

43 *round their nest*—The text is uncertain.

49–52 The simile of a dark snow cloud driven by the north wind combines elements from similes at *Iliad* 4.275–9 and 15.170–1.

59–66 For the background to the simile of two winds on the sea, see the note at 2.217–8. For waves likened to mountains, cf. *Odyssey* 11.243, *Argonautika* 2.169, *Trojan Epic* 14.490, 554–5.

68 *herself*—variant reading *and courage*.

69–73 For the simile of clouds clashing and producing lightning, see the note at 2.221–4. The attribution of storms to Zeus' anger at human injustice is taken from the simile at *Iliad* 16.384–92.

81 *Mynes*—variant reading *Menes*.

89–91 For the simile of bushes destroyed by fire, see the note at 1.209–10.

97–8 The location of the intercourse between Anchises and Aphrodite (Kythereia) is stated at *Iliad* 2.819–21 to be in Dardanian territory on Mount Ida.

99 *Eustratos*—variant reading *worthy Stratos*.

107 *Chimaira's altar,* or possibly *tomb,* indicates a cult in the region traditionally associated with the monster, western Lykia.

112 The killing of Elephenor by Agenor is narrated at *Iliad* 4.463–71.

124–7 alludes to *Odyssey* 2.17–20, where it is recorded that Antiphos accompanied Odysseus to Troy and was the last of the companions eaten by the Kyklops Polyphemos.

130–2 The simile of felled trees most closely resembles those of trees felled for shipbuilding at *Iliad* 13.389–91 (= 16.482–4) and *Argonautika* 1.1003–5.

147–9 The start of Neoptolemos' response to Eurypylos' request for his identity is reminiscent of that of Glaukos to Diomedes at *Iliad* 6.145–51. Both express pride in their lineage, but whereas Glaukos continues at excessive length, Neoptolemos does so with characteristic brevity.

150–3 For the wounding and healing of Eurypylos' father Telephos, see the note at 4.151–4.

154–7 The parentage of Achilles' horses and their matching the winds is taken from *Iliad* 16.148–51. Ability to race over the sea is attributed to the royal horses of Troy ibid. 20.228–9.

161 *bed*—variant reading *forest*.

166 *in his attack*—variant reading *with its impact*.

167–9 The simile of a mountain withstanding rivers is a development of a frequent image on the same lines as the simile at *Iliad* 17.747–51.

175–80 For the simile of two hungry beasts fighting over an ox or a stag, see the note at 4.220–3.

186–7 For the intervention of Enyo, see the note at 1.308–11.

191–2 For the reaction of Strife, see the note at 1.308–11.

194 After 194 at least one line appears to have been lost.

199–201 Neoptolemos drives his spear through Eurypylos' throat much as Achilles drives the same spear through Hektor's throat at *Iliad* 22.326–7.

204–6 For the simile of a pine or fir tree uprooted by wind, see the note at 1.625–7.

215 *has ever escaped*—variant reading *shall ever escape*.

222–6 For part of the background to the simile of a thunderbolt crushing trees and rocks, see the note at 1.677–80. The primary antecedent here is the simile of an oak tree destroyed by a thunderbolt at *Iliad* 14.414–7.

225 *Apart from,* or possibly *Coming from*.

230–1 For the simile of falling leaves, see the note at 2.536–7.

234–6 The soaking of hands and chariot wheels with blood recalls, but is a little different from, the spattering of Achilles' hands and of the axle and bodywork of his chariot at *Iliad* 20.499–503.

242–3 Of the four names of Ares' horses Tumult and Fear are usually associated personifications of warfare in the type of passage considered in the note at 1.308–11. But at *Iliad* 15.119 virtually the same names can be understood as those of his horses. Fire and Flame are two of the four appropriate names of the sun god's horses at Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 2.153–4. Their parentage is reminiscent of that of Achilles' horses at 154–7 above.

252–66 The recognition of Ares' shout by the seer Helenos and his interpretation of it to the Trojans recall his recognition of the decision of Athena and Apollo to stop the battle and prompt Hektor to issue a challenge for single combat, which he conveys to Hektor, at *Iliad* 7.44–53.

268–70 The simile of hounds encouraged by a shepherd to fight a wolf is a variation on that of a hunter encouraging hounds against a boar or lion at *Iliad* 11.292–3.

277 *The battle's scales were evenly balanced,* here and at 282–3 below, reflects the weighing of the fates of armies and individuals in Zeus' golden scales at *Iliad* 8.69–74 and 22.209–13, for an earlier reflection of which see the note at 2.508–11.

278–81 The simile of the competitive harvesting of grapes is a possibly novel adaptation of the subject of reaping grain, for which see the note at 3.375–8.

286–90 For the intervention of Enyo, see the note at 1.308–11.

298–9 recalls what is said at *Iliad* 5.158 about the property of Phainops, whose two sons are killed in battle.

324–8 For the Fates and personifications of warfare, see the note at 1.308–11.

331–4 For the background to the simile of a boy killing flies, see the note at 3.264–5.

337 *killed them*—variant reading *took vengeance*.

348–9 Athena's shield with its fire-breathing serpents is the aegis, described at 14.452–8, on which see the note ad loc.

355–8 Ares departs for Thrace, with which he was traditionally associated, and Athena for Athens just as they do in the *Odyssey,* respectively at 8.361 and 7.78–81.

358 *But still*—variant reading *No longer.*

361–3 For the simile of winds following ships under sail, see the note at 1.320–3.

363–4 For the simile of hounds pursuing deer, see the note at 6.611–2.

371 For the comparison with the penning of lambs, see the note at 3.369.

372–4 For the simile of oxen pulling a cart, see the note at 6.107–11.

379–84 For some of the background to the simile of herdsmen confined to their folds by stormy weather, see the note at 7.133–9.

387–91 The simile of hungry jackdaws or starlings refusing to be driven off until they have fed on olives seems to be largely original. The two species of birds are taken from a simile at *Iliad* 17.755–7, but there the point of comparison is their loud noise, which is recalled in a simile of jackdaws at 14.89–91. The development of the present simile is perhaps influenced by that of a donkey that refuses to leave a grainfield until it has had its fill at *Iliad* 11.558–62.

394 The work of the earthquake god was the building of the walls of Troy by Poseidon with Apollo's help, mentioned at *Iliad* 7.452–3 and 21.446–9.

397 *hands inured to labor*—variant reading *wall built with (much) labor.*

405–6 The comparison with a vulture knocked off a rock by an arrow has no obvious antecedent. But at *Odyssey* 15.478–9 the fall of a woman into the hold of a ship, when struck dead by the archer goddess Artemis, is compared with that of a sea bird.

414–8 The simile of a helmsman steering a ship away from a reef seems substantially original. The nearest antecedent in the *Iliad* is one of the examples of skill given by Nestor to Antilochos, that of a helmsman steering across a stormy sea (23.316–7), which is more closely reflected in a simile at 13.309–15.

420–1 Blood on the Trojan fortifications recalls, in expression, that on the Greek at *Iliad* 12.430–1, already recalled at *Trojan Epic* 7.146–7 (see the note ad loc.).

425–6 For the personifications of warfare, see the note at 1.308–11.

429–43 For the intervention of Ganymedes, see the introduction to the book.

431 Ganymedes was related to Zeus as a descendant of his son Dardanos.

444–50 Zeus' intervention by concealing Troy in cloud can be seen as a reflection of his traditional character as a sky god with the epithet "cloud-gatherer." The surrounding plain remains clear of cloud, as stated at 483–4 below, unlike Zeus' covering of the battlefield with mist after the deaths of Sarpedon and Patroklos at *Iliad* 16.567–8 and 17.268–70.

449–77 Nestor's advice to respect Zeus' portents by withdrawing is essentially the same as that given by him to Diomedes at *Iliad* 8.137–44.

452 *Listen to me*—The text is uncertain.

461–9 For the fight between Zeus and the Titans, see the note at 1.179.

473 is comparable with Hesiod, *Works and Days* 825—*One day is a mother and another is a stepmother.*

487–8 The Greeks' bathing in the sea after battle resembles that of Odysseus and Diomedes after their nocturnal raid at *Iliad* 10.572–5.

Book 9. The Arrival of Philoktetes

Of the notable events in the first half of the book, the visit of Neoptolemos, accompanied by Phoinix, to Achilles' tomb is likely to have been traditional in view of its appearance in Diktys (4.21), though with the difference that it

follows the death of Paris. The initiative of Deiphobos in rallying the Trojans probably owes something to his traditional leading role after the death of Paris, but in itself it may be original. It is an effective means of giving prominence to the patriotic theme of saving one's homeland from dire peril, of which Hektor is the main vehicle in the *Iliad*. As regards the book's second half, the bringing of Philoktetes, the important role of that hero in the traditional legend is already indicated, in its essential features, in the *Iliad* (2.721–5). While the influence of Sophokles' tragedy *Philoktetes* extends only to some details, that of Euripides' lost tragedy on the same subject is an unknown quantity. The fact that the envoys in the latter are the same—Odysseus and Diomedes—as in the *Trojan Epic* is not necessarily significant in view of the fact that this is true of other known versions. That applies to the summary by Apollodoros (5.8), which shares other features with Quintus' version—the prophecy concerning Philoktetes given by Kalchas, not by Helenos, and the healing of Philoktetes by Podaleirios, not by Machaon, both alternative versions having belonged to the *Little Iliad*. Quintus seems to have simplified the story for the sake of highlighting its pathetic and morally edifying aspects. Indebtedness to pictorial representations of the Philoktetes episode is a plausible possibility, but the only other identifiable sources, for just a few details, are literary, namely the encounter between the Argonauts and Phineus at *Argonautika* 2.178–306 and the description of a poisonous snake in Nikandros' didactic poem *Theriaka* (359–71).

8–29 Antenor's prayer to Zeus with two requests and the granting of only one reflects the pattern of Achilles' prayer to Zeus and the response to it at *Iliad* 16.233–52, but with the difference that there the granted request, Patroklos' success, is positive, while here it is negative, Troy's quick destruction. The refusal of the positive request to save Troy from Neoptolemos also recalls the failure of that made to Athena by Antenor's wife Theano to save Troy from Diomedes at *Iliad* 6.304–11.

37 For the observation about the proper attitude to the dead, see the note at 1.809–10.

43–4 There is no other record of Eurypylos' burial at Troy. It is inconsistent with the statement by Diktys (4.18) that his bones were returned to his father Telephos.

44 After 44 a line has been lost, in which the river Skamandros was probably named.

46–65 For Neoptolemos' visit to the tomb of Achilles, see the introduction to the book.

57–60 recalls the praise of Neoptolemos by Odysseus to the shade of Achilles and the latter's pleasure at *Odyssey* 11.506–40.

71–2 Of the snow similes in the *Iliad*, the present one of flakes falling from clouds most closely resembles that at 12.156–8.

80–109 For the initiative of Deiphobos in rallying the Trojans, see the introduction to the book.

104–5 For the commonplace of reward for hard work, see the note at 1.738.

106–7 For the likening of improvement of human fortune to that of weather, from storm to calm, cf., for example, Euripides, *Herakles* 101–2; Sophokles, *Ajax* 670–5.

114 *Collected*—The text is uncertain.

123–4 The picture of an old man showing the scars of battles on his chest could have been influenced by some such source as Livy 2.23.4.

132 *single*—variant reading *mingled*.

138–43 For the picture of women and old men watching the start of a battle from city walls, cf., for example, Virgil, *Aeneid* 12.131–3.

142 *gripped by anguish*—variant reading *fluttering on their lips*.

143–4 As there is no obvious reason for noting Helen's absence, it should probably be taken as an allusive contrast to her conversation on the same walls with the Trojan elders as they view the Greek army at *Iliad* 3.121–244.

145–7 For the Fates and Strife, see the note at 1.308–11.

149–56 The killing and replacement of a Greek charioteer closely parallels the action involving a Trojan charioteer at 6.561–73, on which see the note ad loc.

150 The missing name is probably Thalpios, who is mentioned both in the *Iliad* (2.620) and among the champions who entered the wooden horse (*Trojan Epic* 12.323).

156 The driving of horses with a spear for lack of a whip is comparable with Odysseus' use of a bow at *Iliad* 10.499–501.

162–6 Part of the simile is a variation on the familiar subject of felling trees similar to that at 8.130–2. Possibly the fact that the antecedents of that simile (see the note ad loc.) allude to shipbuilding prompted the seemingly novel introduction of charcoal manufacture here.

169–79 The slaughter of Greeks in the river Xanthos by Deiphobos is clearly intended as a counterpart to that of Trojans by Achilles at *Iliad* 21.1–21. Corresponding with that passage's simile of locusts taking refuge on water is the rather more appropriate one of the netting and harpooning of swordfish, which is adapted from Oppian, *Halieutika* 3.567–75. For the earlier novel simile indebted to that work, see the note at 7.569–75.

190–1 is a variation on the formulaic line (*Iliad* 4.526 = 21.181) *His guts gushed to the ground and darkness covered his eyes.*

193 *gullet close to the mouth*—Some understand this as *the orifice of the stomach*, which seems an unlikely anatomical detail.

198–201 The simile of the harvesting of olives has no known literary antecedent.

218–21 For the background to the Ares simile, see the note at 7.359–64.

220 *heavenly*—variant reading *terrible*.

228 The claim that Deiphobos fled before Achilles does not refer to any particular episode recorded in extant accounts.

233–46 The hesitation of Deiphobos whether to face Neoptolemos is comparable with the more elaborately rendered hesitation of Agenor whether to face Achilles at *Iliad* 21.550–80.

235 For the comparison with fire stopped by water, see the note at 7.586–91.

240–4 For the background to the simile of a boar deterred by a lion from pursuing jackals, see the notes at 2.298–300 and 5.19–24.

255–63 Apollo's rescue of Deiphobos from Neoptolemos and the latter's angry reaction are

closely modeled on those involving Hektor and Achilles at *Iliad* 20.443–54. For the exceptional nature of this kind of divine intervention, see the general introduction.

270–2 For the simile of a wave bearing down on a ship, see the note at 1.320–3.

279 *Risk our lives*—Some understand this as *Take courage,* like the similar expression at 352 below, but that would be a weak repetition of Neoptolemos' opening exhortation.

291–8 For the description of Apollo's arrival, see the note at 3.32–6.

325–32 For the fact that the prophecy is given by Kalchas, see the introduction to the book. For the elliptical character of this transitional passage, see the critical summary, to which it may be added that the need for Philoktetes' use of the bow of Herakles is taken as understood. The lack of direct speech, such as that given to Kalchas at 6.57–67 to initiate the expedition to fetch Neoptolemos, is abnormal for the narrative technique of Greek epic.

336–7 A town on Lemnos was named after Hephaistos, reflecting that god's traditional association with the island because of its volcanic activity.

338–52 The digression on the women of Lemnos is an adaptation of *Argonautika* 1.609–19, with the difference that here it is not made clear that the whole male population was killed, perhaps because the exception of Hypsipyle and her father Thoas, which follows in the source, is omitted. The emphasis here on the effect of jealousy suggests the digression's relevance to the story of Helen; cf. 10.298–300 and 13.387–8 for the jealousy of Oinone and Menelaos, respectively.

347 *Denial*—variant reading *Madness*.

357–63 The uses to which shot birds are put by Philoktetes reflect, at least partly, earlier versions of the story. Sophokles mentions their use as food (*Philoktetes* 287–9), to which Ovid adds clothing (*Metamorphoses* 13.52–4). Use of feathers for bedding is possibly novel, though natural, but the idea of applying birds in some form to his wound is puzzling. Perhaps there has been some loss of text in which herbs were mentioned; cf. *Philoktetes* 649–50 for the mention of one so used.

365–9 The escape of a wild animal from a trap by biting off the end of its foot seems to be original as a simile subject. It may be a conscious adaptation of the story told by Herodotos (9.37) of Hegesistratos of Elis, who escaped from wooden stocks at Sparta by cutting off part of one foot.

371–2 *with nothing but skin and bones* echoes the description of Phineus at *Argonautika* 2.201.

372–3 The intolerable odor associated with Philoktetes' condition was emphasized at least since the *Kypria*.

378–82 The simile of the gradual undermining and hollowing of a rock by the action of waves is a possibly original reversal of the common simile subject of rocks resisting waves. It may consciously reflect a line attributed to the Greek epic poet Choirilos of Samos: *A drop of water hollows a rock by persistence* (fragment 9, formerly 10), which was translated by Ovid (*Letters from the Pontus* 4.10.5).

383–7 According to the *Kypria* Philoktetes had been bitten by a water snake while the Greeks were sacrificing to Apollo on the island of Tenedos, but other sources differ as to the place and circumstances. The particulars concerning the snake seem to have been taken from the Hellenistic poet Nikandros, as noted in the introduction to the book.

394–5 The poison in which the arrows of Herakles had been dipped was that of the hydra of Lerna. Its killing is one of the labors depicted on the shield of Eurypylos at 6.212–9.

402 leaves unanswered the question of how isolated Philoktetes could have been on the large inhabited island of Lemnos.

403–5 The intervention of Athena may be deemed a rather facile way of overcoming the natural resentment of Philoktetes, which in the versions of Sophokles, Aischylos, and Euripides had to be met with subterfuge or disguise.

414–22 The randomness of human fortune is attributed to the Fates in terms similar to those used by Nestor to console Podaleirios at 7.67–92, for which see the note ad loc.

418 *strength*—variant reading *race*.

428–32 The washing and feeding of Philoktetes recalls the same of Phineus by the Argonauts at *Argonautika* 2.301–6. For the attention to medical practice, see the note at 1.76–82.

434–43 The description of the return voyage is reminiscent of that at *Iliad* 1.477–83, apart from the appearance of dolphins and the substitution of Athena for Apollo.

451–6a The simile of an oak or pine cut halfway through and then supporting itself on saplings is indebted to that of a pine that is blown down after such a weakening at *Argonautika* 4.1682–6. The different conclusion here is precisely adapted to the narrative context, but the information about manufacture of pitch, comparable with that of charcoal in a simile at 162–6 above, is somewhat gratuitous. It is noteworthy that Virgil's adaptation of the same source at *Aeneid* 2.626–31 is completely different.

473–6 The simile of a grainfield helped to recover from a flood by drying breezes resembles that of a garden watered and then dried by the north wind at *Iliad* 21.346–7. But also possibly influential was the simile of plants destroyed by heavy rain at *Argonautika* 3.1399–1403.

478 *washtub*—Text and meaning are uncertain, but this interpretation, proposed by Pompella, is the most plausible.

481 *Argives*—variant reading *sons of Atreus*.

483–5 Athena's intervention to complete the restoration of Philoktetes' physical condition is comparable with that at 3.533–40 in order to preserve Achilles' body, for the antecedents of which in the *Odyssey* see the note ad loc.

499–508 Agamemnon's elaborate image of the paths of human fortune hidden by the Fates is essentially a variation on the explanation given to Philoktetes by Odysseus and Diomedes at 414–22 above, for which see the note ad loc.

499 The line that was numbered 498 is an editorial supplement to fill a gap in the text that must have contained some elaboration of *paths of life,* the subject of the following sentence.

503–4 For the comparison with falling leaves, see the note at 2.536–7, and for the association of wind with human fortune, cf. 7.76–77.

512–4 The gifts offered to Philoktetes resemble those given to Neoptolemos at 7.679–83, for the Homeric antecedent of which see the note ad loc.

520 is a paraphrase of *Iliad* 15.203.

522 For the value placed on gentleness, see the note at 3.424.

523–4 Philoktetes' words echo those of Memnon at 2.153–5.

Book 10. The Death of Paris

The opening Trojan debate, with speeches by Polydamas and Aineias, recalls both its counterpart at the beginning of book 2 and the exchange of arguments by Polydamas and Hektor at *Iliad* 18.249–309. In the following battle sequence only the combat between Paris and Philoktetes is traditional. According to the *Little Iliad* Paris was killed in battle, and his body was recovered and buried by the Trojans. This is followed by Diktys (4.19–20), Paris being killed on the spot by three shots from Philoktetes. Quintus' version is different, with Paris mortally wounded but surviving long enough to seek healing from his deserted wife Oinone. The origin of her legend is not known, but its familiarity to Hellenistic poets is shown by the outline of it in Lykophron's *Alexandra* (57–68). A prose summary of it by Parthenios is extant (*Love Romances* 4), written in the first century B.C., as follows. Paris in his youth was a herdsman on Mount Ida and married Oinone, who was famous for her prophetic powers. He swore fidelity to her, but she foretold that he would abandon her for a woman from Europe and bring a war on his people, in which he would be wounded and could only be healed by herself. When this came true, Paris sent a messenger begging her to come and heal him. She returned a scornful reply that he should go to Helen instead, but then she hurried to where he lay, only to arrive after he had received her message and died in despair, which caused her to take her own life. Quintus' version departs from this in having Paris go in person to Oinone. That has the slight disadvantage of a long journey implausibly undertaken by the mortally wounded Paris, but the great advantage of making Oinone's reaction to the personal encounter psychologically more plausible—not to change her mind about saving Paris but to die with him. His version of Oinone's suicide is different from the statement by Lykophron that she threw herself from the walls of Troy. The best-known treatment of the legend is Ovid's verse letter addressed by her to Paris on his return to Troy with Helen (*Letters of Heroines* 5), for the possible influence of which see the note at 10.425–7. Quintus may well have used Parthenios' summary or one of its sources, and it is not necessary to attribute his departure from it to anything other than his own invention. The curious interlude at lines 334–62 predicting the marriage of Helen to Deiphobos, the treachery of Helenos, and the capture of the Palladion, events that must come between the end of book 11 and the beginning of book 12, amounts to acknowledgment that Quintus chose to omit this part of the canonical story, most probably because he saw it as problematic in terms of the morally edifying picture of the heroic world that he tried to present. There is no call for speculation about a change of plan for the epic's contents or loss of the relevant text.

8–25 Although his advice has changed, the intervention of Polydamas is similar to that at 2.41–62, for the Homeric background to which see the note ad loc.

18–9 For the building of the walls of Troy, see the note at 8.394.

26–44 Aineias' opposition to Polydamas corresponds with that of Hektor at *Iliad* 18.286–309 and of Paris at *Trojan Epic* 2.67–80.

38 *destiny*—variant reading *famine*.

53–65 For the personifications of warfare, see the note at 1.308–11. The remarkable description of Strife makes this the most elaborate example of this type of scene. It is modeled on *Iliad* 4.439–45, with which it shares a touch of allegory.

66–71 The triple comparison with wind, fire, and sea is essentially a more elaborate rearrangement of that at 5.386–9.

101 *Doom*—variant reading *beast*.

104 *That man . . . battle*—variant reading *He . . . that battle*.

105–7 The failure of Eurymenes' equipment is comparable with that of Patroklos at *Iliad* 16.801–4, where, however, divine intervention is explicit.

114–6 For the background to the simile of wasps killed as they attack grapes, see the note at 3.264–5.

125 *Zelys*—variant reading *Zechis*.

126–37 The vague location of the amour of Endymion and the moon goddess in Phrygia is inconsistent with its usual location at Latmos in Karia; see, for example, Pausanias 5.1.4. The description of the petrifying stream that gives an optical illusion from a distance of being milk is comparable with the description of the Niobe Rock and its optical illusion at 1.294–306.

153–66 The story of the homecoming of Skylakeus as a sole survivor and his being stoned to death by the mothers and wives of his dead comrades closely resembles that told by Herodotos (5.87) of the sole survivor of a disastrous Athenian invasion of Aigina. It appears to be a local tradition, not otherwise attested, explaining the origin of a hero cult at Tlos in Lykia. The neighboring tomb of the hero Bellerophon may have been linked with a local deme that was named after him. The *Titan's daughter* is Leto, mentioned here as mother of Apollo, the believed founder of the cult.

163 *famous Tlos . . . rock*—variant reading *Tlos . . . famous rock*.

168 is inconsistent with *Iliad* 16.342–4, where Akamas is killed by Meriones.

171–5 The simile of a swollen river, a much favored subject in the *Iliad* and the *Trojan Epic*, shares some details with that at 7.115–20, for which see the note ad loc.

180–7 The description of wild beasts and battles depicted on the baldric that first belonged to Herakles is essentially a more elaborate version of that at *Odyssey* 11.609–12.

188–202 Of the four mythological scenes on Philoktetes' quiver none corresponds with any of the seven on the cloak of Jason described at *Argonautika* 1.721–68, with which this ecphrasis has been compared. The first of them, the killing of Argos, corresponds with one of the three in Moschos' description of Europa's basket (*Europa* 55–7). The fall of Phaethon is indebted to its treatment at *Argonautika* 4.596–611, as is the digression on the origin of amber at 5.625–30. The killing of Medusa has no obvious antecedent. The torture of Prometheus shares some features with its earlier treatment

at 5.342–4 and 6.268–72, of which the latter, his release by Herakles, has further relevance to the present passage in the use of the same bow.

194 *Black*—variant reading *Much*.

204–5 The gift of Herakles' bow and arrows in return for lighting his funeral pyre on Mount Oita, an event described at 5.644–9, was made to Philoktetes himself according to one version and to his father Poias according to another.

228–30 is reminiscent of the terms in which Hektor wishes for the death of Paris at *Iliad* 6.281–5.

231–5 The minute detail with which this fateful shot is described closely resembles the description of Pandaros' shot at Menelaos at *Iliad* 4.122–6.

238 *his hand*—variant reading *that man*.

242–3 The comparison with a dog drawing back from a lion is a slightly more elaborate version of that at 7.516, for which see the note ad loc.

248–50 The simile of rain, hail or snow sent by Zeus most closely resembles that at *Iliad* 10.5–8.

254 *Soon doctors . . . distress*—variant reading *Doctors . . . great distress*.

260–5 serves to indicate the story of Paris and Oinone up to this point, which is assumed to be sufficiently familiar; see the introduction to the book.

273 Before 273 at least one and perhaps several lines have been lost, in which Paris no doubt showed his wound to Oinone.

277–81 The simile of the thirst produced by fever may well be original, like that of partial recovery from blindness at 1.76–82. See the note ad loc. for passages relating to medical matters.

300–4 The remarks about the personified Prayers are a close reflection of part of those made by Phoinix to Achilles at *Iliad* 9.502–12.

315–6 Oinone's expression of intense hatred in terms of devouring Paris like a savage beast is similar to that expressed by Hekabe against Achilles at *Iliad* 24.212–3.

319 Paris could claim to be Zeus' son-in-law because Helen was believed to be his daughter.

336–42 Hera is attended by the personified Seasons as at *Iliad* 8.433–5. The following description of the four literal seasons with which they are associated has been largely lost. They are said to be daughters of the Sun, but are not to be confused with the twelve Heliades, for whom see the note at 2.502–6.

340 Before 340 three lines have been lost, in which the other three seasons were described.

345–60 All the prophesied events, except the killing of Alkathoos, which is not otherwise attested, were included in the *Little Iliad*, but not in the same order nor as a connected sequence.

354–60 The image in question was the so-called Palladion. Its presence guaranteed the safety of Troy according to an oracle given to Dardanos, which Dionysios of Halikarnassos (*Roman Antiquities* 1.68) attributes to Arktinos author of the *Sack of Ilion*. The same source (1.69) also states that the Palladion was given to Dardanos by Zeus, but it is said to have fallen from the sky in Lykophron's *Alexandra* (363–4).

364–8 The sympathetic involvement of nymphs and herdsmen here and at 458–89 below is a natural outcome of the tradition that Paris had been one of the latter, explicitly

referred to here. Accordingly it does not necessarily indicate the influence of pastoral poetry.

385–8 It is poetically appropriate that Priam's continuing grief for Hektor prevents him now from learning of Paris' death. At *Iliad* 24.248–62 his bitterness is such that he abuses nine surviving sons, including Paris, as worthless compared with Hektor.

392–6 The first part of Helen's reflections, addressed silently to Paris, are reminiscent of her words to Hektor at *Iliad* 6.344–53 expressing loathing of herself and contempt for Paris. There she wishes that a destructive wind had blown her away at birth.

405 *Fate had destroyed*—The text is uncertain.

407–10 The preoccupation of the Trojan women with their own sorrows while outwardly lamenting for Paris is the same as what is said of the Trojan captives lamenting for Patroklos at *Iliad* 19.301–2.

411–4 is ambiguous as to whether Oinone has received news of Paris' death. Afterward she takes it for granted and seems to know where to go.

415–20 For the simile of a stream fed by melting snow and ice, see the note at 3.578–81.

425–7 alludes to the Homeric formula *threshold of old age,* which is used at *Odyssey* 23.212 in the same context of a happily married couple. The word *final* is no more than implied in the Greek; some editors read *of life,* but that is redundant. *worn out by age* shows that Quintus understood the formula as meaning old age is the threshold between life and death. It may be more than coincidence that Ovid concludes Oinone's letter with a similar wish (*Letters of Heroines* 5.158).

434 For the comparison with melting wax, see the note at 7.387–8.

435 Oinone's father was the river god Kebren.

441–5 The simile of a heifer driven by desire for a bull seems to be substantially original. It may have been suggested by two similes in the *Argonautika*—a bull abandoning the herd when stung by a gadfly (1.1265–9) and two bulls fighting for a heifer (2.88–9).

454–7 Oinone's nocturnal flight has general similarity to that of Medeia at *Argonautika* 4.35ff., where the sympathetic observation of the Moon (ibid. 54–65) has prompted her intervention here, although a secondary influence was doubtless the treatment of the same myth of Endymion at 128–37 above.

458 *in haste*—variant reading *making her way.*

459 *round the body of*—variant reading *loudly round.*

478 *daylight all forgotten* recalls the similar expression applied to the dead Achilles at 3.390, for which see the note ad loc.

479–82 The unusual mythological simile makes explicit the source of Quintus' possibly original version of Oinone's suicide, the self-immolation of Evadne on the funeral pyre of her husband Kapaneus, one of the seven champions who failed in an attack on Thebes, perhaps the only other such death in Greek mythology. The influence here of its dramatization in Euripides' tragedy *Suppliants* (980ff.) is shown by the verbal similarity between 482 and *Suppliants* 1011.

486–9 The existence of the shared tomb of Paris and Oinone was recorded by Demetrios of Skepsis according to Strabo (13.1.32 [596]).

Book 11. The Defense of Troy

The one substantial feature of the traditional story in this book is an unsuccessful assault on the walls of Troy between the death of the last Trojan champion and the construction of the wooden horse. That already followed the death of Eurypylos in book 8, but because of Quintus' arrangement of the main events it had to prove abortive. A second assault could have been explained simply by the death of Paris, but a further battle in the open plain is added to occupy the first half of the book, with elements similar to those in the battles of books 8 and 9 and likewise ending with Greek victory. Both halves contain relatively small-scale use of identifiable sources, which will be noted ad loc. Apart from the *Iliad* and the *Argonautika* the most significant, for parts of the assault on the walls, are Euripides' tragedy *Phoinikian Women* and Virgil's *Aeneid*. The whole of Aineias' action in using rocks to repel first a Greek testudo and then an ascent by scaling ladder is reminiscent of his dislodging a turret of Priam's palace down onto the Greeks as they attack with a testudo and scaling ladders (*Aeneid* 2.438–68).

8–15 For the personifications of warfare, see the note at 1.308–11.

21–6 reflects one of the traditional locations of the birth of Apollo and Artemis to Leto beside the river Xanthos in Lykia, and perhaps more precisely at a place called Araxa, which is suggested by the word translated *breaking open*. Apollo's association with Lykia seems to be referred to at 4.4–6. The alternative tradition has Leto giving birth while grasping a sacred palm tree on the island of Delos (*Homeric Hymn to Apollo* 115–8).

27–31 The spear that pierces the jaw and severs the tongue is a variation on two similar killings at *Iliad* 5.72–5 and 17.617–8, as well as on a shorter form at *Trojan Epic* 3.158–9.

34 *above*—variant reading *below*.

56–9 The beheading of a man with a sword cut when he is in the act of speaking closely resembles the killing of Dolon at *Iliad* 10.455–7 as well as that of Priam at *Trojan Epic* 13.241–5.

57–8 *his headless body*—variant reading *the whole of his body*.

60–6 The comment on two fishermen not being saved by their professional skill from death in battle is essentially the same as that made about a hunter at *Iliad* 5.49–54. The three methods of fishing are likely to have been taken from Oppian, *Halieutika* 4.638–9, in view of that work's influence elsewhere; see the notes at 7.569–75 and 9.169–79.

62–3 *fatally fooling . . . a hook*—variant reading *fooling . . . a fatal hook*.

70 After 70 some text may have been lost, in which case the following lines probably belong to a different encounter.

70–8 The killing of Hellos or someone else by having an arm cut off with a sword stroke from the Greek Eurypylos recalls the similar killing of another victim of Eurypylos at *Iliad* 5.79–83.

74–6 The simile of a snake's tail jumping up after being severed has no obvious anteced-

ent, except possibly that of a snake writhing as it is bitten into pieces by a stag at Oppian, *Halieutika* 2.289–94.

79–82 The killing of Polyidos and Abas in quick succession seems to be influenced by *Iliad* 5.148–51, where Diomedes kills two sons of Eurydamas with the same names. Later in the *Trojan Epic* two victims of Diomedes are named Eurydamas (13.178–9) and Abas (13.209). Such careless use of Homeric material by Quintus is most unusual.

88–9 Inability to repay parents the cost of one's upbringing is a pathetic comment made twice in the *Iliad* (4.477–8, 17.301–2) about a young warrior killed in battle.

92–8 The natural wonder of the burning rock of Korykos and its palm trees is not otherwise recorded, but it is similar to that of an olive tree growing on a burning rock at Tyre, which is described by Nonnos (*Dionysiaka* 40.469–75). For the association of Hephaistos with such phenomena, see the note at 9.336–7.

101–4 The description of Teukros' shot is comparable with that of Philoktetes' at 10.231–5, for which see the note ad loc.

110–6 The simile of a flight of cranes thrown into confusion by a shot from a sling is a seemingly original adaptation of a simile subject used at 3.590–1, for the background to which see the note ad loc. The similarity of an earlier rendering of the subject by Lucan (*Civil War* 5.711–6) is probably no more than coincidental.

111 *on account of the crop*—variant reading *to make an attack*.

120 *horrible*—The text is uncertain.

122–5 The simile of trees uprooted by a gale is a variation on that at 1.488–91, for which see the note ad loc.

129–44 Apollo's intervention disguised as a seer to encourage Aineias and Eurymachos resembles that at *Iliad* 17.322–43 to encourage Aineias, where he appears as a herald.

132–3 For the background to the simile of oxen pulling a cart, see the note at 6.107–11.

140–1 For the spinning of a thread by the Fates, see the note at 3.756–7.

146–9 The simile of wasps attacking bees when the latter make for grapes in autumn is a curious combination of simile subjects used before: wasps attacking people at 8.41–4 and wasps killed as they attack grapes at 10.114–6, for which see the notes ad loc. The simile is better suited to the whole Trojan army than to the two leaders, and in that respect 150–1 are ambiguous.

151–3 For the Fates and deities of war, see the note at 1.308–11.

156–8 For the simile of the reaping of grain, see the note at 3.375–8.

163 Some text has probably been lost at this point.

170–7 The simile of pigs invading an unharvested grainfield and then being driven out by dogs picks up one element from the simile at 156–8 above, but probably owes most to that of a donkey that resists attempts to drive it out of a grainfield at *Iliad* 11.558–62.

180 *of men*—variant readings *of gods, of hands*.

188–200 picks up the theme of a severed arm that appears to be still alive from 70–8 above, with substitution of battle-ax for sword and greater elaboration of the gruesome and the bizarre.

201–6 is essentially a more gruesome elaboration of the type of wound described at 9.188–91, for the background to which see the note ad loc.

207–14 The simile of oxen abandoning their plowing and risking injury when stung by a

gadfly reflects the popularity of the gadfly and oxen as a simile subject—its relatively simple form at *Odyssey* 22.299–301, its elaboration at *Argonautika* 1.1265–9, and a close imitation of the latter at Oppian, *Halieutika* 2.521–31. For the influence of the *Argonautika* version, see the note at 10.441–5. Most of the elaboration here seems to be original.

217–8 For the simile of starlings frightened by a hawk, see the note at 3.359–61.

219 *now take*—variant reading *unite in*.

223 *swift*, or *sharp*.

227–8 *So the attackers retreated*—variant reading *The foes then turned and retreated*.

228–32 For the background to the simile of waves raised by two different winds, see the note at 2.217–8.

247–59 A dust storm that blinds both armies is dispersed by Zeus, which is essentially different from his interventions at 8.444–50, to cover Troy in cloud (see the note ad loc.), and at *Iliad* 17.268–70, to cover Patroklos' body in a mist that is confined to a small area (ibid. 366–77) and is dispersed in answer to prayer (ibid. 648–50).

272–9 is a further variation on the subject of the working of Fate, or the Fates, featured notably at 7.67–92, 9.414–22 and 499–508, for which see the notes ad loc. For the spinning of a thread at one's birth, see the note at 3.756–7.

275 *lot*—variant reading *at first*.

282 *Courage draws men to the point of a spear* is an adaptation of the Homeric proverb *Iron itself draws a man to it* (*Odyssey* 16.294 = 19.13).

284 *courage*—variant reading *strength*.

288 Some editions place 288 after 289 and make it refer to Aphrodite, but that is not justified.

289–91 The removal of Aineias by his mother Aphrodite recalls her attempt to remove him at *Iliad* 5.311ff. and his removal by Apollo ibid. 445–6.

296–7 refers to the wounding of Ares by Diomedes with the help of Athena at *Iliad* 5.846–63.

308–13 The simile of timbers from a demolished raft laid out on a beach to be washed by the sea is a curious reversal of that at *Argonautika* 1.1003–5 of newly cut timbers similarly laid out for construction, presumably, of a raft. Some of the details here recall part of the account of a raft's construction by Odysseus at *Odyssey* 5.243–8.

315 is a repetition of 3.380, for which see the note at 3.390.

321–2 For the mention of doctors tending the wounded, see the note at 1.76–82.

326 *nor did they turn*—variant reading *while others turned*.

338–57 names the leaders attacking and defending (in the last case the attacker only) at two named and two unnamed gates of Troy, perhaps reflecting a tradition that there were four gates, but also probably influenced by the fourfold division of the Trojan army, with named leaders, in its attack on the Greek fortification at *Iliad* 12.88–100. The passage also recalls the descriptions of the seven champions attacking the seven gates of Thebes in Aischylos' *Seven against Thebes* (375ff.) and Euripides' *Phoinikian Women* (1104–38), as is signaled by the fact that two of those champions, Kapaneus and Tydeus, were the fathers of Sthenelos and Diomedes, the first two Greek leaders to be named here. Euripides' description is on a scale closer to the present passage and is more likely to have been influential; see the note at 447–73 below.

345 *Dardanian* is Vian's emendation of the manuscripts' reading *Idaian,* which is otherwise not recorded, whereas the Dardanian Gate is mentioned in the *Iliad* (5.789, 22.194) and the *Trojan Epic* (4.3, 9.44).

358–407 The device of covering a body of soldiers with shields interlocked above their heads, here attributed to Odysseus, is the testudo that was used regularly by Roman armies in siege warfare. There is no earlier mention of it in extant Greek poetry, but the account of how the Argonauts used shields and helmets to protect themselves from the bronze feathers dropped by the birds from the Island of Ares (*Argonautika* 2.1047–89) is closely analogous and seems to have influenced this passage; cf. especially the comparison with a protecting roof at 362–4 and the similes ibid. 1073–5 and 1083–7. The subsequent course of action, however, with the Trojan defenders first pelting the testudo with stones and other missiles and achieving nothing, and later Aineias breaking it up with a huge rock and more stones, is so closely parallel to the narrative at *Aeneid* 9.505–18 of how Trojan defenders at first fail and finally succeed against a Volscian testudo that it is impossible to deny the direct influence of that passage.

361 *with a single movement*—variant reading *in a single unit.*

377–8 For the simile of the dark cloud drawn by Zeus, see the note at 2.194–5.

383 For bees buzzing in their hives, see the note at 1.440–3.

396–8 For the simile of goats frightened by a falling crag, see the note at 2.379–86.

401–4 For the simile of rocks broken by thunderbolts, see the notes at 1.677–80 and 8.222–6.

404 In 404 some text seems to have been lost. There is a development of the simile resembling that at 396–8 above.

415–9 For the fight between Zeus and the Giants, see the note at 1.179.

417 *That terrible deed which*—variant reading *Those terrible creatures, and . . .*

421–8 Aineias' movement along the walls, use of improvised weapons, and encouragement of the defenders have general similarity to the defense of the Greek ships by Telamonian Ajax at *Iliad* 15.674–88.

447–73 The narrative of Alkimedon's scaling of the wall and being knocked down to his death by Aineias' stone has some detailed resemblance to that of Kapaneus' scaling of the wall of Thebes and being knocked down by Zeus' thunderbolt at Euripides, *Phoinikian Women* 1172–86, which comes shortly after the description of the seven champions noted as a source at 338–57 above.

483–4 The simile of a goat shot down from a rock could have been suggested by that at *Iliad* 15.271–6, in which a stag or a goat is saved from hunters by a high rock.

499–501 The present indication of a prolonged struggle is picked up at 12.1–2, where it is said to be *round the walls of Troy.* It is therefore unlikely to refer to such events as those predicted at 10.345–60.

Book 12. The Wooden Horse

The story of the horse is prominent in all versions of the Trojan legend that have survived from antiquity. In order to assess the place of Quintus' version in the tradition, attention is called to those features of earlier versions

that afford significant comparison. It was the last episode of the *Little Iliad* as well as the first of the *Sack of Ilion:* Epeios constructs the horse under Athena's guidance; the Greek champions enter the horse, while the rest burn their camp and withdraw to Tenedos; the Trojans bring the horse inside their walls, debate whether to destroy it, but decide to dedicate it to Athena; the Trojans' celebration is interrupted by two huge snakes, which kill Laokoon and one of his two sons; Sinon enters Troy in disguise to give a fire signal. To this the following can be added from Apollodoros (5.14–18), who mostly follows these epics: the idea of the horse is Odysseus'; he persuades fifty champions to enter it and is appointed their leader; both Kassandra and Laokoon say there is an armed force in the horse; Apollo causes two snakes to swim from a neighboring island and devour Laokoon's sons. References in the *Odyssey* (8.492–513, 11.523–32) corroborate some of this and add the following: Neoptolemos is one of the champions in the horse; Odysseus is responsible for opening and closing the trap door of the horse; one course considered by the Trojans is to break open the horse. Quintus' version differs from this only in the following: the Trojans debate about the horse before taking it inside; Laokoon intervenes and is punished both before and after its entry; the snakes are sent by Athena but enter Apollo's shrine; Sinon plays a crucial role from the point where the Trojans discover the horse; thirty champions are named but others are referred to; Epeios is responsible for opening and closing the horse; Kassandra intervenes later than Laokoon. Diktys' narrative contains major departures from the traditional story, but the following points are relevant here: before the horse's construction the Trojans' sacrifices cannot be burned and fall to the ground; Helenos reveals that a wooden horse will cause Troy's fall; Epeios provides the horse with wheels. In Quintus' version the ill-omened sacrifices follow the horse's entry; Kalchas takes an initiative similar to Helenos'; there is the same provision of wheels.

By far the most elaborate extant version is Virgil's (*Aeneid* 2.13–249), which owes its remarkable emotional intensity partly to the fact that it is a first-person narrative: the Greeks construct the horse, fill it with champions, and withdraw to Tenedos; the Trojans find the horse and debate whether to take it into the city, destroy it, or break it open; Laokoon warns of trickery and spears it; Sinon is captured nearby and tells a long story to explain how the Greeks tried to sacrifice him and how the horse could secure Troy's future; while Laokoon is sacrificing outside the city, two snakes come from Tenedos and kill first his sons and then him, before disappearing under Athena's statue in the citadel; believing that Laokoon was punished for sacrilege, the Trojans put wheels under the horse and pull it up to the citadel; ignoring Kassandra's warning, the Trojans celebrate.

The summary shows that as regards the sequence of events Virgil's version is substantially closer to Quintus' than is that of the early Greek epics, the main difference being that Quintus has Laokoon blinded by Athena before the horse's entry and then his sons, not himself, killed by the snakes after it. Also, the snakes come from Kalydna instead of Tenedos and go to Apollo's shrine instead of Athena's, but the description of their approach is similar in both versions. Much the most important difference, however, is that whereas Quintus develops most elements of the story on a similar scale in the Homeric manner, Virgil just briefly mentions some elements but highlights Sinon at overwhelming length in the style of Hellenistic poetry, especially that of Kallimachos. Quintus obviously distanced himself from Virgil's version, but it is hardly credible that he was not consciously influenced by it. We can only guess how much of the difference between them is due to originality and how much to lost sources. The only other extant earlier poetic version, that of Petronius (*Satyrica* 89), is wholly alien to Quintus' style. Obviously indebted to Virgil, it elaborates with eccentric originality mainly Laokoon's attack on the horse, the approach of the snakes, and their killing of Laokoon and his sons. But in one matter it follows a version closer to Quintus': Sinon is encountered and remains firm under pressure before the intervention of Laokoon.

3–20 Kalchas' intervention to call for a stratagem, leading as it does to Odysseus' idea of a wooden horse, is not necessarily incompatible with the perhaps careless statement of Sinon at *Aeneid* 2.185–6 that Kalchas ordered the horse's construction. The same statement is put in Sinon's mouth at 377–8 below. Kalchas' initiative should be compared with those at 6.57ff. and 9.325ff.

10 *ships*—variant reading *army*.

12–8 The story of a dove at first escaping from a hawk into a hole in a rock and then being tricked into believing the hawk had gone away is based on the simile of the successful escape of a dove at *Iliad* 21.493–5. It resembles the fables of Aisop but seems to be original.

15–16 *he thought of the trick of hiding*—variant reading *in his state of anger he hid*.

28–9 The abruptness with which construction of a horse is proposed is justified only by its familiarity to readers, not by its dramatic context. As noted in the introduction to the book, Odysseus was traditionally credited with the idea.

37–8 At *Aeneid* 2.162–88 the construction of the horse is explained as appeasement of Athena's anger at the theft of the Palladion. Here and at 377–9 below that anger is left unexplained because the theft is omitted from the narrative, although foretold at 10.350–60.

40 *in spite of their cruelty* is the first anticipation that the Trojans will resort to torture, which reflects a tradition seemingly followed by Petronius, as noted in the introduction to the book. It is made explicit by Sinon at 249–50 and carried out at 362–73 below. There is

no mention of mistreatment in Virgil's version beyond mockery (*Aeneid* 2.64), while in the later version of Triphiodoros he is flogged before being left behind in order to deceive the Trojans (219–29).

60–5 For the commonplace of necessity inspiring courage, see the note at 2.275–6.

66–79 Neoptolemos' objection to the use of trickery and Odysseus' flattering response are closely parallel to their exchange at Sophokles, *Philoktetes* 86–99.

71–2 For the commonplace of the need for hard work, see the note at 1.738.

82–3 A carpenter is likewise said to have been taught by Athena, as goddess of crafts and skills, at *Iliad* 5.59–61 and 15.411–2.

84–7 The opposition of Neoptolemos and Philoktetes to the horse is not attested elsewhere, but the same is attributed to Sthenelos by Philostratos (*Heroikos* 4.3).

88–90 seems to refer anachronistically to sophisticated siege warfare.

94–9 Zeus' intervention with a thunderbolt to deter Neoptolemos and Philoktetes resembles that at *Iliad* 8.132–6 to deter Nestor and Diomedes. His intervention at *Trojan Epic* 8.449ff. is also similar, for which see the note ad loc.

104 *crowned with*—variant reading *circled by.*

106–9 Athena's leaving Olympos disguised as a maiden and standing over Epeios' head to speak to him in a dream is particularly reminiscent of her visit to Nausikaa, which concludes with a description of Olympos, at *Odyssey* 6.2–47.

111 *enter his mind* is the most plausible interpretation of the literal meaning *come inside,* because her presence would naturally reinforce his skill; see the note at 82–3 above. This is supported by 114–6 and 146–7 below. Some prefer to read *stand beside him.*

122–33 The felling of trees on Mount Ida and their transportation to the shore of the Hellespont is closely reminiscent of the gathering of timber for the funeral pyre of Patroklos at *Iliad* 23.110–26, a detail shared by both descriptions being the mention of mules.

126 *of the lofty mountains*—variant reading *with tall timber.*

145 *is adorned*—variant reading *moves.*

150 *been produced*—variant reading *taken wing.*

151–3 Epeios' dedicatory prayer gives no indication of the horse's religious purpose, unlike the tradition that it bore an inscription stating it was a thank offering to secure the Greeks' return (Apollodoros 5.15). Quintus may have regarded that as inconsistent with the purpose stated at 37–8 above and 377–9 below. He may also have considered it un-Homeric to mention the use of writing.

160–1 The destination that explains Zeus' absence is the pretended one of Hera during her deception of Zeus (*Iliad* 14.200–10), whereas Poseidon's intervention in support of the Greeks is made possible by the turning of Zeus' attention toward Thrace (*Iliad* 13.1–9).

162–218 The battle between the Olympian deities, Theomachy, divided according to the sides supported by them in the war, immediately before the climax of the *Trojan Epic* is an obvious counterpart of the one at *Iliad* 20.4–74 and 21.385–520. However, their differences are more notable than their similarities. The one in the *Iliad* begins with the deities actually intervening on both sides of the human battle at the instigation of Zeus, and it is resumed as a series of undignified brawls between pairs of deities with

Zeus as an amused onlooker. Here, in Zeus' absence, the deities are deterred by Fate from their threatened intervention in the human battle and then turn to a wholly serious fight between themselves, of which humans are unaware. They finally desist when Zeus shows his anger and Themis warns them of its dire consequences.

172–3 Ares' initiative in attacking Athena echoes that at *Iliad* 21.391–3.

174–83 The noise and the shaking of the whole region caused by the deities' battle, which frighten the Titans in Hades, closely resemble those described at *Iliad* 20.56–66, where Hades himself is frightened.

179–80 The Titans were imprisoned below the earth as a result of the Titanomachy, for which see the note at 1.179.

186 *Mount*—variant reading *the ground of*.

191–5 Zeus' steel chariot made by personified Time is not otherwise attested. Its being drawn by the four winds may have been prompted by the statement at 163–4 above that the deities rode on the winds. For the winds' connection with horses, see the note at 8.154–7.

196–200 The effects of Zeus' thunder, lightning, and thunderbolts are reminiscent of Hesiod's description of the Titanomachy at *Theogony* 687–99.

199–200 *immense was the blaze of the air*—variant reading *the boundless air was ablaze*.

202–14 The intervention of Themis to stop the deities fighting may have been prompted by her role as Zeus' agent in convening the assembly that starts the Theomachy at *Iliad* 20.4–6. Also relevant is her identification with personified Justice, which is implied at Hesiod, *Theogony* 901–6, where as Zeus' second wife she produces Justice and Peace among her offspring. It is fully explicit at *Trojan Epic* 13.369–78.

209–13 The threatened punishment of disobedient Olympians resembles that of the Titans alluded to at 179–80 above. A similar threat is made by Zeus himself at *Iliad* 8.13–7.

220 *stalwarthearted*—variant reading *talkative*.

230–3 is similar to the commonplace expressed by Kalchas at 60–5 above.

236–7 Here it is assumed that the Trojans will see the need to take the horse inside the city, something that is not explained either by Odysseus at 37–8 above or by Sinon at 377–9 below, as it is at *Aeneid* 2.183–94.

249–50 For the anticipation of torture, see the note at 40 above.

254 *courage*—variant reading *strength*.

259 *revealed*—variant reading *destructive*.

266–70 The prevention of Nestor from joining the Argonauts by Pelias, who was his uncle (see the note at 4.306–19), is not otherwise attested. It contradicts the statement of Valerius Flaccus (*Argonautica* 1.380–2) that he was an Argonaut.

273 *A god*—variant reading *Courage*.

284 *Himself, while . . . outside*—variant reading *While . . . outside himself*.

292–6 For the literary background to the contrast between the difficulty of reaching good things and the ease of reaching ruin, see the note at 5.49–56. For the commonplace of the need for hard work, see the note at 1.738.

306–13 The literary antecedents and historical significance of this invocation of the Muses, the only one in the *Trojan Epic*, are dealt with in the general introduction. It is probably more than coincidence that many of the names in the following catalog of champions

are also in the Catalog of Ships that is introduced by the model invocation at *Iliad* 2.484–92.

312 *Liberty*—variant reading *Zeus the Deliverer.*

314 *monstrous,* or *cavernous.*

314–30 Thirty champions are named, twenty-five of them featuring elsewhere in the epic, plus Epeios and a vague indication of others. It is not known how this relates to the total of fifty attributed to the Epic Cycle, or even whether all fifty names were recorded. Some names are common to all extant versions, but others are unique to one or two. It is not possible to establish a direct source for Quintus' list apart from its obvious indebtedness to the Catalog of Ships (see the note at 306–13 above).

323 *Amphimachos*—variant reading *Antimachos.*

325 *Amphilochos*—variant reading *Amphimachos.*

329–34 As noted in the introduction to the book, the responsibility naturally assigned here to Epeios belonged to Odysseus according to the *Odyssey* (11.524–5). This change may reflect the criticism, attributed to the Homeric scholar Aristarchos, that the task was unworthy of a hero. But see the note at 13.40–41.

343 *their leaders are watching them*—variant reading *they are watching their leaders.*

362–73 For the torture of Sinon, see the note at 40 above.

366–8 The mutilation of Sinon recalls the threat of the Trojan king Laomedon to cut off the ears of Poseidon and Apollo (*Iliad* 21.455). Possibly that gave rise to a tradition of Trojan barbarity.

377–9 For the background to the statements made here, see the notes at 3–20 and 37–8 above.

379–86 The statement that Odysseus advised the Greeks to sacrifice Sinon in order to secure their return voyage can be read as a summary of the very long explanation given at *Aeneid* 2.81–131. But Sinon's escape by taking refuge under the horse is pointedly different from the account given ibid. 132–6.

390–417 The blinding of Laokoon by Athena as punishment for his advice to destroy the horse is not otherwise attested and may be original. His initial intervention in Virgil's version (*Aeneid* 2.40–56) is quite different.

393–4 Burning the horse is one of three courses of action urged by Capys and others at *Aeneid* 2.35–8.

400–15 provides a remarkably detailed and accurate description of an accelerated attack of congestive glaucoma, with inflammation of the cornea followed by a white, opaque condition. Partial recovery from such a condition is described in a simile at 1.76–82; see the note ad loc. for other passages that show an interest in medical matters. Especially comparable is the description of Ajax's condition at 5.322–8. These related passages strengthen the likelihood that the blinding of Laokoon is an original version of the story. It foreshadows the metaphorical blindness of the Trojans to their doom and the impairment of their eyesight by wine (13.10–13).

409–10 For the simile of a snow-fed stream, see the note at 3.578–81.

416 *they*—variant reading *he.*

424–7 follows the tradition that wheels were part of the horse's construction (see the introduction to the book), which is contradicted by the statement at *Aeneid* 2.185–7

that its great size was designed to prevent its being taken inside Troy. That results in the absurdity of its being fitted with wheels ibid. 235–6.

427–32 The pulling of the horse is likened to the launching of a ship as at Euripides, *Trojan Women* 537–9. The simile's elaboration owes something to the description of the Argo's launching, especially *Argonautika* 1.386–90.

436 *cries of the people*—variant reading *sounds of the pipes*.

440 The wall was breached to admit the horse according to both the *Little Iliad* and the *Aeneid* (2.234).

450–2 may consciously recall Hesiod, *Theogony* 304–25, where monsters produced by Typhon and Echidna are described.

452–3 The tradition that the snakes came from the island, or islands, of Kalydna is attested by Lykophron (*Alexandra* 347), but Virgil (*Aeneid* 2.203) has them come from the adjacent island of Tenedos.

455–8 The description of the snakes' approach over the sea has some similarity to that over both sea and land at *Aeneid* 2.203–11.

463–72 The elaborate description of panic among the Trojans corresponds with the brief statement at *Aeneid* 2.212.

470 *at their approach*—variant reading *and tried to escape*.

474–7 corresponds with *Aeneid* 2.213–5, the devouring of Laokoon's two sons, but that is followed by a graphic description of Laokoon's own death (ibid. 216–24). The tradition seems to have been divided from an early date as to who and how many of the three were killed.

478–84 differs from *Aeneid* 2.225–7, where the snakes disappear under the statue of Athena. Quintus' version seems to reflect an older tradition recorded in Servius' note on *Aeneid* 2.201, that Laokoon was a priest of Apollo, who sent the snakes as punishment for a sexual offense. It seems to be implied that the spot where the snakes disappeared was marked by the cenotaph. This is not otherwise recorded, but is likely to have been a local tradition.

481 *Remained*, or *Remains*.

488 *Her husband's folly had caused*—variant reading *Of her foolish husband*.

489–94 For the background to the simile of a nightingale lamenting chicks that a snake has eaten, see the notes at 5.493–6 and 7.330–5.

495 *So sadly . . . death*—variant reading *So . . . sad death*.

503–20 The detailing of no fewer than fifteen different sinister portents presaging the destruction of Troy is unprecedented in earlier Greek poetry, although there are sources for some particulars, such as sacrifices that will not burn (Sophokles, *Antigone* 1006–11), statues sweating blood, and strange sounds in temples (*Argonautika* 4.1284–5). It is the accumulation of so many that is most remarkable. The only comparable passage is Virgil's description, at slightly greater length, of sixteen kinds of portents associated with the death of Julius Caesar (*Georgics* 1.466–88), which became the prototype of similar passages in later Roman epics. Most of the portents are different, but two are the same—weeping statues of gods and wolves howling inside cities. The most compelling reason for believing that Quintus was influenced by that passage is that it is followed by a reference to the collective guilt inherited by

Rome from Troy (ibid. 501–2). The likelihood of a tradition of such portents in this particular context is indicated, as noted in the introduction to the book, by their occurrence at a slightly earlier point in the narrative of Diktys (5.7). Virgil records portents following the theft of the Palladion (*Aeneid* 2.171–5), including the statue's sweating.

510 *really* . . . The text is either corrupt or there is at least one line missing.

525–8 As noted in the introduction to the book, the version of the Epic Cycle had Kassandra and Laokoon both argue for the horse's destruction after its entry into Troy. Her separate and later intervention tallies with its brief mention at *Aeneid* 2.246–7, where there is a more explicit allusion to the fact that Apollo had punished her by making her prophecies true but never believed.

530–3 For the lioness simile, see the note at 1.315–7.

532 After 532 at least one line seems to have been lost.

540–2 Kassandra's opening words have some resemblance to those of the prophet Theoklymenos at *Odyssey* 20.351–4.

545 It is not necessary to follow some editors in supposing the loss here of an explicit mention of the wooden horse, which is probably alluded to with *at the feet of Death* in 543 above. The elliptical train of thought is in character for Kassandra.

546 *won't*—variant reading *don't*.

552 Before 552 one line formally concluding Kassandra's speech has probably been lost.

560–1 is clarified retrospectively at 567–73 below, where Kassandra's intention is obvious from the weapons she carries.

570–1 corresponds with the depiction of Kassandra holding an ax and restrained by the Trojans on one of the Tabulae Iliacae, a Roman monument of the first century A.D.

575 *shortly*—The text is uncertain.

580–3 For the background to the simile of a leopard driven off by men and dogs, see the note at 7.486–92.

Book 13. The Sack of Troy

The book contains all the traditional elements of the sack that are outlined by Apollodoros (5.19–23). It also preserves their traditional sequence on the same evidence, with a few noteworthy departures that may or may not be original. The killing of Hektor's infant son Astyanax was traditionally associated with the division of spoils on the following day, but Quintus makes it and the capture of his mother Andromache come immediately after the killing of Priam. For the most part Apollodoros' outline agrees with the summary of the Cyclic *Sack of Ilion,* the most important exception being the timing of Aineias' departure, which the *Sack* places immediately after the deaths of Laokoon and one of his sons. As noted in the general introduction, the fact that Quintus follows Apollodoros' different placement of it during the sack, immediately after the death of Deiphobos, is one of the indications that the Epic Cycle was not available to him. Quintus' version is also closer to Apollodoros' with the finding of Aithra by her grandsons

Demophoon and Akamas as almost the last event during the night of the sack (rather earlier according to Apollodoros), instead of at the division of spoils as in the *Sack of Ilion*. Quintus concludes the sequence of events with two disappearances, that of Laodike into the ground, which according to Apollodoros followed the assignment of captives, and that of Elektra from the sky, which is not found in early sources. Some elements of Quintus' version that are not included by Apollodoros or the summary of the *Sack* are likely nonetheless to have belonged to the early tradition, such as the exploits of several Greek heroes in addition to Neoptolemos, while others, like the philosophical comments by a distant observer of the destruction, may well be original. The contrast between Quintus' traditional narrative and Virgil's highly idiosyncratic one of the same events at *Aeneid* 2.250–804 could hardly be greater. The latter has a unique dramatic unity because of its overwhelming focus on Aineias, which is achieved by omission of some traditional elements and original elaboration of others. However, a clear example of its influence on Quintus' narrative is given in the introduction to book 11, so that the same could be true of some of the following points on which both versions differ in the same way from the Greek summaries: Sinon alerts the champions in the horse; Neoptolemos beheads Priam; Helen is saved by Aphrodite from being killed either by Menelaos (Quintus) or by Aineias (Virgil).

1–20 The description of the Trojans' feasting resembles, with its mention of music, singing, and dancing, that at Euripides, *Trojan Women* 542–50, which follows the comparison with the launching of a ship noted at 12.427–32.

23–33 Sinon gives his fire signal to the fleet from inside the city in accordance with the *Sack of Ilion*, whereas Apollodoros (5.19) states that it was from Achilles' tomb outside. Virgil (*Aeneid* 6.515–9) follows a different version, that the signal was given by Helen from the citadel. Sinon's second task of alerting those in the horse is recorded by Virgil (*Aeneid* 2.257–9), but with the difference that he unlocks it himself.

36–8 The stated urge to jump out of the horse may reflect the story, recorded by Apollodoros (5.20), that Echion was killed by jumping.

40–1 The cooperation of Odysseus and Epeios in opening the horse is a way of resolving the question noted at 12.329–34.

44–8 The simile of a wolf entering a sheepfold and evading men and dogs closely reflects part of that at *Argonautika* 2.123–8.

51–3 follows 12.332–3 as regards the use of ladders. Their use for descending is depicted on two of the Tabulae Iliacae, whereas Apollodoros (5.20) and Virgil (*Aeneid* 2.262) record the use of a rope.

55–7 For the background to the simile of angry wasps, see the note at 8.41–4.

61 *were still*—variant reading *were rowing*. Possibly some text has been lost.

68 *noiselessly*, or *noisily*. The uncertainty reflects a disputed meaning at *Iliad* 13.41. The same

also applies in 70 below. The narrative context suggests the former meaning, while the simile of returning sheep seems ambiguous, as is the autobiographical passage at 12.310 for the question of how well the poet understood sheep!

70 *silently,* or *loudly;* see the note at 68 above.

72–5 For the simile of leopards attacking sheep, see the note at 1.524–7.

72 *famished leopards*—The reading is uncertain, and there may be at least one line missing.

75 After 75 several lines have been lost, in which the simile was concluded and the narrative of slaughter in Troy resumed.

85 For the deities of war, see the note at 1.308–11.

97–9 The comment about the special pain of a wound in the groin is similar to that at *Iliad* 13.567–9.

104–7 For the simile of cranes alarmed by an eagle, see the note at 5.298–9.

121–2 For the commonplace of courage from necessity, see the note at 2.275–6.

127–30 The likening of Trojans killed among the remains of their banquet to pigs slaughtered for a prince's banquet closely recalls the same comparison applied to the killing of Agamemnon and his companions in their banqueting hall at *Odyssey* 11.412–20.

133–40 For the simile of jackals or wolves killing and devouring sheep, see the note at 1.524–7. The *sorry feast* in 140 must be the carcasses left behind.

137 After 137 at least one line has been lost.

145–64 The elaborate description of the Trojans' resistance corresponds with the bare statement at *Aeneid* 2.366–8, but it is likely to have featured in some form in earlier versions.

155 *someone else*—variant reading *a companion.*

168–77 Koroibos is killed by Diomedes as in the *Little Iliad* (fragment 16). Here the name of his promised bride, Kassandra the daughter of Priam, is omitted. Virgil has a dramatic episode (*Aeneid* 2.403–26), in which the sight of Kassandra's capture infuriates Koroibos and leads to his being killed by Peneleos. Quintus would have seen that as incompatible with his own account of Peneleos' death at the hands of Eurypylos (7.104, see the note ad loc.). The present passage is also influenced by the killing of another who was promised the hand of Kassandra, Othryoneus, at *Iliad* 13.363–9.

169 *glorious*—The text is uncertain.

175 *city*—The text is uncertain.

178–9 For the background to the killing of Eurydamas, see the note at 11.79–82.

181 This Ilioneus is not otherwise known. Possibly the name was a variant version or corruption of Eioneus, who was killed by Neoptolemos according to the *Little Iliad* (fragment 15).

192 *these hands which supplicate you*—The text is uncertain.

193–5 Ilioneus' argument is similar to Memnon's expression of respect for Nestor's age at 2.309–18, for which see the note ad loc.

209 For the background to the killing of Abas, see the note at 11.79–82.

212 One of the Tabulae Iliacae depicts a Deiopites killed by Philoktetes.

214 The only other record of Polites being killed by Neoptolemos immediately before his father Priam is that at *Aeneid* 2.526–32. There he flees mortally wounded and collapses in front of his parents, of which there is no hint in Quintus' bald statement.

215 *Tisiphonos*—variant reading *Antiphonos*.

216–7 The killing of Agenor by Neoptolemos is in accordance with the *Little Iliad* (fragment 18) and one of the Tabulae Iliacae.

220–50 The killing of Priam by Neoptolemos was a central feature of the traditional story according to all sources. The only other extant version is that of Virgil (*Aeneid* 2.533–58), which is strikingly different from Quintus'. Instead of asking to be killed, as here, Priam is angrily defiant and throws his spear. Instead of wishing that Achilles had killed him earlier, he contrasts Achilles' generous behavior with that of Neoptolemos. Here he is killed by decapitation, but there by a sword thrust into his flank, although subsequent decapitation is mentioned. The point on which the two versions are most similar is the contrast with Priam's former glory, but it is the contrast drawn by Achilles at *Iliad* 24.543–6 that is the more obvious influence on 247 here.

222 For the altar of Zeus the Guardian, see the note at 6.144–7.

231–4 refers to the subject of *Iliad* 24.

234–5 For the spinning of a thread by the Fates, see the note at 3.756–7.

235 *sword*—variant reading *heart*.

241–5 The manner of Priam's beheading resembles another at 11.56–9, for which see the note ad loc.

242–3 For the simile of the reaping of grain, see the note at 3.375–8.

246 After 246 at least one line has been lost.

250 *his many*—variant reading *all his*.

251–7 The way in which Astyanax is killed and the reason for it closely reflect Andromache's prediction at *Iliad* 24.734–8. As noted in the introduction to the book, its timing at this juncture is abnormal. According to the *Little Iliad* (fragments 20 and 21) when Andromache was assigned to Neoptolemos the next day, he killed her child on his own initiative. The version followed by Euripides in *Trojan Women* is that Odysseus persuaded a Greek assembly that he should be killed.

258–63 For part of the background to the simile of a cow bemoaning the loss of its calf to wolves before being caught itself by lions, see the note at 7.257–9. The unexpected appearance of lions occurs in other similes, for example, 9.240–4.

265 *wailing*—variant reading *shouting*.

275–7 recalls Andromache's words to Hektor at *Iliad* 6.410–30, that because she had lost her original family Hektor was everything to her.

293–9 Antenor's hospitality to Menelaos and Odysseus on their embassy to negotiate the surrender of Helen was narrated in the *Kypria*, and is alluded to at *Iliad* 3.205–24. According to Apollodoros' summary of the sack (5.21) the same two entered Antenor's house in pursuit of his son Glaukos, but spared his life when they recognized him. Polygnotos' picture of the sack at Delphi showed Antenor's house with a leopard's skin hung in front as a sign that it should be spared by the Greeks, and also Antenor's family preparing for a journey (Pausanias 10.27.3–4).

299 For the identification of Themis with justice, see the note at 12.202–14.

300–53 The escape of Aineias and his family from Troy was an ancient tradition that is referred to in the *Iliad* (20.302–8). Of the different versions of its precise timing Quintus' follows that of Apollodoros, as noted in the introduction to the book. It also

accords with the latter's statement (5.21) that Aineias was spared by the Greeks on account of his piety, which is found in other sources, for example, Xenophon, *Kynegetikos* 1.15. Although it shares significant details with Virgil's elaborate and dramatic version (*Aeneid* 2.588–804), as noted below, it omits completely such major features of the latter as his father Anchises' refusal to leave (until he is convinced by two portents) and the loss of his wife Creusa, who is not even mentioned.

309–15 For part of the background to the simile of a helmsman forced to abandon ship, see the note at 8.414–8.

317–24 Aineias' carrying of his aged father is depicted on Greek vases in Etruria dating from the sixth century B.C. It is mentioned by Apollodoros and in Sophokles' lost tragedy *Laokoon* (fragment 373). At *Aeneid* 2.721–4 it is combined, as here, with a description of his young son holding his hand and barely keeping pace.

326–32 is an elaboration of the statement at *Aeneid* 2.632–3 that the flames and the enemy's weapons made way for Aineias led by Venus, except that there it is Aineias alone returning to his home.

333–51 Kalchas' role in this episode is not otherwise attested.

336–41 follows one of several different accounts of Rome's foundation detailed by Dionysios of Halikarnassos (*Roman Antiquities* 1.71–2). It is derived from the Greek historian Hellanikos (late fifth century B.C.) and makes Aineias himself the founder of Rome. The tradition followed by Virgil in Jupiter's prophecy at *Aeneid* 1.257–96 attributes its foundation to Aineias' distant descendant Romulus. That prophecy, however, is perhaps consciously recalled in the terms with which the future rule is described; cf. especially ibid. 278–9 and 287.

342–3 For the effect of divine parentage on a person's fate after death, see the notes at 3.771–4 and 7.67–92. Aineias' deification is foretold twice in the *Aeneid* (1.259–60, 12.794–5).

348–9 For the praise of kindness, see the note at 3.424.

354–415 The killing of Deiphobos and the removal of Helen by Menelaos were an essential part of the traditional story and featured in the *Sack of Ilion*. Two features of it that appear in earlier sources are absent from Quintus' version: according to *Odyssey* 8.517–20 and *Aeneid* 6.520–9 Menelaos was accompanied by Odysseus, and according to the latter they were brought in by Helen after she had removed all weapons from the house.

354–73 The actual killing of Deiphobos is stated with the utmost brevity, but then it is highlighted by Menelaos' speech of self-justification. Behind this presentation must be conscious avoidance of the barbarous mutilation of Deiphobos—removal of arms, ears, and nose—recorded by Virgil (*Aeneid* 6.494–7) and Diktys (5.12). Perhaps Quintus did not wish to attribute to a Greek the same behavior of which the Trojans are guilty at 12.366–8; see the note ad loc.

361–2 The same taunt about being son-in-law of Zeus is directed at Paris by Oinone at 10.319.

363 *bed*—variant reading *home*.

367 *quickly went*—variant reading *has already gone*.

369–78 For the identification of Themis with personified Justice, see the note at 12.202–14.

379–81 refers to the Trojans' violation of a formal truce in *Iliad* 3 and 4; cf. especially Agamemnon's denunciation ibid. 4.155–68.

385–402 Menelaos' diversion from his initial intention to kill Helen by the intervention of Aphrodite is essentially the same as that outlined at Euripides, *Andromache* 627–31: when he saw Helen's breast, he was no match for Aphrodite. Virgil freely adapts this at *Aeneid* 2.567–621, where Aineias is diverted from his resolve to kill Helen by a vision of Venus, who warns him of his own family's great danger.

395–7 The simile of a dead tree trunk withstanding winds is a variation on that of living oak trees at *Iliad* 12.132–4.

409–14 Agamemnon's argument that blame lay exclusively with Paris is essentially the same as that used by Helen herself to Menelaos at Euripides, *Trojan Women* 919–65, and *Trojan Epic* 14.155–64.

413–4 The tie between host and guest was considered sacred and under the special protection of Zeus.

416 *themselves,* or *the city.*

417–9 Athena and Hera are consistently hostile to Troy in the *Iliad* and the *Trojan Epic,* and at *Iliad* 20.313–7 Hera recalls the oaths they had sworn that they would not even protect it from destruction by fire.

420–9 The rape of Kassandra by Lokrian Ajax in Athena's temple was narrated in the *Sack of Ilion,* according to which she was forcibly removed clinging to the Palladion, exactly as depicted by Polygnotos at Delphi (Pausanias 10.26.3). Athena's averting her eyes to the roof of the temple is a slight variation on Lykophron's version (*Alexandra* 357–64), which attributes the gesture to the statue itself (thus also Apollodoros 5.22). The prediction of Ajax's punishment foreshadows the final episode of the *Trojan Epic.*

432a–7 The destruction of Troy by fire at this point is a major departure from the sequence of events in the *Sack of Ilion,* where it followed the division of spoils the next day. The reason for the change is probably the influence of Virgil's version, especially *Aeneid* 2.310–2. Both passages feature the burning of the homes of two named individuals, one of them being here Aineias and there Aineias' neighbor. Virgil's following statement that the sea nearby glowed with the light of the fire seems to have influenced Quintus' similar statement at 464–7 below.

436–7 recalls the description of Priam's palace with fifty chambers of his sons and twelve of his sons-in-law at *Iliad* 6.242–50.

462 *And shouting*—The Greek syntax is dubious, and there may have been a loss of at least one line.

464–79 For the background to the initial statement of the fire's visibility across the neighboring land and sea, see the note at 432a–7 above. This and the following observations by a distant onlooker are strongly reminiscent of 11.266–79, where distant observers of the battle on the plain pray for Trojan victory, and similar comments on the working of Fate are made in the person of the poet, for which see the note at 272–9. Both passages are characteristic of Quintus and likely to be substantially original.

474 *Many*—variant reading *All.*

480–6 is a variation on the simile at 4.552–5, for which see the note ad loc.

488–92 For some of the background to the simile of a forest fire, see the note at 1.209–10. The sympathy expressed for the tormented animals is perhaps an original touch.

494–5 The image of Troy caught in a net is reminiscent of the same at Aischylos, *Agamemnon* 357–61, and of the warning made to Hektor by Sarpedon in similar terms at *Iliad* 5.487–9.

496–543 The reunion of Aithra with her grandsons is elaborated dramatically at remarkable length. For its timing in relation to earlier literary versions, see the introduction to the book. The fact that here she is at first mistaken for a Trojan seems to accord with the depiction of her violent seizure on one of the Tabulae Iliacae.

519–25 refers to the capture of Helen at an early age from Sparta by Theseus and Peirithoos, and to her rescue from Aphidnai by her brothers Kastor and Polydeukes, who then captured Aithra. The story is known from various sources. She is mentioned as Helen's servant at *Iliad* 3.143–4, and she could be called Helen's mother-in-law because of the latter's enforced marriage to Theseus.

537–42 For the background to the simile of a long-absent father welcomed by his sons, see the note at 1.86–87.

541 *in front*—variant reading *on the shoulders.*

544–51 The swallowing of Laodike by the earth is another event placed earlier than seems to have been traditional, as noted in the introduction to the book. Its juxtaposition with Aithra's reunion seems to be more than accidental. There was a story that Laodike had a son by Akamas when he visited Troy, and the son was brought up by Aithra (Parthenios, *Love Romances* 16).

551–60 The story explaining the faintness of one of the seven Pleiades stars, that named Elektra after the mother of the Trojan ancestor Dardanos, is first recorded by Ovid (*Fasti* 4.177–8).

553 *renouncing*—variant reading *in grief,* which, if correct, suggests that at least one line of text has been lost.

561 *not*—variant reading *the Fates.*

Book 14. The Departure of the Greeks

The first part of the book is mainly occupied with the fates of Trojan captives, which formed the conclusion of the *Sack of Ilion*. A substantial part of this was dealt with in book 13—the killing of Astyanax, the decision to spare Helen, the rape of Kassandra, the recognition of Aithra, and the disappearance of Laodike. In addition, the assignment of captive women is assumed to have been made already, so that the book opens with their being led by their new masters—Kassandra by Agamemnon, Andromache by Neoptolemos, and Hekabe by Odysseus, which follows the order of their assignment according to Apollodoros and Euripides' *Trojan Women* (247–77). Particular emphasis is placed on the fate of Helen—the disarming effect of her beauty on the Greek army and of her pleading on Menelaos. The only available comparison for this is with the *Trojan Women,* which is

very different except for Helen's excuses. Celebration of their victory by the Greeks and their entertainment with a recital of the war is appropriately given prominence, but there is no evidence for its presence in earlier versions. Apollodoros (5.23) simply mentions sacrifices to all the deities. The long speech of Achilles to Neoptolemos in a dream seems to be a novel and not wholly successful adaptation of two different appearances of Achilles in the Cycle: first, to Neoptolemos soon after his arrival from Skyros in the *Little Iliad,* reflected in the general moral exhortation that is no longer appropriate in the present circumstances; and, second, to the departing Greeks to warn them of coming events, just before the fatal storm, in the *Returns,* which is reflected in the present warning of storms if they fail to sacrifice Polyxena. Her sacrifice after the division of spoils accords with the *Sack of Ilion*. Its remarkable elaboration is substantially indebted to its rendering in Euripides' *Hekabe,* the most important departures from that version being that Polyxena is not a willing victim and that Hekabe is not made to bury her. It is noteworthy that Ovid's version of the same episode (*Metamorphoses* 13.439–532) agrees on both these points with Euripides, not with Quintus, although it influenced the latter for some details. In contrast, Hekabe's metamorphosis into a dog, traditional according to Apollodoros, is treated very briefly.

Concerning the circumstances of the Greek army's departure, Quintus differs from the Cycle, omitting Kalchas' revelation to the Greeks of Athena's anger with them on account of Lokrian Ajax; the consequent disagreement between Agamemnon, Menelaos, and other leaders; and their separate departures, much of which is recounted by Nestor to Telemachos at *Odyssey* 3.130–200. Instead he follows a simplified version favored by the tragedians —departure as a single fleet, which is then separated and partly destroyed by Athena's storm, for which see especially Euripides, *Trojan Women* 48–94. The version of the Cycle is only reflected in the inconsequential secession of the seers Kalchas and Amphilochos. Quintus' version has the advantage of a simple, dramatic denouement, but it is marred by lack of an adequate link between Ajax's offense and the punishment of the whole army. The narrative of the storm follows in all essentials the traditional version summarized by Apollodoros: Zeus allows Athena to cause a storm; Athena smashes Ajax's ship with a thunderbolt; Ajax boasts that he will escape; Poseidon breaks off a rock and buries Ajax; Nauplios lures Greek ships onto rocks. The only substantial divergence concerns the location of the storm: according to Quintus and the *Returns* it was at the Kapherean Rocks (Euboia), and according to Apollodoros off Tenos. The death of Ajax is briefly narrated at *Odyssey* 4.499–511, but the only other surviving full-scale narrative of the whole episode, from the fleet's departure to Nauplios' destructive intervention, is

that in Seneca's tragedy *Agamemnon* (421–578). If it had been known to Quintus, it is hardly credible that not one of its many memorable features would have appeared unmistakably in his version, as is in fact the case. All points of similarity are explicable in terms of the shared subject matter. Another obviously relevant passage of Latin poetry is the storm with which Juno wrecks the fleet of Aineias (*Aeneid* 1.34–123), which Juno justifies by the precedent of Athena's destruction of Ajax and the Greek fleet (ibid. 39–45). In this case some influence is undeniable, particularly from Juno's visit to Aiolos and the cave of the winds, which contributes an otherwise novel feature of Quintus' narrative.

2 According to Hesiod (*Theogony* 123) Night was the offspring of primordial Chaos.

5–8 For the simile subject of swollen rivers, see the note at 2.221–4.

17–9 Helen is included in the parade of captive women as in Euripides' *Trojan Women* (869–72).

20–9 The literary background to the parading of Kassandra, Andromache, and Hekabe is noted in the introduction to the book.

33–6 Squealing pigs feature in a simile at 11.170–7. Their transference here to a new sty suits the situation of the captive women.

41–3 Helen's fear is the same as that expressed by her at 10.400–1. There may be an allusion, direct or indirect, to the *Sack of Ilion* by Stesichoros (early sixth century B.C.), according to which the Greeks were on the point of stoning Helen, but on seeing her they dropped their stones (fragment 201).

47–54 recalls the narration of Aphrodite's adultery with Ares at *Odyssey* 8.266–366, for which see the note at 1.667. The poet distances himself with his moralizing tone from the lighthearted Homeric treatment.

61–2 recalls the awed reaction of the Trojan elders to Helen's beauty, despite their misgivings, at *Iliad* 3.154–8.

63–6 The simile of seafarers happily sighting their homeland is essentially a variation on that of shipwrecked sailors sighting land at 1.633–9, for which see the note ad loc.

71–84 The grief of the rivers Xanthos and Simoeis and their daughters the nymphs over Troy's destruction recalls that of the latter over the slaughter of men in battle at 11.245–6. As rivers were usually personified as gods, there is a natural link here between the conventional sympathy of nature and the partisan involvement of the deities at 93–100 below.

75–9 The simile of grain flattened by hail and causing the owner grief resembles that of plants broken by heavy rain at *Argonautika* 3.1399–1403, which may have influenced a thematically related simile at 9.473–6, as noted ad loc.

86–8 seems to anticipate the bardic recital of the war at 125–42 below.

89–91 For the background to the simile of noisy jackdaws, see the note at 8.387–91.

92 After 92 at least one line has been lost.

97–100 The comments on the power of Fate in relation to deities and human fortune are similar to those made at 11.272–9, for which see the note ad loc.

99 *power*—variant reading *birth*.

116–9 The words of the Greeks suggest a paean of triumph, like that at *Iliad* 22.391–4, as well as of petition.

121 Between 121 and 122 at least one line has been lost, in which it was stated that those who were skilled as bards entertained the others.

125–42 For the reported form in which the bards' narrative of the Trojan War is summarized, see the note at 4.128–70.

129–31 For the stories of Telephos, Eetion, and Kyknos, see the note at 4.151–4.

133 For the statement that Hektor was dragged round the walls of Troy, see the note at 1.1–12.

155–64 For the background to the argument used by Helen to excuse herself, see the note at 13.409–14.

159–62 Despite the similarity of Helen's excuses to those made by her in Euripides' *Trojan Women* (914ff.), noted in the introduction to the book, her claim here to have attempted suicide is a precise contradiction of Hekabe's statement ibid. 1012–4.

166 *the suffering of our hearts*—variant reading *suffering; let's keep it in our hearts*.

175–7 The simile of intertwined ivy and grapevine is likely to have been suggested, in view of its context, by Hekabe's threat to cling to Polyxena as closely as ivy to an oak at Euripides, *Hekabe* 398.

180–4 The appearance of Achilles to speak to Neoptolemos in a dream looking just as he did in life closely resembles that of Patroklos to Achilles at *Iliad* 23.65–8. The circumstances of his appearance to the departing Greeks to request Polyxena's sacrifice according to Euripides (*Hekabe* 37–9, 109–15) and Ovid (*Metamorphoses* 13.439–44) are different.

185–222 For the literary background to Achilles' speech, see the introduction to the book.

186–7 For Achilles' apotheosis, see the note at 3.771–4.

189–90 Achilles' advice to his son echoes the advice of his father Peleus to himself always to be the best (*Iliad* 11.783–4).

195–200 For the literary background to the image of the tree of Virtue, see the note at 5.49–56.

195 *the man*—variant reading *an evil man*.

201–3 For the wise man's self-control in both bad and good fortune, see the note at 5.596–7.

203–9 For Achilles' recommendation of gentleness, which seems inconsistent with his following request, see the note at 3.424.

204 *your wife*—variant reading *women*.

207–8 For the simile of flowering grasses, see the note at 7.44.

213 *desire by bringing to my tomb*—variant reading *greatest and heartfelt desire*.

215–6 Continuation of the anger caused by Agamemnon taking Briseis from Achilles in *Iliad* 1 is a rather implausible justification of Polyxena's sacrifice, seemingly suggested by Achilles appearing to request her sacrifice with the same threatening look with which he had attacked Agamemnon (*Metamorphoses* 13.442–4). Its obvious precedent is Achilles' undertaking at *Iliad* 18.336–7 to satisfy his anger over the killing of Patroklos by sacrificing twelve Trojan captives on the latter's pyre.

216–20 Achilles' threat to cause storms to prevent the Greek fleet from leaving until he is appeased by a human sacrifice is an obvious transfer of Artemis' similar intervention to stop the Greeks' sailing from Aulis to Troy until she was appeased by the sacrifice of Agamemnon's daughter Iphigeneia, which is not mentioned in the *Trojan Epic*. This could have been suggested by Ovid's statement that the Greeks were waiting for stormy weather to stop when Achilles appeared (*Metamorphoses* 13.439–40).

223 For the comparison of Achilles' spirit with a breeze, see the note at 4.111. In contrast, the shade of Patroklos, after speaking to Achilles, vanishes like smoke under the ground (*Iliad* 23.99–101) in accordance with the predominant Homeric belief about the dead.

224–6 For the Elysian Plain, see the note at 3.771–4.

230–3 Neoptolemos' intervention to stop the Greeks' launching their ships corresponds with the appearance of Achilles himself in Euripides' version (*Hekabe* 37–9).

254–6 For Achilles' apotheosis, see the note at 3.771–4.

258–60 is a more elaborate version of the same likening of Polyxena to a sacrificial heifer at *Hekabe* 205–8.

263–6 The somewhat grotesque comparison of Polyxena's tears and groans with the operation of an olive press for extraction of green oil in early winter may have been suggested by the tears of the daughters of the sun god compared with drops of olive oil floating in water at *Argonautika* 4.625–6.

266 *rollers*—variant reading *levers*.

273–9 Hekabe's remembered dream of her breasts bleeding onto the tomb of Achilles corresponds with that of a hind seized by a wolf, which is associated with Achilles' demand for a Trojan woman, at *Hekabe* 90–7.

281 *wailing*—variant reading *sobbing*.

282–7 The simile of a bitch grieving for the loss of her pups is an adaptation of similes of grieving ewes and birds, for which see the note at 5.493–6, perhaps influenced also by similes of a bitch noisily defending her pups (*Odyssey* 20.14–5, Oppian, *Halieutika* 1.719–23).

289–94 Hekabe's reflections on the causes of her grief resemble those at *Hekabe* 154–61 and 585–8.

292 *wretched*—variant reading *disgraced*.

293–6 For the spinning of a thread by the Fates, see the note at 3.756–7.

296–7 refers, like *Hekabe* 416, to Polyxena's betrothal, which is explained at 321–3 below.

298–9 Hekabe's statement that even after his death Achilles is gladdened by Trojan blood is similar to the more elaborate one at *Metamorphoses* 13.501–4.

299 *gladdens*—variant reading *maddens*.

304–7 The holding of Polyxena by Neoptolemos until he strikes her dead is quite different from the action narrated at *Hekabe* 523–65: she is placed on the tomb by Neoptolemos, but when she sees that she is about to be seized for execution, her request to be left untouched is granted and she bares herself for the sword.

308–12 Neoptolemos' prayer to Achilles to grant a safe journey home in return for the sacrifice is essentially the same as that at *Hekabe* 534–41.

313–7 Polyxena's throat is cut as at *Hekabe* 566–70, but then there is no mention of the last

heroic effort to preserve her modesty with which she dies according to Euripides and Ovid (*Metamorphoses* 13.477–80).

316–9 The likening of the blood round Polyxena's neck to snow stained by blood seems to have been prompted by the simile of ivory stained with purple applied to the blood on Menelaos' legs at *Iliad* 4.141–7, which is perhaps already recalled at 270–1 above, where Polyxena's skin is said to be as white as ivory.

321–3 Polyxena's betrothal to Antenor's son Eurymachos is not recorded elsewhere.

347–53 Hekabe's transformation into a dog (properly a bitch) and removal to the other (European) side of the Hellespont reflects the belief that a headland on that coast derived its name Dog's Tomb from her burial; cf. Euripides, *Hekabe* 1271–3. The turning of the dog to stone is possibly a novel touch, influenced by such petrified portents as those at *Iliad* 2.318–20 and *Odyssey* 13.161–4. Another unusual feature of this version is the involvement of Kalchas instead of the Trojan seer Helenos.

360–9 The secession of Kalchas and Amphilochos and their subsequent settlement in Pamphylia and Kilikia refers to a tradition of Greek settlement in that region recorded by Herodotos (7.91). Its connection with the different account of the Greeks' departure in the *Sack of Ilion* and the *Returns* is noted in the introduction to the book.

362–3 gives the first indication of where the forthcoming storm took place (apart from a remote foreshadowing noted at 6.523–4), about which there were different beliefs, as noted in the introduction to the book. The Rocks of Gyrai, given as the location at *Odyssey* 4.500–1, were variously identified with Cape Kaphereus, the southeast point of Euboia, and a cliff on the south side of Tenos. One rock of that name is mentioned at 569–70 below.

374–6 The hanging of spoils, or trophies, on the ships is a temporary adaptation of the Greek and Roman practice of adorning public buildings, especially temples, and private houses with the same as thank offerings and mementos of victories.

376–8 The garlanding of ships, heads, and armor recalls that of the wooden horse and the Trojans in their false triumph at 12.434–6.

378–9 Libations are poured from the departing ships as from the Argo at *Argonautika* 1.534, the context of which is perhaps consciously recalled in the present episode.

386–6a The clasping of knees and resting of brows on hands were conventional attitudes of grief found both in literature (e.g., *Argonautika* 3.706 and 4.695) and in pictorial art (e.g., Polygnotos' depiction of Hektor and Sarpedon at Delphi, according to Pausanias 10.31.5).

395–8 recalls Kassandra's frustrated attempt to warn the Trojans of impending disaster at 12.525–85.

399–402 The lead taken by Antenor here probably reflects the tradition that he ruled the Trojans who survived the sack (Diktys 5.17).

402 *Those few built a pyre*—variant reading *They built a single pyre.*

412–3 The mention of Killa as though, like Chrysa, it were on the west coast of the Troad seems to be a mistake arising from its mention together with a different Chrysa at *Iliad* 1.37–8.

416–8 The description of the water round the Greek ships closely resembles that of it round the Argo at *Argonautika* 1.542–5.

430–3 It may seem inconsistent for Athena to refer to the demoralizing effects of the unjust suffering of good people when demanding the punishment not only of Ajax but also of the whole army. That is because Quintus' version of the departure fails to make sufficiently clear the collective guilt that has been incurred, as noted in the introduction to the book.

435–9 refers to the event narrated at 13.420–9.

443 *father*—The text is uncertain.

445–6 According to Hesiod (*Theogony* 139–46) the three Kyklopes were personifications of thunder and lightning, gave the same to Zeus, and manufactured his thunderbolt.

452–8 The aegis, usually an attribute of Athena, was either a goatskin covering of the upper body or a skin-covered shield, the latter being its form at 8.348–9. At *Iliad* 5.738–42 it is described as showing a Gorgon's head (here Medusa) and personifications of warfare. Elsewhere (*Iliad* 15.318–22, 17.593–6) its shaking affects the course of a battle.

454–6 For Medusa represented with snakes for hair, see the note at 5.38–40.

461–2 has some similarity to the description of Juno's storm at *Aeneid* 1.88–9.

461 *all through the upper air*—variant reading *and mountains. All above . . .*

466–91 For the Homeric background to Athena's employment of Iris and Aiolos to cause a storm, see the note at 3.698–718.

468 *To make him send*—The text is uncertain.

469 *upon the heights*—The text is uncertain.

471–3 Iris, the messenger of the gods in the *Iliad,* was a personification of rainbows; hence the description of her path as *an arc across the clouds.* Fire, air, and water are the elements associated with the three colors of which the rainbow was composed according to one ancient theory (scholia on Aratos, *Phainomena* 940), respectively red, white, and blue.

474–6 The description of Aiolia as the place where the winds are kept is similar to that at *Aeneid* 1.51–6, though less elaborate.

476–8 The particulars of Aiolos' family are taken from the otherwise wholly different description of his home on a floating island at *Odyssey* 10.1–13.

480–91 The release of the winds by Aiolos and their initial effect on the sea closely resembles the account of the same at *Aeneid* 1.81–6. This time Quintus' version is the more elaborate; cf. the note on 474–6 above. The fact that it differs from Virgil's in Aiolos' use of a trident (instead of a spear) and in not naming the winds is characteristic of his use of sources.

490 *monstrous*—variant reading *irresistible.* For the likening of waves to mountains, see the note at 8.59–66.

492–6 The alternate lifting and dropping of ships by the waves and the appearance of boiling sand is a slightly more elaborate version of *Aeneid* 1.106–7, one of the closest imitations in the whole epic of any text, Greek or Latin.

497–503 The description of the sailors' inability to perform their normal tasks has some similarity to the contrast drawn between the effects of moderate and severe storms at Euripides, *Trojan Women* 688–93. It could also be read as a much more elaborate version of the similar statement at Seneca, *Agamemnon* 507–9, perhaps the only point at which a convincing case for imitation of that work could be made.

507–8 Poseidon's cooperation is requested by Athena and granted at Euripides, *Trojan Women* 82–91.

516–8 The collision of ships in this storm is mentioned by both Aischylos (*Agamemnon* 654–7) and Seneca (*Agamemnon* 497–8).

528–9 The terms describing the seeming fusion of sea, sky, and land are largely the same as those applied to the world's primordial chaos at *Argonautika* 1.496–7.

532 *death . . . to Ajax*—variant reading *terrible anger.*

532–40 The striking of Ajax's ship with a thunderbolt and the scattering of the men in the water resembles the narration of the same fate befalling Odysseus' ship at *Odyssey* 12.415–9 (= 14.305–9).

543–4 *others in their distress . . . the heads*—variant reading *others . . . the anguished heads.*

554–5 For the wave likened to a mountain, see the note at 8.59–66.

557–8 Ajax himself is not struck by a thunderbolt, which is the opposite of Virgil's brief statement (*Aeneid* 1.44) and Seneca's long description of his burning (*Agamemnon* 535–43).

564 For the commonplace of strength from necessity, see the note at 2.275–6.

569–70 For the rock of Gyrai, see the note at 362–3 above.

577 Ajax's hands are torn while he clings to the rock as are those of Odysseus at *Odyssey* 5.434–5.

580–9 The moment of Ajax's death seems to have been reached at 575 above in accordance with the narratives at *Odyssey* 4.499–511 and Seneca, *Agamemnon* 544–56. The addition now of a second intervention by Poseidon is peculiar to Quintus' version.

582–5 For the comparison with the death of Enkelados, see the note at 5.641–3.

589 resembles Seneca's concluding statement of Ajax's death at *Agamemnon* 556, except that the latter includes fire as one of the instruments, in keeping with the different version noted at 557–8 above.

593 *sideways,* or *headlong.*

595 *bottom*—variant reading *top.*

606–10 The description of sea and beaches covered with corpses and wrecks is reminiscent of those at Aischylos, *Persians* 419–21 and *Agamemnon* 659–60.

610 *Not a wave*—variant reading *Only waves.*

620 *in part; the rest*—Text and meaning are uncertain, and possibly some text has been lost.

621 *tireless*—The text is uncertain.

627 *of horror*—The Greek word means properly either *swift* or *sharp.*

627–8 Rescue from the storm by presumed divine intervention is reminiscent of that stated at Aischylos, *Agamemnon* 661–3.

628–31 foreshadows the suffering of Odysseus in *Odyssey* 5–13 and especially the successful prayer of the Kyklops Polyphemos to his father Poseidon (ibid. 9.526–36).

632–55 The account of the destruction of the Greeks' fortification on the coast of the Troad through the combined work of Poseidon, Zeus, and Apollo is a close reflection of its prediction in the *Iliad:* at 7.445–63 Poseidon complains to Zeus that the Greeks have built their fortification without sacrificing to the gods and that it will eclipse the glory of the walls of Troy built by Poseidon and Apollo, and Zeus suggests how it should be

destroyed; at 12.3–33 its future destruction by the three gods is detailed as in the present passage.

642 *This was the combined effect*—Text and meaning are uncertain, and possibly some text has been lost.

650 *foundations*—Possibly some text has been lost after this.

653 *under the echoing cliffs*—variant reading *from the roaring rivers.*

654 *it extended*—The text is uncertain.

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Index of Names

For the principles followed in transliterating and adapting the names in the original Greek, see the general introduction under "Proper Names." References are complete for every name that occurs in the text of the *Trojan Epic*. Alternative names and patronymics are to be found in their separate alphabetic places, where cross-references are given. Substantial appearances of characters in the epic can be traced most quickly by using the references in the index to find relevant paragraphs in the critical summary. The introduction and commentary are not covered by the index.

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